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THE GREAT WRITERS—ENGLISH AND  
FOREIGN.

PENSER, AND HIS POETRY,

BY

G. L. CRAIK, M.A.

VOL. I.



KNIGHT'S  
WEEKLY VOLUME  
FOR ALL READERS

LX.

LONDON:  
LES KNIGHT & CO., LUDGATE STREET.

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# SPENSER, AND HIS POETRY.

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BY

GEO. L. CRAIK, M.A.

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*IN THREE VOLUMES.*

VOL. I.

LO N D O N:

CHARLES KNIGHT & Co., LUDGATE STREET.

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# SPENSER AND HIS POETRY.

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## SECTION I.

### SPENSER'S EARLY LIFE, AND LOST POEMS.

THE object of the present publication is to present not merely an account of Spenser and his works, but such an edition of his poetry as shall contain all of it that is of universal and indestructible interest. Time, the great destroyer as well as creator, changes much in the significance of literature as well as in most other things. What was full of life for one age has little in it that another is affected by or can sympathize with; what once stirred all hearts may have even become generally unintelligible,—only to be interpreted by the patient research and curious learning of antiquarians. In such cases there still, indeed, remains a value in every fragment of the past; but it is the value of a relic, a skeleton, a petrifaction. It is something for storing up in museums and libraries, not for common use. To much of the earlier poetry of every country what we have said is especially applicable. The body remains; the soul is gone out of it; and no miracle will ever again make the dry bones live.

Of our own old poetry, including under that name everything written before the commencement of the seventeenth century, little or nothing continues to be generally read, except only the dramas of Shakspeare.

They alone, truly immortal, belong very nearly as much to the present age, and to every age, as to that in which they were produced. This single fact, about which nobody can have any doubt, may be taken as attesting their superiority, their entire distinction in nature from all the rest of our old literature, more convincingly than could be done by a volume of commentary. All else has been thrown more or less into the shade, has passed either into total or partial oblivion ; they alone retain their place in the hands and in the hearts of men as at first.

If we except some two or three of the other dramatists who were the contemporaries of Shakspeare's earlier career or his immediate predecessors (and perhaps Marlow is the only one of the latter, Ben Jonson the only one of the former, whom we need include in the exception), we have only two other poets besides Shakspeare, before the seventeenth century, any portion of whose works is still generally read, or even a partial familiarity with whom it would be possible to revive in the popular mind. There is much that is meritorious in several of our eldest poets. The *Visions* of Pierce Ploughman abound both in spirit and fancy ; the verses of Lawrence Minot, who wrote still earlier, in the reign of Edward II., are remarkable for their correctness as well as their animation ; Lydgate was master of a full and flowing style, and he may be admitted to have aided in refining and improving the language, and extending its compass of expression ; Hawes and Gascoigne are even still for the greater part harmonious ; Skelton and Sackville, as well as Surrey, and Wyatt, and Sidney, have much of true poetical life and fervour. But yet no one of these writers has left us anything which forms what we may call an essential portion of our literature. What comes nearest to being such is Sir Philip Sidney's prose work, the *Arcadia* ; and even that, popular as it once was, is now rather a famous than a living book. All else, at least, that they have written might perish, and what the world now understands by English literature *would be much what it is*. Our only poets before

Shakspeare who have given to the language anything that in its kind has not been surpassed, and in some sort superseded, are Chaucer and Spenser—Chaucer in his Canterbury Tales, Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*.

These two poems belong, not to the antiquities or curiosities of our literature, but to its living substance. Yet even they retain this universal attraction and suitability only in parts; and the proper manner of presenting them for the use of the general reader seems to be that which we are now about to follow with the *Fairy Queen* and the rest of Spenser's poetry, by means of such a complete analysis or survey of it as shall preserve all the passages more eminent for beauty or spirit—all that would be marked for reperusal on a first thorough examination, or recurred to for any purpose of real poetical gratification by the poet's more studious admirers—while it at the same time supplies a sufficient abridgment of whatever is not quoted at full length. Even let such a compendium as we are about to present be received as nothing more than an introduction to Spenser's poetry, and, if properly executed, it will serve an important purpose. It will also be found convenient as a recapitulation and summary by those most familiar with the poet's works in their whole extent.

Such an account as we propose to give differs essentially from any mere selection of extracts offered as specimens of the body of poetry from which they are taken. It differs in its design and nature from such a selection as a reduced copy of a drawing differs from the copy of a part of the drawing. Our object, and what we hope to accomplish, is to give, in a certain sense, the whole of Spenser's poetry either in full or compressed. Nor, on the other hand, will our attempt be of the nature of a review, or of a discourse or commentary upon Spenser. If such an attempt could be successfully sustained through several volumes after Warton's learned and curious 'Observations,' we aim at nothing so ambitious. We would exhibit Spenser, not ourselves—his poetry, or what is in it, rather than our own speculations or remarks

about it. Yet, while thus keeping for the greater part to analysis and exposition, we shall find it not difficult to throw in as much of explanation as may be required by any difficulties or obscurities in our author's text.

With the single exception perhaps of Homer (who nowhere goes farther than a vague *I* or *me*, and only on some two or three occasions so far), all the great writers of the world who have not (like the dramatists) been precluded by the form of their compositions from ever coming forward in their own persons have told us, either by allusion or by direct statement, something of themselves in their writings. In general, indeed, an author's life both throws light upon his works, and derives illustration from them. Spenser's poetry abounds in references to his personal history.

He has himself expressly informed us that he was born in London. In his Prothalamion on the marriage of the two daughters of the Earl of Worcester, printed in 1596, his words are—

— merry London, my most kindly nurse,  
That to me gave this life's first native source;

and it is a tradition preserved by Oldys, the antiquary of the last century, in one of his MS. notes on Winstanley's Lives of the Poets, that the district of the metropolis in which he first saw the light was East Smithfield by the Tower. George Chalmers, as he tells us in his Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare Papers (p. 22), offered a reward for the discovery of the baptismal record without success; but the parish registers of the city about the period of Spenser's birth have, he adds, generally disappeared, owing to various causes.\* At any rate, although some doubt has been lately expressed on the point, Spenser's own words just quoted do not seem to leave it liable to dispute. We have also some hints from himself as to what stock he was sprung from. The intimation in the Pro-

\* Mr. Collier in his Life of Shakespeare, 1844, states (p. cxxii.) that "subsequent investigations instituted with reference to this question have led to the same result."

thalamion, that it was in London he first drew breath, is followed by the words—

Though from another place I take my name,  
An house of ancient fame.

In the prose dedication of his *Muiopotmos* (1590) to the Lady Carey, wife of Sir George Carey, who became Lord Hunsdon on the death of his father in 1596, he expresses a hope that what he offers may perhaps be deemed to derive something of greater worth than it would otherwise have “for name or kindred’s sake” by his patroness vouchsafed. This lady was Elizabeth, the second of the six daughters of Sir John Spenser of Althorpe, the ancestor of the noble houses of Spenser and Marlborough. She is most probably the same person to whom, under the name of “The Lady Carew,” one of the sonnets sent with the presentation copies of the *Fairy Queen* is addressed. Again, in dedicating his *Tears of the Muses* (1591) to Lady Strange, who was Sir John Spenser’s sixth daughter Alice, he refers in the same manner to “some private bands of affinity” which it had pleased her ladyship to acknowledge. Lady Strange’s husband, Ferdinando Lord Strange, became Earl of Derby on the death of his father in 1592, and died in 1594: his widow became in 1600 third wife of Sir Thomas Egerton, then keeper of the Great Seal, afterwards created Baron of Ellesmere and Viscount Brackley. It was for this same lady, then residing at Harefield Place, Middlesex, in the neighbourhood of his father’s property at Horton in Buckinghamshire, and styled the Countess Dowager of Derby, that Milton long afterwards wrote his *Arcades*; and the piece was performed by her grandchildren, the children of her daughter by her first husband and of Lord Brackley’s son by his first wife, who after his father’s death had been created Earl of Bridgewater—the same for whom the *Comus* was also composed, and before whom it was presented by some members of his own family at Ludlow Castle in 1634. It is interesting to trace even such chance links of connexion between the master spirits of different ages.

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Another of Spenser's poems, his *Mother Hubbard's Tale* (also first printed in 1591) is dedicated to Sir John Spenser's fifth daughter Anne, then the wife of Lord Compton, previously that of Lord Monteagle, and afterwards that of Robert Lord Buckhurst (the son of the author of the *Introduction to the Legend of Buckingham*, in the *Mirror for Magistrates*), who on the death of his father in 1608 became Earl of Dorset. In this dedication he speaks merely of the humble affection and faithful duty which he has always professed and is "bound to bear" to the house from which the lady he addresses was sprung. Finally, all these three ladies are commemorated, and the poet's relationship to them distinctly asserted in his 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' most probably composed in 1594:—

No less praiseworthy are the sisters three,  
 The honour of the noble family  
 Of which I meanest boast myself to be,  
 And more that unto them I am so nigh;—  
 Phyllis, Charyllis, and sweet Amaryllis:  
 Phyllis the fair, is eldest of the three;  
 The next to her is bountiful Charyllis;  
 But the youngest is the highest in degree; &c.

Here Phyllis is Lady Carey; Charyllis, Lady Compton; and Amaryllis, the Countess of Derby. The last named, who had recently lost her first husband, he describes as (whether therein to be deemed fortunate or unfortunate) "freed from Cupid's yoke by fate"—adding, "Since which she doth new bands' adventure dread"—with somewhat less perhaps of prophetic insight than a poet might have been expected to show.

"The nobility of the Spencers," says Gibbon, in his *Memoirs of his own Life*, "has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the Fairy Queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet." Yet the biographers of the poet have not discovered the exact relationship in which he stood to the ennobled Spencers. It is only very recently that certain facts have been stated which for the first time *throw some light* upon the subject. It has always been

asserted that upon leaving the university Spenser went to reside with some relations he had in the north of England; there, we are told, he wrote his Shepherd's Calendar: and Dryden, in the Dedication of his translation of Virgil's Pastorals to the Lord Clifford, has taken notice of the mastery of "our northern dialect" shown by Spenser in that work, by which, as he says, the English poet has been enabled exactly to imitate the Doric of Theocritus. But the most distinct and conclusive testimony we have to this residence of Spenser in the north, and to the fact of the Shepherd's Calendar having been, in part at least, composed there, is that of his friend E. K., whose annotations accompanied that poem on its first appearance. In his "gloss" on the Sixth Eclogue (for June), where Hobinol (that is, Gabriel Harvey) says to Colin (that is, Spenser),—

Forsake the soil that so doth thee bewitch :  
Leave me those hills, &c.

E. K. remarks, "This is no poetical fiction, but unfeignedly spoken of the poet's self, who, for special occasion of private affairs (as I have been partly of himself informed), and for his more preferment, removed out of the north parts and came into the south, as Hobinol indeed advised him privately :" and he adds, in explanation of the words *those hills*, "That is, in the north country, where he dwelt." Now, in a communication inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1842, which has not attracted the attention it deserves, the writer, Mr. F. C. Spenser, dating from Halifax, produces such evidence as can leave scarcely a doubt that the branch of the Spencers from which the poet was descended was that of the Spensers, or Le Spencers, of Hurstwood, near Burnley, in the eastern extremity of Lancashire; and that the family to which he immediately belonged was probably seated on a little property, still called "Spencers," at Filley Close, in the Forest of Pendle, and at the foot of Pendle-hill, about three miles to the northward of Hurstwood. He may not have been a son of this family; his having been born in London would

seem to make it more likely that he was an offshoot from the Spensers of Spensers ; but that they were his near relations may be held to be established by a remarkable circumstance. It appears from a pedigree of the poet's descendants, attested by Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms, to have been compiled by him from the public records of Ireland, that Spenser, whose own Christian name of Edmund was perpetuated in his posterity of the elder branch, being borne by his grandson and again by his great-great-grandson, descended from his eldest son Sylvanus, had another son to whom he gave the name of Laurence. It may be fairly assumed, then, that Edmund and Laurence were family names. They are both rather uncommon names in England ; but it so happens that they are the prevalent names of the Spensers of Hurstwood and that neighbourhood from the middle of the sixteenth down to near the middle of the eighteenth century, as recorded in the various parochial registers. Thus, in the Register of Baptisms of Burnley from 1564 to 1703 there are twenty-nine entries in which occur the names of either Edmund or Laurence Spenser ; besides that an Edmund Spenser signs the register as churchwarden in 1617, and again in 1649. Among the designations we have Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, Laurence son of James Spenser of Exwhistle, Laurence Spenser of Pendle, Laurence Spenser of the Redge, Laurence Spenser of Bolton, Laurence son of George Spenser of Marsden, Edmund son of George Spenser of Filley Close, Edmund son of Richard Spenser of Briercliffe, Laurence son of George Spenser of Ighton Hill Park. In the Burial Register, which must be supposed to be a much more imperfect record, is found only Edmund Spenser of Hurstwood, yeoman, Sept. 28, 1654. The Register of New Church in Pendle contains entries of the burial in 1584 of Laurence Spenser, whom Mr. F. C. Spenser considers to have been probably the grandfather of the poet, and of the baptisms of three other Laurence Spensers, in 1592, 1631, and 1666. Finally, in the Register at Colne we have the baptisms of four Edmunds and three Laurences, between 1622 and 1723,

among the fathers being Spenser of Colne, Spenser of South Field, Spenser of Marsden Parva, and Spenser of Waterside. Mr. F. C. Spenser's own grandfather is also entered in this Register as Blakey son of John Spenser of Waterside, baptised May 4, 1719. Waterside is close beside Spensers. "Notwithstanding," observes Mr. F. C. Spenser, "the great prevalence, well-known to genealogists, of certain favourite baptismal appellations in particular families, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, perhaps few families ever exhibited such a formidable recurrence of names as we have here of *Edmund* and *Laurence*." Another little circumstance may confirm the inference that has been drawn from these Christian names. The poet himself spelt his surname, not, as the Spencers of Althorpe did and do, with a *c*, but with an *s*; and it appears from the entries in the parochial registers that it was spelled, in the same manner, with an *s* at Hurstwood and for six or seven miles round, not only in the age of Elizabeth, but for a century afterwards—and that while even at Kildwick, near Skipton, at only ten or twelve miles' distance, it was spelled with a *c*. It may be doubted, indeed, we apprehend, if the spelling with an *s* was known anywhere else than in this small district.\*

The date of Spenser's birth has been commonly assumed to have been about the year 1553. This date is inferred from the following lines in his sixtieth sonnet:—

So, since the winged god his planet clear  
Began in me to move, one year is spent;  
The which doth longer unto me appear  
Than all those forty which my life outwent.  
Then, by that course which lovers' books invent,  
The sphere of Cupid forty years contains;  
Which I have wasted in long languishment, &c.

\* We reserve a further examination of the subject of Spenser's family for an Appendix, in which we shall be able to bring forward several new particulars with which we have been favoured from private sources.

The Sonnets were published in 1595 ; they were entered for publication in the Stationers' Register in November, 1594 ; and they were probably composed in 1592 and 1593. The sixtieth, being one of the last, would upon this supposition be referable to the year 1593 : and the meaning of the above lines seems to be, that when the poet wrote it forty-one years of his life had been already spent—namely, one in love, and forty in what he calls languishment, or deprivation of the influence of the winged god. This calculation would carry back the date of his birth to 1552 at the farthest.

Yet there are some circumstances which have suggested a suspicion that he may have been born some years earlier. In Mr. Peter Cunningham's Introduction to his 'Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court,' printed for the Shakspeare Society, 8vo., Lond. 1842, is given (at p. xxx.) an entry from the Books of the Treasurer of the Queen's Chamber, recording that in the year 1569 there was "paid upon a bill signed by Mr. Secretary, dated at Windsor, 18° Octobris, to Edmund Spencer, that brought letters to the Queen's Majesty from Sir Henry Norris, knight, her Majesty's ambassador in France, being at Thouars, in the said realm, for his charges the sum of 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, over and besides 9*l.* prested to him by Sir Henry Norris." Mr. Cunningham says, in a note, "As this is the only mention I have found of an Edmund Spencer in the different books of account that I have gone through of the reign of Elizabeth, and the name is not a common one, I confess an inclination to believe that I have here discovered a notice of our great poet." But, if so, the poet must surely, when thus employed, have been older than sixteen or seventeen.

Again, in the same year, 1569, George Turberville, being then resident in Russia as secretary to the English ambassador, Sir Thomas Randolph, thence addressed epistles in verse giving an account of the country and the people to three of his friends in England, one of which is headed simply 'To Spencer,' both in Turberville's volume entitled 'Tragical Tales,' 8vo., 1587,

where it appears among the 'Epitaphs and Sonnets' at the end, and in the first volume of Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1589, where all the three epistles are transcribed in full, but is expressly stated by Anthony Wood to have been written to Edmund Spenser the poet. If Wood be correct in this statement, the circumstance affords another ground for suspecting that Spenser was older when thus distinguished than the common account would make him. Turberville himself is supposed to have been at this time in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year, which is not the age at which men choose boys of sixteen for their friends. Besides, the verses seem to imply a friendship of some standing, and also, in the person addressed, the habits and social position of manhood. They commence thus:—

If I should now forget or not remember thee,  
 Thou, Spencer, might'st a foul rebuke and shame impute  
 to me;  
 For I, to open show, did love thee passing well,  
 And thou wert he at parture whom I loathed to bid fare-  
 well;  
 And, as I went thy friend, so I continue still;  
 No better proof thou canst than this desire of true good  
 will.  
 I do remember well, when needs I should away,  
 And that the post would license us no longer time to stay,  
 Thou wrung'st me by the fist, and, holding fast my hand,  
 Did'st crave of me to send thee news, and how I liked  
 the land.

The only personal reference that occurs in the sequel is contained in the following lines:—

I wished thee oft with us, save that I stood in fear  
 Thou would'st have loathed to have laid thy limbs upon a  
 bear,  
 As I and Stafford did, that was my mate in bed.

The address or superscription, 'To Spenser,' without prefix or addition, as if the single name were distinction enough, may be taken as rather supporting Wood's account; and, if there be nothing in the internal evi-

dence to prove that this Spencer was the poet, there is as little to contradict that supposition. But it has not been commonly noticed that this Epistle from Russia is not Turberville's only poetical address to his friend Spencer. Among his 'Epitaphs and Sonnets' are two other pieces of verse addressed to the same party. One, running to four quatrains and a couplet, is an expansion of a text from Boccaccio, *Sola miseria è senza invidia* (Only misery is without envy), and begins, "My Spencer, spite is virtue's deadly foe," but contains nothing from which any inference can be drawn. The other is longer, extending to about forty lines; it begins, "My Spencer, spare to speak, and ever spare to speed," and seems to refer to some real circumstance in his friend's situation or history. Here is a part of it:—

Give him an ivy leaf instead of pipe to play,  
 That dreads to board<sup>a</sup> a noble dame for fear she say him  
 nay.  
 Where valour is but small, and booty very great,  
 A coward knight will hazard there, in hope to work his  
 feat.  
 Wherefore, when time shall serve, my Spencer, spare to  
 blush;  
 Fall to thy purpose like a man, and boldly beat the  
 bush . . . .  
 Experience hath no peer; it passeth learning far:  
 I speak it not without my book, but like a man of war.

The pipe mentioned in the first of these lines seems to point to the poetical genius of the person addressed.\*

\* Accost.

\* Turberville's volume, entitled 'Tragical Tales,' is an exceedingly rare book. There is no copy in the Museum either of the old edition of 1587, or of a reprint of it in 4to. (408 pp.) which was produced at Edinburgh in 1837, and of which, however, only fifty copies were thrown off. There is said to have been an edition in 1576; but it is apparently unknown to the Edinburgh editor. In the Edinburgh reprint, the Epistle to Spencer from Russia is at pp. 375—383; the first of the two other poems at p. 300; and the second at p. 308.

But, if neither the Edmund Spencer who was sent over from France by the English ambassador with letters for the queen in 1569, nor the Spencer to whom Turberville in the same year addressed his poetical epistle from Russia, may be allowed to have probably been the future great poet, there is another fact of the same date bearing upon the question which can hardly be so disposed of. There is every reason to believe that by this year, 1569, Spenser, whether or no he was receiving epistles in verse from Turberville, had already come before the world as a verse-writer himself. A duodecimo volume, printed at London in 1569, with the title of 'A Theatre wherein be represented as well the Miseries and Calamities that follow the voluptuous Worldlings, as also the great Joys and Pleasures which the Faithful do enjoy, &c., devised by S. John Vander Noodt,' is introduced by what are called six 'Epigrams,' which, with the exception of a few words, and of four lines added at the end, are the same with the first six of seven sonnets which long afterwards, in 1591, were published as Spenser's by his own bookseller, Ponsonby, and along with other pieces all undoubtedly his, under the title of 'The Visions of Petrarch, formerly translated.' It is possible, indeed, that Ponsonby may have been mistaken in attributing these Visions to Spenser. It is clear, from his own account, that he had not had the aid or sanction of the poet in collecting the pieces composing his volume, which he brought out to meet the public demand for anything of Spenser's excited by the success of the three first Books of the *Fairy Queen*, published the year before. And it is deserving of notice that in the original publication the authorship of them seems to be claimed by Vander Noodt himself, or rather by a Theodore Rolst, whom he appears to have employed to translate his treatise from French into English. "Of which our Visions," the words are, "the learned poet M. Francisc Petrarch, gentleman of Florence, did invent and write in Tuscan the six first; . . . . which because they serve well to our purpose, I have, out of the Brabants speech [that is, the Dutch,

or the Flemish, Vander Noodt's native language], turned them into the English tongue." What we are probably to understand by this is, that, Vander Noodt having first turned them from Italian into Flemish, or having found them so translated into his native tongue, rendered them from that into French for the purposes of his treatise, and that his translator finally substituted an English for the French version. But, if this English version was not the work of Spenser, where did Ponsonby procure the corrections, which are not of mere typographical errata, and the additions and other variations that are found in his edition? It is remarkable, further, that the six Visions translated from Petrarch are followed in Vander Noodt's volume by fifteen others, which he, or his English translator, describes as "of one Joachim du Bellay, gentleman of France,"—adding, "the which also, because they serve our purpose, I have translated them out of Dutch into English." The translations are in blank verse; and versions in rhyme of eleven of the same sonnets, and of four others, were also published as Spenser's, under the title of 'The Visions of Bellay,' by Ponsonby in his collection of 1591. It is pretty evident, too, that the translations in rhyme are founded upon the previous translations in blank verse, the changes amounting, for the most part, to little more than were required to suit the different form of the composition.\*

\* The author of the 'Theatre of Worldlings' is probably the same person to whom we are indebted for a tract entitled:—"The Governance and Preservation of them that fear the Plague; set forth by John Vandernote, Phisiciou and Surgeon, admitted by the Kyng his Highness. Now newly set forth at the request of William Barnard, of London, Drapier, 1569. Imprinted at London by Wylyam How, for Abraham Veale, in Paule's Churchyard at the sign of the Lamb," 12mo. Black Letter; 24 leaves, unpageed. In a short Preface the author gives the following account of himself:—"To the honour of Almighty God, and profit of all Christen people, and to maintain health in the hole bodies, and to remedy them that are corrupt and infest with the

Finally, to these three facts may be added another, which has been only recently discovered. In this same year, 1569, it appears from the Muster-book of Warwickshire, preserved in the State Paper Office, an Edmund Spenser lived at Kingsbury in that county. If this was not the poet, Mr. Collier, who announces the circumstance in his *Life of Shakspeare*, is strongly inclined to think that it may have been his father, whose name has nowhere been preserved.

One fact, at any rate, of this date may be assumed to be certain. On the 20th of May, 1569, Spenser was admitted of Pembroke Hall, in the University of Cambridge, as a sizer—his adoption of which lowest academic rank may be taken as an evidence that his family was in humble circumstances. Of his university career we know next to nothing. The assertion of some of his biographers that he was an unsuccessful candidate for a fellowship in Pembroke Hall with Lancelot Andrews, afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Winchester, has been shown to be a mistake. There is reason for suspecting, however, that he met with some treatment which he considered unfair or harsh from the authorities of his college; and it has been supposed that he may have left Cambridge on that account sooner than he would otherwise have done. Yet he is recorded to have taken his degree of B.A. in January, 1573, and that of M.A. in June, 1576. George Chalmers, writing between forty and fifty years ago, says (*Supplemental Apology*, p. 23), “There are in Pembroke Hall two pictures of Spenser; yet he is almost forgotten there as an *alumnus*.” Todd, in his *Life of Spenser*, observes,

infections of the pestilence, I, John Vandernote, Phisicion and Surgion, admitted by the King his Highness, and sworn unto my Lord of Suffolk his Grace, now abiding at the late Grey Friars in London, do think it meet to wright certain things concerning the pestilence, as well drawn out of divers autentic doctors and experimenters as of mine own experiance, being conversant and a minister (under God) in the said infection in Rome, Italy, Lombardy, Poelles [Apulia], and Low Countries, by the space of many years.”

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“ It is remarkable that he makes no mention of Pembroke Hall either in his letters or his poetry. The university he has repeatedly celebrated with filial regard.”

He is supposed to have left the north of England, and come to London sometime in the year 1578. He may have been principally induced to come up to town, as is commonly stated, by the advice of his friend Gabriel Harvey, whom he had known at Cambridge; but it is probable that the connexion he had with London as his birthplace may also have partly drawn him thither. This is consistent with the statement of E. K., the annotator on the *Shepherd's Calendar*, already quoted. By Harvey he is supposed to have been now introduced to Sir Philip (then Mr.) Sidney, and by that accomplished person to his uncle, the powerful Earl of Leicester. He is believed to have accompanied Sidney to the family seat at Penshurst in Kent in 1578 or 1579; and in October of the latter year we find him writing to Harvey from Leicester House in London.

The correspondence between Spenser and Harvey, which was printed in 1580, consists of five Letters, three by Harvey and two by Spenser, mostly occupied (with the exception of the longest, which is a dissertation by Harvey on the earthquake of the 6th of April, 1580) with the subject of English *versifying*, as it was called, that is, the attempt to imitate in English the measures of the Greek and Latin poetry, and indeed to reduce all English versification under the laws, or supposed laws, of ancient quantity. It was throughout his life the boast of Harvey—who soon after this became a Doctor of Laws, and was one of the most learned persons of that learned age, as well as a writer of much general literary ability, though the gods had not made him poetical—that he was the inventor of this new prosody; and not only Sidney and his friend Mr. (afterwards Sir Edward) Dyer joined him in his scheme, but Spenser too was at first persuaded to countenance and go into it. We shall not, however, detain the reader with any *samples of the hexameters, pentameters, and trimeter*

iambics which he was induced to perpetrate—more, perhaps, to humour Harvey and Sidney than from any real approbation of the reformed system of versifying. Some of his expressions, indeed, seem to indicate that he was doing little less than making sport of it and of them all the while. At any rate he soon abandoned it, and for ever; and no part of his poetical reputation rests upon his few slight performances in this absurd style.\*

This correspondence with Harvey, taken along with what is stated by E. K., and with the address by Ponsonby prefixed to the collection which he published in 1591, shows not only that Spenser was already at work upon the *Fairy Queen*, but that, besides his *Shepherd's Calendar*, he had by the year 1580 completed various compositions, and made more or less progress in others, which have perished. We will enumerate the several titles that are mentioned, and collect and arrange what is said respecting each:—

1. *The Fairy Queen*.—In his second letter to Harvey, dated Westminster, 10th April, 1580, Spenser writes:—“Now, my *Dreams* and *Dying Pelican* being fully finished (as I partly signified in my last letters), and presently to be imprinted, I will in hand forthwith with my *Fairy Queen*, which I pray you heartily send me with all expedition; and your friendly letters and long expected judgment withal, which let not be short, but in all points such as you ordinarily use, and I extraordinarily desire.” Harvey, in his answer, says:—“In good faith, I had once again nigh forgotten your *Fairy Queen*: howbeit, by good chance I have now sent her

\* A full account of these attempts, and of the correspondence between Harvey and Spenser, so far as it relates to this subject, may be found in the Life by Todd; and the Letters have been reprinted from the original edition in the second volume of the collection entitled ‘Ancient Critical Essays upon English Poets and Poesy; edited by Joseph Haslewood;’ 4to., Lon. 1811. We have given an abstract of their contents in ‘Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England,’ vol. iii. pp. 64—70.

home at the last, neither in better nor worse case than I found her. And must you of necessity have my judgment of her indeed? To be plain, I am void of all judgment if your *Nine Comedies*, whereunto, in imitation of Herodotus, you give the names of the Nine Muses (and, in one man's fancy, not unworthily), come not nearer Ariosto's comedies, either for the fineness of plausible elocution, or the rareness of poetical invention, than that Elvish Queen doth to his *Orlando Furioso*; which, notwithstanding, you will needs seem to emulate, and hope to overgo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. . . . . If so be the *Fairy Queen* be fairer in your eye than the Nine Muses, and Hobgoblin run away with the garland from Apollo, mark what I say; and yet I will not say that [which] I thought; but there an end for this once, and fare you well till God, or some good angel, put you in a better mind."

2. *Nine Comedies*.—Such being Harvey's opinion of the Fairy Queen, he is impatient that it should come in the way and delay the completion, or at least the publication, of other works on which he set a much higher value. Thus, in his letter dated 7th April, 1580, he writes:—"Commend me to thine own good self, and tell thy *Dying Pelican* and thy *Dreams* from me, I will now leave dreaming any longer of them till with these eyes I see them forth indeed; and then again I imagine your *Magnificenza* [the Fairy Queen, where Arthur, the hero, is intended to represent the virtue of Magnificence] will hold us in suspense as long for your *Nine English Comedies*, and your Latin *Stem-mata Dudleiana*—which two shall go for my money when all is done, especially if you would but bestow one seven-nights' polishing and trimming upon either; which I pray thee do for my pleasure, if not for their sake nor thine own profit." And in his subsequent letter, in addition to what has been quoted in the preceding paragraph, he says, in reference to these *Comedies*:—"You know it hath been the usual practice of the most exquisite and odd wits in all nations, and spe-

cially in Italy, rather to show and advance themselves that way than any other; as, namely, those three dis- coursing heads, Bibiena, Machiavel, and Aretine did (to let Bembo and Ariosto pass), with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole country; being, indeed, reputed matchable in all points, both for conceit of wit and eloquent decyphering of matters, either with Aristophanes and Menander in Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tongue." It is clear from this passage that Spenser's nine comedies were not, as has been sometimes assumed, merely certain poems of the same description with the others he has left us, to which he gave that title in imitation of Dante and other early Italian writers; they were evidently dramatic compositions, like those of Bibiena, Machiavelli, and Aretino, to which, as well as to the comedies of Aristophanes and Menander, of Plautus and Terence, they are compared. They must have been comedies in the sense in which the name is now generally used. It is difficult for the reader of Spenser's existing writings to conceive of him producing anything very successful either in comedy or in tragedy. We should scarcely guess that his genius was at all dramatic; nor is the judgment of his friend Harvey in such matters, apparently, worth much. A comedy, or a series of comedies, by Spenser, however, would at any rate have been a curiosity; and they might have had more merit than the rest of his poetry would lead us to expect. His *Fairy Queen*, it may be observed, is not destitute of strokes of sly humour and passages of a comic character. And there is such diversity of style in his known compositions—in the prevalent manner of his *Fairy Queen*, for example, or in the *Hymns*, as compared with *Mother Hubbard's Tale*,—that it would be rash to infer his incapacity, or inferiority of capacity, for any particular kind of writing. Who would be prepared by the *Fairy Queen*, with its generally abstracted, contemplative, and unworldly spirit, its rainbow-coloured visions, its sweet and tender music, for the sharp and searching political sagacity of

the View of the State of Ireland? It would seem, indeed, from what we have of his poetry, that Spenser's was the genius of picture rather than of passion; but might we not have so deemed even of Shakspeare himself if he had left us only his *Venus and Adonis* and his *Lucrece*?

3. *Dreams*.—In his letter of the 10th of April, 1580, Spenser himself, as we have seen, speaks of his *Dreams* and *Dying Pelican* as being then both fully finished; and Harvey would have the satisfaction of receiving that piece of intelligence soon after despatching his epistle of the 7th of the same month, in which he expresses something like despair of ever seeing them set forth. In a postscript Spenser adds:—"I take best my *Dreams* should come forth alone, being grown by means of the Gloss (running continually in manner of a paraphrase) full as great as my *Calendar*. Therein [that is, apparently, in the Gloss] be some things excellently, and many things wittily, discoursed of E. K., and the pictures so singularly set forth and portrayed, as, if Michael Angelo were there, he could, I think, nor amend the best, nor reprehend the worst. I know you would like them passing well." E. K. himself mentions this Gloss in a note upon the Eleventh Eclogue (for November) of *The Shepherd's Calendar*:—"Nectar and ambrosia," he says, "be feigned to be the drink and food of the Gods: ambrosia they liken to manna in Scripture, and nectar to be white like cream, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stained the heavens, as yet appeareth. But I have already discoursed that at large in my commentary upon the *Dreams* of the same author." In a subsequent letter, without date, but written after the *Dreams* had come into his hands, after rallying Spenser on "living by *Dying Pelicans*, and purchasing great lands and lordships with the money which his *Calendar* and *Dreams* have [afforded], and will afford him"—from which we may infer that the booksellers had already purchased one or more of these productions (the *Calendar*, indeed, as we shall *presently find*, was published by this time)—Harvey

proceeds:—" *Extra jocum*, I like your *Dreams* passingly well; and the rather because they savour of that singular extraordinary vein and invention which I ever fancied most, and in a manner admired only in Lucian, Petrarch, Aretine, Pasquill, and all the most delicate and fine-conceited Grecians and Italians (for the Romans to speak of are but very cyphers in this kind); whose chiefest endeavour and drift was to have nothing vulgar,\* but, in some respect or other, and especially in lively hyperbolical illustrations, rare, quaint, and odd in every point, and, as a man would say, a degree or two at the least above the reach and compass of a common scholar's capacity." He then goes into a criticism or panegyric upon the Revelation of Saint John, which he declares he thinks deserves to be preferred, "as well for the singularity of the manner as the divinity of the matter, . . . before all the veriest metaphysical visions and jollyest conceited dreams or extasies that ever were devised;" concluding, "But what needeth this digression between you and me? I daresay you will hold yourself reasonably well satisfied if your *Dreams* be but as well esteemed of in England as Petrarch's *Visions* be in Italy; which, I assure you, is the very worst I wish you." From these expressions Todd conjectures that these *Dreams* of Spenser's are nothing else than the six sonnets, or epigrams, as they are there called, originally published in Vander Noodt's book, and long after reprinted, with very slight alterations, by Ponsonby in his collection. But this can hardly be. Harvey's comparison of the *Dreams* to Petrarch's *Visions* is rather an argument against the supposition of the one being a translation of the other; and the poem, or series of poems, which Spenser called his *Dreams* was evidently, from what is said of it both by himself and Harvey, a production only recently finished, and one which had been for some time in hand and had cost him considerable labour, which could not have been the case with the few verbal amendments he made (if he did make

\* That is, common-place, as we should now say.

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them) on the translation of the six *Visions* of Petrarch. The *Dreams* are mentioned, along with other lost poems, in the epistle from E. K. to Gabriel Harvey prefixed to the Shepherd's Calendar:—"Hereunto" [that is, to the *Calendar*], says the writer, "have I added a certain Gloss, or Scholion, for the exposition of old words and harder phrases; which manner of glossing and commenting, well I wot, will seem strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I knew many excellent and proper devices, both in words and matter, would pass in the speedy course of reading either as unknown or as not marked, and that in this kind as in other we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the pains upon me; the rather for that, by means of some familiar acquaintance, I was made privy to his counsel and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other works of his; which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth as to promulgate, yet thus much have I adventured upon his friendship, himself being for long time far estranged; hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put forth divers other excellent works of his which sleep in silence; as his *Dreams*, his *Legends*, his *Court of Cupid*, and sundry others, whose commendation to set out were very vain, the things, though worthy of many, yet being known to few." It is somewhat remarkable that this epistle from E. K. to Harvey is dated at London, the 10th of April, 1579, exactly a year before the letter from Spenser announcing that he had at last fully finished his *Dreams*, and a year, all but a few days, before the letter from Harvey expressing his apprehension that he might never see them published. If the final revision of them was thus so long in being brought to a conclusion after they had assumed an apparently completed form, we have another presumption that they were of considerable extent.

4. *The Dying Pelican*.—All that is said of this poem in the correspondence between Spenser and Harvey has been already quoted under the head of the *Dreams*. It is described as fully finished in April, 1580. It is also

mentioned by Ponsonby, in his Preface to the collection of 1591, as one of "some other pamphlets loosely scattered abroad," "which," says Ponsonby, "when I can, either by himself or otherwise, attain to, I mean likewise, for your favour sake, to set forth." We are not to suppose from this that it had been previously printed, but only that it had been circulated in manuscript, as literary works of all kinds then often were for a long time before they were sent to the press.

5. *Slomber* (or *Slumber*).—In his first letter to Harvey, written from Leicester House on the 16th of October, 1579, Spenser, after noticing the folly of Stephen Gosson (whom, however, he does not name) in dedicating his *School of Abuse* to Sidney—by whom he "was for his labour scorned, if at least it be in the goodness of that nature to scorn"—adds, "Such might I happily [haply] incur, entitling my *Slomber*, and the other pamphlets, unto his honour. I meant them rather to Maister Dyer. But I am of late more in love with my English versifying than with rhyming; which I should have done [with ?] long since if I would then have followed your counsel." The *Slomber* is no doubt the same poem that is mentioned by Ponsonby, under the title of *A Sennight's Slumber*, as one of sundry other pieces besides those printed in his collection which he understood Spenser had written—"being all dedicated to ladies, so as it may seem he meant them all to one volume." All these Ponsonby intimates his intention of publishing if he can procure copies of them, as well as the *Dying Pelican* and the other pamphlets that had been "loosely scattered abroad."

6. *The Court of Cupid*.—The passage already quoted from the Epistle of E. K. contains our only record or notice of this piece; but it may probably have been the embryo or rudimentary form of the splendid Masque of Cupid in the last Canto of the Third Book of the *Fairy Queen*.

7. *Legends*.—The only mention that is found of this title occurs also in the Epistle of E. K. There are, however, many portions of the *Fairy Queen* for which it

would be an appropriate designation, and which may be reasonably supposed to have been formed out of the pieces originally so named.

8. *Pageants*.—This title is mentioned by E. K. in his gloss to the Sixth Eclogue of the Shepherd's Calendar, where he defends the expression "many graces" in that Eclogue by the authority of Musaeus, according to which, he observes, "this same poet in his *Pageants* saith, 'An hundred graces on her eyelid sat,' &c." From the resemblance of this line to one in the glorious description of Belphoebe in the Third Canto of the Second Book of the Fairy Queen—"Upon her eyelids many graces sat"—it may be conjectured that the substance also of the *Pageants*, even if the form was altered, was woven by the author many years after into his great poem.

9. *Sonnets*.—One of these is quoted by E. K., in his Commentary on the Tenth Eclogue (for October) of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, thus:—"It is said of the learned that the swan, a little before her death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophesying by a secret instinct her near destiny, as well saith the poet elsewhere in one of his *Sonnets*—

"The silver swan doth sing before her dying day,  
As she that feels the deep delight that is in death, &c."

10. *Epithalamion Thameſis* (Marriage Song of Thames).—In his second letter to Harvey, dated the 10th of April, 1580, Spenser writes:—"Trust me you will hardly believe what great good liking and estimation Maister Dyer had of your satyrical verses; and I, since the view thereof, having before of myself had special liking of English versifying, am even now about to give you some token what, and how well, therein I am able to do: for, to tell you truth, I mind shortly, at convenient leisure, to set forth a book in this kind, which I entitle *Epithalamion Thameſis*; which book I dare undertake will be very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the invention and manner of handling. For, in setting forth the marriage of the Thames, I show his

first beginning and offspring, and all the country that he passeth through, and also describe all the rivers throughout England, which came to this wedding, and their right names and right passage, &c.; a work, believe me, of much labour, wherein, notwithstanding, Master Holinshed hath much furthered and advantaged me, who therein hath bestowed singular pains in searching out their course till they fall into the sea. *O Tite, siquid ego, ecquid erit pretii?* But of that more hereafter." The marriage of the Thames and the Medway, then, was originally intended to be the subject of a poem written in hexameters or trimeter iambics. It is probable, however, that the design was never executed; the poem at any rate, if it was ever written in this form, was suppressed by the author, or has fortunately perished; and the wedding of the two rivers is celebrated with all the truest graces of song in one of the most brilliant passages of the *Fairy Queen* (Book iv., Canto 11).

11. *Translation of Moschus's Idyllion of Wandering Love.*—This performance is mentioned by E. K. in his notes upon the Third Eclogue of the Shepherd's Calendar:—"But who list more at large to behold Cupid's colours and furniture, let him read either Propertius, or Moschus his *Idyllion of Wandering Love*, being now most excellently translated into Latin by the singular learned man Angelus Politianus; which work I have seen, amongst other of this poet's doings, very well translated also into English rhymes."

12. *The English Poet.*—This appears to have been a prose tract. All that is known of it is what we are told by E. K. in the Argument prefixed to the Tenth Eclogue of the Shepherd's Calendar, in which, he observes, one of the speakers, designed for the perfect pattern of a poet, "finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of poetry, and the causes thereof; specially having been in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, always of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthy and commendable an art; or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct, not to be gotten by labour and learning,

but adorned with both, and poured into the wit by a certain enthouiasmos and celestial inspiration ; as the author hereof elsewhere at large discourses in his book called *The English Poet*, which book, being lately come to my hands, I mind also, by God's grace, upon further advertisement, to publish." This is one of Spenser's lost compositions the disappearance of which is especially to be regretted.

13. *Stemmata Dudleiana*.—The subject of this work was no doubt the ancestry and descent of the poet's patron, the Earl of Leicester. Harvey, we have seen, describes it as written in Latin ; but whether it was in prose or in verse may be questioned. It appears to have been finished, and Spenser himself speaks of it with much satisfaction : in the postscript to his letter of the 10th of April, 1580, he writes ;—" Of my *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and especially of the sundry apostrophes therein, addressed you know to whom, must more advisement be had than so lightly to send them abroad : howbeit, trust me (though I do never very well) yet, in my own fancy, I never did better : *Veruntamen te sequor solum ; nunquam vero assequor.*" These last words, in which he declares himself to have followed or imitated his friend and correspondent, yet without having succeeded in equalling him, may indicate one motive of the partiality which Harvey expresses for this performance.

Here, then, was a goodly amount of work accomplished for the age which Spenser is commonly supposed to have reached about the beginning of the year 1580. And this may not have been all. Several of the titles that have been enumerated have been preserved in a single casual notice ; others may not have been even so fortunate. Ponsonby, in the short address prefixed to his collection, mentions several which may, some or all of them, have been those of early compositions as well as those that have chanced to be specially remembered in the correspondence with Harvey, and in the Preface and Annotations of E. K. to the Shepherd's Calendar. His words are :—" Since my late setting

forth of the Fairy Queen, finding that it hath found a favourable passage amongst you, I have sithence endeavoured, by all good means (for the better increase and accomplishment of your delights), to get into my hands such small poems of the same author's as I heard were dispersed abroad in sundry hands, and not easy to be come by by himself; some of them having been diversely embezzled and purloined from him since his departure over sea." And he goes on to state that, besides the contents of the present volume, he understood the author had written sundry other pieces; namely, the *Dying Pelican* and *Sennight's Slumber*, which we have already mentioned, and also translations of *Ecclesiastes* and of the *Canticum Canticorum*, or Song of Solomon, *The Hell of Lovers*, his *Purgatory* (that is, probably, *The Purgatory of Lovers*), *The Hours of the Lord*, *The Sacrifice of a Sinner*, *The Seven Psalms*, &c. And, at any rate, he had also already produced his *Shepherd's Calendar*—of which we now proceed to give an account.

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## SECTION II.

## THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

THE earliest notice we have of this work is in the register of the Stationers' Company, where it is entered under date of the 5th of December, 1579, as "The Shepherd's Calendar, conteyninge xii eclogs, proportionable to the xii monethes." The original publisher was Hugh Singleton, by whom it had probably been purchased from the author; and it was assigned by him to John Harrison, junior, on the 18th of October, 1580.\*

It probably appeared in December, 1579. The exact title of the first edition is as follows:—'The Shepheardes Calender. Conteyning twelve Aeclogues proportionable to the twelve monethes. Entituled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chevalrie, M. Philip Sidney. At London. Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane, near unto Ludgate, at the signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde. 1579.' The volume is a small quarto, and there are woodcuts heading each Eclogue. A second edition, in the same form, was printed in 1581 by Thomas East, for "John Harrison the younger, dwelling in Paternoster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and are there to be solde;" and other editions were brought out, all by Harrison, in 1586, 1591, and 1597; the original woodcuts continuing to be used in each.

All these early editions are accompanied by the Gloss,

\* See Note by Chalmers in Supplemental Apology, p. 24.

or explanatory commentary, professing to be written by E. K., a friend of the author, to which we have already had repeated occasion to refer. Who E. K. was is unknown. He is supposed to have been an Edward Kerke, or Kirk, for no better reason than that Spenser speaks in his first letter to Harvey of carrying the letter to Mrs. Kerke's, to have it delivered to the carrier, and of receiving from her a letter of Harvey's, despatched the preceding week, having just before said, "Maister E. K. heartily desireth to be commended under your worship, of whom what accompt he maketh yourself shall hereafter perceive by his painful and dutiful verses of yourself." So much of the letter as concludes with these words he had written, he states, "at Westminster, yesternight:" Mrs. Kerke, to whose house he adds he had come on the morning on which he dates the letter (16th October, 1579), probably lived in the city. In a subsequent part of the letter, having mentioned an intention he then had of going abroad, and requested his friend not to omit letting him hear from him, he adds that Harvey may always send news of himself most safely "by Mrs. Kerke, and by none other"—that is, apparently, through Mrs. Kerke. Another conjecture is, that the commentator's name may have been King. But even if it were ascertained that it was either King or Kirk we should be little or nothing the wiser; for nothing is known of any person bearing either of these names. One thing only is certain, that E. K., whoever he may have been, was in Spenser's most intimate confidence, and that his commentary was drawn up and published with the poet's concurrence and sanction. Todd notices as a guess too extravagant for refutation a hypothesis which has been advanced, that the poet and the commentator are the same person. It does not seem to us to be impossible, or very improbable. Such a device, by which the poet might communicate to the public many things requisite for the full understanding of his poetry which he could not have openly stated in his own name, and at the same time leave whatever else he chose vague and uncertain, or at least indistinctly declared, had mani-

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fest conveniences. If he had really a friend who could do this for him, good and well ; but no one would know so well as himself in all cases what to disclose and what to withhold, and he would perhaps be more likely therefore to perform the office himself than to intrust it to any friend. As for the real vanity, or whatever else it may be, with which he is chargeable, it would be very nearly of the same amount whether he thus actually sounded his own praises or got another to do it for him, although the indecorum might be less in the latter case. On this supposition, E. K.'s "painful and dutiful verses," spoken of in the letter of 16th October, 1579, may be merely the long Latin poem addressed to Harvey by Spenser himself, under the character or signature of *Immerito*, and transmitted in the same letter. However, it is impossible to affirm anything for certain upon this matter ; and perhaps the manner in which Spenser speaks to Harvey, in a passage already quoted, of the gloss of this same E. K. upon his *Dreams*, may seem rather adverse to the conclusion that he is himself that friendly commentator. At the same time it is strange that even in writing to Harvey he should always so carefully keep to this imperfect mode of indication ; he is not in the habit of naming Sidney and Dyer and his other friends by their initials : it seems impossible not to infer that there is some mystery—that more is meant than meets the eye.

Whatever was meant, Harvey, at any rate, it is probable, was in the secret. E. K.'s introductory epistle is headed "To the most excellent and learned, both orator and poet, Maister Gabriel Harvey, his very special and singular good friend E. K. commendeth the good liking of this his good labour, and the patronage of the new poet." It is to be remembered that Spenser's own name, as well as that of his annotator, was at first withheld from the world. Nor does it appear to have for some time been generally reported. Mr. Todd has given an account of a translation of the Shepherd's Calendar into Latin verse, still existing in manuscript, by a writer named John Dove, which must have been

executed, or at least completed, some time between 1584 and 1596, and in the dedication to which the original English poem is spoken of as the work of an unknown author. It does not seem, however, to have been Spenser's intention that his name should be sedulously concealed. The contrary rather may be inferred from what E. K. here says. Alluding to an expression of Chaucer's, he observes that "this our new poet," for that he is uncouth, is indeed as yet unkissed, and, "unknown to most men, is regarded but of a few." "But I doubt not," he proceeds, "so soon as his name shall come unto the knowledge of men, and his worthiness be sounded in the trump of Fame, but that he shall be not only kissed, but also beloved of all, embraced of the most, and wondered at of the best. No less, I think, deserveth his wittiness in devising, his pithiness in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudeness, his moral wiseness, his due observing of decorum everywhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech, and generally in all seemly simplicity of handling his matters and framing his words; the which, of many things which in him be strange, I know will seem the strangest, the\* words themselves being so ancient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole period and compass of speech so delightsome for the soundness and so grave for the strangeness." What he adds on the subject of Spenser's old words is particularly worthy of attention, modern critics not being agreed in regard to that peculiarity of this poet's style. "And first," he continues, "of the words to speak, I grant they be something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English and also used of most excellent authors and most famous poets. In whom whereas this our poet hath been much traveled and thoroughly read, how could it be (as that worthy orator said), but that, walking in the sun, although for other cause he walked, yet needs he mought be sun-burnt; and, having the sound of those ancient poets still ringing

\* Misprinted "and."

in his ears, he mought needs in singing hit out some of their tunes? But, whether he useth them by such casualty and custom, or of set purpose and choice, as thinking them fittest for such rustical rudeness of shepherds, either for that their rough sound would make his rhymes more ragged and rustical, or else because such old and obsolete words are most used of country-folk, sure I think, and think I think not amiss, that they bring great grace and, as one would say, authority to the verse. For, all be, among many other faults, it specially be objected of Valla against Livy, and of other against Sallust, that with over much study they affect antiquity, as covering\* thereby credence and honour of elder years, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those ancient solemn words are a great ornament both in the one and in the other; the one labouring to set forth in his work an eternal image of antiquity, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravity and importance. For, if my memory fail not, Tully, in that book wherein he endeavoureth to set forth the pattern of a perfect orator, saith that oftentimes an ancient word maketh the style seem grave, and as it were reverend, no otherwise than we honour and reverence grey hairs for a certain religious regard which we have of old age. Yet neither everywhere must old words be stuffed in, nor the common dialect and manner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that, as in old buildings, it seem disorderly and ruinous. But, all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portrait not only the dainty lineaments of beauty, but also round about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy cliffs, that, by the baseness of such parts, more excellency may accrue to the principal; for oftentimes we find ourselves, I know not how, singularly delighted with the show of such natural rudeness, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order; even so do those rough and harsh terms enlumine and make more clearly to appear the brightness of brave and glorious words. So oftentimes a discord in music maketh a

\* Perhaps a misprint for "coveting."

comely concordance ; so great delight took the worthy poet Alcaeus to behold a blemish in the joint of a well-shaped body. But, if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choice of old and unwonted words, him may I more justly blame and condemn, or of witless headiness in judging or of heedless headiness in condemning. For, not marking the compass of his bent, he will judge of the length of his cast. For, in my opinion, it is one especial praise, of many which are due to this poet, that he hath laboured to restore, as to their rightful heritage, such good and natural English words as have been long time out of use and almost clean dis-herited. Which is the only cause that our mother tongue, which truly of itself is both full enough for prose and stately enough for verse, hath long time been counted most bare and barren of both. Which default whereas some endeavoured to solve and cure, they patched up the holes with pieces and rags of other languages, bor-rowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every-where of the Latin ; not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselves, but much worse with ours. So now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufry, or hodge-podge of all other speeches. Other some, not so well seen in the English tongue as perhaps in other lan-guages, if they happen to hear an old word, albeit very natural and significant, cry out straightway that we speak no English, but gibberish, or rather such as in old time Evander's mother spake. Whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed in their own mother tongue to be accounted strangers and aliens. The second shame no less than the first, that what they understand not they straightway deem to be senseless, and not at all to be understood ; much like the mole in *Aesop's fable*, that, being blind herself, would in no wise be persuaded that any beast could see. The last, more shameful than both, that of their own country and natural speech, which together with their nurse's milk they sucked, they have so base regard and bastard judgment, that they will not only themselves not labour to garnish and beautify it, but also repine that of other it should be embellished ;

like to the dog in the manger, that himself can eat no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so fain would feed. Whose currish kind, though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thank that they refrain from biting."

Although this passage relates more especially to the Shepherd's Calendar, the greater part of the reasoning, it will be observed, is of general application, and may be held to express Spenser's convictions on the phraseology proper for all serious poetical writing. For, whoever E. K. may have been, it is evident that throughout his commentary he speaks the poet's sentiments as well as his own. He proceeds to point out and defend the natural and unaffected style of the present poem—which he describes as “ round without roughness, and learned without hardness, such, indeed, as may be perceived of the least, understood of the most, but judged only of the learned.” Under the person of Colin, he observes, the author's self is shadowed, the baseness of the name indicating that “ he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly than, professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly.” “ Which,” proceeds the Epistle, “ moved him rather in Eclogues than otherwise to write, doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed, or minding to furnish our tongue with this kind, wherein it faulteth ; or following the example of the best and most ancient poets, which devised this kind of writing, being both so base for the matter and homely for the manner, at the first to try their abilities, and as young birds, that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first prove their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceive he was already full fledged. So flew Virgil, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew Mantuan, as not being full summed.\* So Petrarch. So Boccace. So Marot, Sannazarius, and also divers other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this author everywhere followeth ; yet so as few, but they be well scented, can

\* That is, not having his feathers full-grown.

trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new poet, as a bird whose principals\* be scarce grown out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keep wing with the best. Now, as touching the general drift and purpose of his Eclogues, I mind not to say much, himself labouring to conceal it. Only this appeareth, that his unstaid youth had long wandered in the common Labyrinth of Love, in which time, to mitigate and allay the heat of his passion, or else to warn, as he saith, the young shepherds, his equals and companions, of his unfortunate folly, he compiled these twelve Eclogues; which, for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelve moneths, he termeth it the Shepherd's Calendar, applying an old name to a new work." *The Boke of Shepheardes Kalender* was the title of an old manual of the nature of an almanac, which is supposed to have been first printed by Wynkyn de Worde, and re-impresions, or new editions, of which continued to be produced probably till after the middle of the sixteenth century. It was taken from a French original, compiled in 1497. E. K. then goes on to give an account of his own Gloss, and to notice the other poems Spenser had written, in the terms that have been already quoted. He expressly intimates that the present is the first work of his author that had been printed, and he declares that he has vowed, that is, devoted, both it and his own labour to Harvey, in respect of that person's worthiness generally, " and otherwise upon some particular and special considerations;" " himself," he adds, " having already in the beginning dedicated it to the noble and worthy gentleman, the right worshipful Maister Philip Sidney, a special favourer and maintainer of all kind of learning." " Whose cause," he concludes, " I pray you, sir, if envy shall stir up any wrongful accusation, defend with your mighty rhetoric and other your rath † gifts of learning, as

\* The two longest feathers in the wings of a hawk are so called.

† This word commonly means *early*; but it would seem to have a somewhat different signification here.

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you can, and shield with your goodwill, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies as I know will be set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the author unto you, as unto his most special good friend, and myself unto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good and so choice friends, I bid you both most heartily farewell, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuition of the Greatest.\* Your own assuredly to be commanded, E. K." A short postscript expresses the earnest desire of the writer that Harvey would be prevailed upon to publish his own "many excellent English poems," so that the world might derive as much pleasure from them as it had already received from those he had written in Latin, "which, in my opinion," says E. K., "both for invention and elevation are very delicate and superexcellent." At the end the Epistle is dated "From my lodging at London, this tenth of April, 1579." If E. K. was really a person whose Christian name and surname were indicated by these initial letters, he was most probably some one who had been at Cambridge at the same time with Spenser and Harvey, and his name might perhaps be found in the registers either of Pembroke Hall, to which Spenser belonged, or of Christ Church or Trinity Hall, which were Harvey's colleges.

Spenser's own Dedication of the Shepherd's Calendar is in the following lines, which precede the epistle of E. K., and are entitled "To His Book:—" —

Go, Little Book ! thyself present,  
As child whose parent is unkent,  
To him that is the president  
Of nobleness and chivalry ;  
And, if that Envy bark at thee,  
As sure it will, for succour flee  
Under the shadow of his wing.  
And, asketh who thee forth did bring  
A shepherd's swain, say, did thee sing

---

\* That is, of the Deity.

All as his straying flock he fed ;  
 And, when his honour has thee read,  
 Crave pardon for thy hardihead.  
 But, if that any ask thy name,  
 Say, thou wert base-begot with blame ;  
 Forthy <sup>a</sup> thereof <sup>b</sup> thou takest shame.  
 And, when thou art past jeopardy,  
 Come tell me what was said of me,  
 And I will send more after thee.

## IMMERITO.

Throughout our transcripts, we may here intimate, we shall modernize the spelling in all cases in which the pronunciation is not thereby affected. The object of our work is to diffuse a popular acquaintance with the poetry of Spenser; and we are convinced that that cannot be done without his language being presented in the established orthography. This in fact is the plan that is always followed in regard to all our old literature that is generally read. Nobody, for instance, ever dreams of offering the public either the authorised translation of the Scriptures or the plays of Shakspeare in the spelling of the original editions. The reproduction of the poetry of Spenser in that antiquated spelling is really for the greater part as unnecessary and absurd as would be such a reproduction of Shakspeare or of the Bible. It has not in the generality of instances any advantage even for critical purposes. To preserve this old spelling is in nine cases out of ten merely to perpetuate the blunders or caprices of the printer. What object, for example, would be attained by printing in the lines we have just extracted "goe," and "booke," and "selfe," and "childe," instead of the more familiar forms? At all events the continued intimation that such words used formerly to be so spelled could conduce nothing to any reader's better understanding or enjoyment of Spenser's poetry. Still less of any kind of profit, or of anything except perplexity and annoyance, could be got out of a transcript which should religiously, or rather superstitiously, preserve such carelessnesses

\* Therefore.

b Of thy name.

as “ *so flew* Theocritus—*so flew* Virgil—*so flew* Mantuan ”—which we find in three or four successive lines of the original edition of the epistle of E. K., and other similar inconsistencies which pervade all the printing of that age. But we are even disposed, in a popular reprint of the poetry of Spenser, to go a little beyond the correction of such typographical irregularity or blundering, and to consult the convenience of the modern reader by deviating, in one or two little matters, from the usage of the poet’s age or his own peculiar manner of spelling. Our purpose is to exhibit his poetry, not his peculiarities or whims in the written representation of sounds. We conceive, for instance, that nothing of any value will be lost by neglecting his habit of endeavouring to make his final syllables rhyme to the eye as well as to the ear—as when he writes *tong* for *tongue*, *stearne* for *stern*, *ar* for *are*, &c., for no better reason than because the corresponding terminations are *wrong*, and *learne* (or *learn*), and *far*. It may be desirable that intimation should be given once for all of this disguise or perversion of words in certain circumstances being a practice, or, if you will, a principle, with Spenser; but it is only an impediment to the ordinary reader’s enjoyment of the poetry to have it continually obtruded upon him. Under the same feeling we shall not consider it necessary to adhere to certain archaisms, such as the use of *then* for *than*, which have nothing in them that is either poetical or characteristic, and would be likely to prove only the occasion of ambiguity and perplexity. Such slight accommodations have been made in every modern edition of Shakspeare; and there can be no reason why the same thing should not be done with Spenser. At the same time we shall be scrupulous in preserving everything that can be said in any degree either to belong to our author’s poetry, or to mark his style and manner. And now we proceed with our analysis of the Shepherd’s Calendar.

In addition to the Epistle of E. K., and Spenser’s own short Dedication in verse, the work is preceded in the old editions by what is entitled ‘The General Argument

of the Whole Book,' which may be regarded as the commencement or introductory part of E. K.'s commentary. The principal thing to be noted in it is a mistaken etymology and explanation of the meaning of the name *Eclogues*, which Spenser spells *Aeclogues*, and which his commentator, after declaring that the word is "unknowen to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned (as they think)," informs us means "*Aegon* or *Aeginomon logi*, that is, Goatherds' Tales." He means *Ἄγων* or *Ἀιγονομῶν λόγοι* (*Aigon* or *Aigonomon logoi*), literally, the words of goats or goatherds. But *Eclogue* is undoubtedly *Ἐκλογὴ*, meaning merely a selection, in whatever sense that idea is to be understood of the particular kind of poetry to which the name is usually given. The notion probably is, that what is so short is, or should be, a selection or pure extract; much as in another view the same species of poem is called an *Εἰδυλλιον*, *Idyllium*, or *Idyl*; that is, apparently, a composition presenting its subject with remarkable vividness (from *εἶδος*, visual form). The most distinctive names are *Bucolics* and *Pastorals*; the former meaning the songs of cowherds, the latter those of shepherds.

E. K. further arranges the twelve Eclogues composing the present poem into three classes:—Plaintive, as the First, Sixth, Eleventh, and Twelfth; Recreative, "such as all those be which contain matter of love, or commendation of special personages;" and Moral, as the Second, Fifth, Seventh, Ninth, and Tenth. "And to this division," he adds, "may everything herein be reasonably applied; a few only except, whose special purpose and meaning I am not privy to." We may pass over his defence of Spenser for beginning the year with January instead of March. Having adduced the reasons on both sides, he concludes,—"But our author, respecting neither the subtlety of the one part nor the antiquity of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicity of common understanding, to begin with January; weening it perhaps no decorum that shepherds should be seen in a matter of so deep insight, or canvass a case of so doubtful judgment."

E. K.'s Argument of the First Eclogue, entitled January, is as follows:—"In this first Eclogue, Colin Clout, a shepherd's boy, complaineth himself of his unfortunate love, being but newly, as seemeth, enamoured of a country lass called Rosalind; with which strong affection being very sore travailed, he compareth his careful case to the sad season of the year, to the frosty ground, to the frozen trees, and to his own winter-beaten flock. And lastly, finding himself robbed of all former pleasure and delight, he breaketh his pipe in pieces, and casteth himself to the ground." Colin Clout, it is to be remembered, is Spenser himself. "Colin Clout," says E. K., in his Gloss at the end of the Eclogue, "is a name not greatly used, and yet I have seen a poetry of M. Skelton's under that title. But, indeed, the word Colin is French, and used of the French poet Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a poet) in a certain Eclogue. Under which name this poet secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil under the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter than such Latin names, for the great unlikeness of the language." The poem of Skelton's here alluded to is that entitled 'The Boke of Colyn Clout.' Another name that occurs in this Eclogue, and also in several of the others, is Hobinol. This, says E. K., in the present Gloss, "is a feigned country name, whereby, it being so common and usual, seemeth to be hidden the name of some his very special and most familiar friend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloved, as peraventure shall be more largely declared hereafter." Accordingly, in one of the annotations on the Ninth Eclogue, Hobinol is declared to be "more rightly Maister Gabriel Harvey; of whose especial commendation, as well in poetry as rhetoric and other choice learning, we have lately had a sufficient trial in divers his works, but specially in his *Musarum Lachrymae*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinensium*,\* which book, in the

\* The allusion here is supposed to be to a volume of Latin elegiac verse, published by Harvey in memory of Sir Thomas Smith, under the title of 'Gabrielis Harveii Valdinatis

progress at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Majesty, afterwards presenting the same in print to her Highness at the worshipful Maister Capell's, in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundry most rare and very notable writings, partly under unknown titles and partly under counterfeit names, as his *Tyraenomastix*, his *Olde Natalitia*, his *Rameidos*, and especially that part of *Philomusus* his divine *Anticosmopolita*, and divers other of like importance." The poet also, it is added, "by the names of other shepherds covereth the persons of divers other his familiar friends and best acquaintance."

About Rosalind, also, E. K. gives us some little distinct information, besides a hint as to her true name. "Rosalind," he says in one of his notes upon this First Eclogue, "is also a feigned name, which, being well ordered, will bewray the very name of his love and mistress, whom by that name he coloureth." From this it has been conjectured that her true name was probably *Rose Lind*, or *Lynde*. In his Gloss on the Fourth Eclogue, E. K. writes,— "He calleth Rosalind the widow's daughter of the glen, that is, of a country hamlet or borough, which I think is rather said to colour and conceal the person, than simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spite of Colin and Hobinol, that she is a gentlewoman of no mean house, nor endued with any vulgar or common gifts both of nature and manners; but such, indeed, as need neither Colin be ashamed to have her made known by his verses, nor Hobinol be grieved that so she should be commended to immortality for her rare and singular virtues: specially deserving it no less than either *Myrto*, the most excellent poet *Theocritus* his darling, or *Lauretta*, the divine *Petrarch*'s goddess, or *Himera*, the worthy poet *Stesichorus* his idol; upon whom he is said to have so much doted, that, in regard of her excellency, he scorned and wrote against the beauty of *Helen*; for which his presumptuous and un-

SMITHUS; vel Musarum Lachrymae, pro obitu honoratissimi viri, atque hominis multis nominibus clarissimi, Thomae Smithi, Equitis Aurati, &c. 4to. London, 1578.

heedy hardiness he is said, by vengeance of the gods, thereat being offended, to have lost both his eyes." This account corresponds with a notice we find of Rosalind in one of Harvey's letters to Spenser—that without date, entitled 'A Gallant Familiar Letter, containing an answer to that of M. Immerito, with sundry proper examples, and some precepts, of our English Reformed Versifying'—in which, at the head of one of his examples, he says, "Think upon Petrarch's

Arbor vittoriosa, triomfale,  
Onor d'imperadori e di poete;

and perhaps it will advance the wings of your imagination a degree higher; at the least, if anything can be added to the loftiness of his conceit whom gentle Mistress Rosalind once reported to have all the intelligences at commandment, and another time christened him Signior Pegaso." She was evidently a person of station and of cultivated mind. Yet if, as has been supposed with great probability, she be the lady Mirabella, who figures in the sixth and seventh cantos of the *Fairy Queen*, she was not of high birth:—

She was a lady of great dignity,  
And lifted up to honourable place,  
Famous through all the Land of Fairey;  
Though of mean parentage and kindred base.

We do not understand, by the bye, what it is that has led the modern commentators to look for this "skittish female," as Upton drolly designates her, in Kent. The author of the *Life of Spenser* prefixed to Church's edition of the *Fairy Queen* (1758) observes, that "as Rose is a common Christian name, so in Kent, among the gentry under Henry VI. in Fuller's *Worthies*, we find in Canterbury the name of John Lynde: thus Rose Lynde—Rosalind." In like manner, Malone, who in his *Life of Shakespeare* advances the conjecture that "Rosalind's real name may have been Elisa Horden, the aspiration being omitted," adds, "Thomas Horden, as well as Mr. Linde, was a gentleman of Kent in the time of Henry VI."

But it must have been in the north of England that Spenser saw and fell in love with Rosalind, as clearly appears from the Sixth Eclogue, and from E. K.'s notes upon it. In that Eclogue, Hobinol, or Harvey, entreats him to forsake the hilly soil, that so bewitched him, and where he had been treated by his mistress with so much cruelty, and to resort to the fruitful dales where Harvey himself was ; and E. K. explains the hills to be the north country, where the poet then dwelt ; and the dales, the south parts, or Kent, " where he now abideth "—that is, where he resided when the poem was published, and, it may be, even this part of it actually written, although adapted to a previous state of circumstances.

In this First Eclogue, Colin Clout—described as "a shepherd's boy (no better do him call)"—is introduced as, " all in a sunshine day," leading forth his flock, " that had been long ypent," and, when he had got them to a hill, plaining to himself, while they fed, in a strain of which the following is a portion :—

Such rage as winter's reigneth in my heart,  
My life-blood freezing with unkindly cold ;  
Such stormy stours do breed my baleful smart,  
As if my year were waste and waxen old ;  
And yet, alas ! but now my spring be gone,  
And yet, alas ! it is already done.

You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,  
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,  
And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,  
Instead of blossoms, wherewith your buds did flower ;  
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,  
Whose drops in dreary icicles remain.

Also my lustful leaf is dry and sear,  
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted ;  
The blossom which my branch of youth did bear,  
With breathed sighs is blown away and blasted ;  
And from mine eyes the drizzling tears descend,  
As on your boughs the icicles depend.

Thou feeble flock ! whose fleece is rough and rent,  
Whose knees are weak through fast and evil fare,

Mayest witness well, by thy ill government,  
 Thy maister's mind is overcome with care :  
 Thou weak, I wan ; thou lean, I quite forlorn :  
 With mourning pine I ; you with pining mourn :  
 A thousand sithes, I curse that careful hour  
 Wherein I longed the neighbour town to see,  
 And eke ten thousand sithes I bless the stour  
 Wherein I saw so fair a sight as she :  
 Yet all for nought : such sight hath bred my bane,  
 Ah, God ! that love should breed both joy and pain !  
 It is not Hobinol whereof I plain,  
 Al be my love he seek with daily suit ;  
 His clownish gifts and courtseys I disdain,  
 His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.  
 Ah, foolish Hobinol ! thy gifts been vain ;  
 Colin them gives to Rosalind again.  
 I love thilk lass (alas ! why do I love ?)  
 And am forlorn (alas ! why am I lorn ?)  
 She deigns not my good will, but doth reprove,  
 And of my rural music holdeth scorn.  
 Shepherds devise she hateth as the snake,  
 And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth make."

It would appear, from what is here said, that Rosalind dwelt in some town in the neighbourhood of the country place where the poet was staying. This may have been the town of Halifax, which is only some twelve or fourteen miles from Hurstwood ; or it may have been the small town of Burnley, or that of Colne, both of which are still nearer.

At the end of every Eclogue are what are called the "Emblems" of the several speakers. Colin's emblem in this First Eclogue is the Italian phrase—*Ancora speme* (There is still hope)—“the meaning whereof is,” says E. K., “that, notwithstanding his extreme passion and luckless love, yet, leaning on hope, he is somewhat recomforted.”

E. K.'s Argument of the Second Eclogue, entitled February, is as follows:—

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

“ This Eclogue is rather moral and general than bent to any secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of old age, in the person of Thenot, an old shepherd, who, for his crookedness and unjustice, is scorned of Cuddy, an unhappy herdman's boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the month, the year now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of year, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the curdled blood, and freezeth the weatherbeaten flesh, with storms of fortune and hoarfrosts of care. To which purpose the old man telleth a tale of the Oak and the Briar, so lively, and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appear.”

This Eclogue is remarkable both for a more lavish use of old and rustic words than usual, and for a structure of verse which appears to be modelled not upon the modern principle of syllabical regularity, but upon the ancient system, according to which all that was required seems to have been that there should be an equal number of *accented* syllables in each line. Whether Spenser intended in this way to imitate Chaucer may be doubted, although in the Gloss E. K. says that he supposes him by Tityrus to mean that poet. In regard to the tale told by Thenot, which that old shepherd says he had conned from Tityrus in his youth, E. K. remarks:—“ This tale of the Oak and the Brere [Briar] he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is clean in another kind, and rather like to *Aesop's fables*.” The verse, at any rate, is certainly not that in which Chaucer writes, whichsoever of the opposite views of Chaucer's versification that have been proposed may be the true one.

This, however, is altogether one of the most striking of the twelve Eclogues, and we shall therefore give it without abridgment:—

CUDDY. THENOT.

*Cuddy.*

Ah for pity! will rank winter's rage  
These bitter blasts never gin t' assuge?

The keen cold blows through my beaten hide,  
 All as I were through the body gried : <sup>d</sup>  
 My ragged rontes <sup>e</sup> all shiver and shake,  
 As doen high towers in an earthquake :  
 They wont in the wind wag their wriggle tails  
 Perk <sup>f</sup> as a peacock ; but now it avails.<sup>g</sup>

*The.* Lewdly complainest, thou lazy lad,  
 Of winter's wrack for making thee sad.  
 Must not the world wend in his common course,  
 From good to bad, and from bad to worse,  
 From worse unto that is worst of all,  
 And then return to his former fall ? <sup>h</sup>  
 Who will not suffer the stormy time,  
 Where will he live till the lusty prime ?  
 Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,  
 Some in much joy, many in many tears,  
 Yet never complained of cold nor heat,  
 Of summer's flame, nor of winter's threat,  
 Nor ever was to fortune foeman  
 But gently took that ungently came ;  
 And ever my flock was my chief care ;  
 Winter or summer they might well fare.

*Cud.* No marvel, Thenot, if thou can bear  
 Cheerfully the winter's wrathful cheer ;  
 For age and winter accord full nigh ;  
 This chill, that cold ; this crooked, that wry ;  
 And, as the lowering weather looks down,  
 So seemest thou like Good Friday to frown :  
 But my flowering youth is foe to frost,  
 My ship unwont in storms to be tost.

*The.* The sovereign of seas he blames in vain,  
 That, once sea-beat, will to sea again :  
 So loitering live you little herdgrooms,  
 Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms ;  
 And, when the shining sun laugheth once,  
 You deem the spring is come at once ;  
 Tho' gin you, fond flies ! the cold to scorn,  
 And, crowing in pipes made of green corn,  
 You thinken to be lords of the year ;  
 But eft, <sup>k</sup> when ye count you freed from fear,

<sup>d</sup> Pierced.

<sup>e</sup> Young bullocks.

<sup>f</sup> Brisk.

<sup>g</sup> Drops.

<sup>h</sup> Condition.

<sup>i</sup> Then.

<sup>k</sup> Soon.

Comes the breme<sup>1</sup> winter with chamfred<sup>m</sup> brows  
 Full of wrinkles and frosty furrows,  
 Drearly shooting his stormy dart,  
 Which curdles the blood and pricks the heart :  
 Then is your careless courage accoyed,<sup>n</sup>  
 Your careful herds with cold been annoyed ;  
 Then pay you the price of your surquedry,<sup>o</sup>  
 With weeping, and wailing, and misery.

*Cud.* Ah ! foolish old man ! I scorn thy skill,  
 That wouldest me my springing youth to spill :  
 I deem thy brain emperished be  
 Through rusty eld that hath rotted thee ;  
 Or sicker thy head very totty<sup>p</sup> is,  
 So on thy corb<sup>q</sup> shoulder it leans amiss.  
 Now thyself hath lost both lop<sup>r</sup> and top,  
 Als<sup>s</sup> my budding branch thou wouldest crop ;  
 But were thy years green, as now been mine,  
 To other delights they would incline :  
 Tho wouldest thou learn to carol of love,  
 And herry<sup>t</sup> with hymns thy lass's glove ;  
 Tho wouldest thou pipe of Phyllis praise ;  
 But Phyllis is mine for many days ;  
 I won her with a girdle of gelt,<sup>u</sup>  
 Embossed with bugle about the belt :  
 Such an one shepherds would make full fain ;  
 Such an one would make thee young again.

*The.* Thou art a fon<sup>v</sup> of thy love to boast ;  
 All that is lent to love will be lost.

" *Cud.* See'st how brag<sup>w</sup> yond bullock bears,  
 So smirk, so smooth, his pricked ears ?  
 His horns been as broad as rainbow bent,  
 His dewlap as lithe as lass of Kent :  
 See how he venteth<sup>x</sup> into the wind ;  
 Weonest of love is not his mind ?  
 Seemeth thy flock thy counsel can,  
 So lustless<sup>y</sup> been they, so weak, so wan ;  
 Clothed with cold, and hoary with frost,  
 Thy flock's father his courage hath lost.

<sup>1</sup> Bitter. <sup>m</sup> Knit, bent.

<sup>n</sup> Daunted. <sup>o</sup> Pride. <sup>p</sup> Giddy.

<sup>q</sup> Crooked. <sup>r</sup> Branch. <sup>s</sup> Also.

<sup>t</sup> Celebrate. <sup>u</sup> Gold. <sup>v</sup> Fool.

<sup>w</sup> Proudly. <sup>x</sup> Snuffs. <sup>y</sup> Languid, listless.

Thy ewes, that wont to have blown bags,  
Like wailful widows hang their crags ;  
The rather <sup>a</sup> lambs be starved with cold,  
All for their master is lustless and old.

*The.* Cuddy, I wot thou ken'st little good,  
So vainly to advance thy headless hood ;  
For youngth <sup>b</sup> is a bubble blown up with breath,  
Whose wit is weakness, whose wage is death,  
Whose way is wilderness, whose inn penance,  
And stoop-gallant <sup>c</sup> age, the host of grievance.  
But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,  
Which I conned of Tityrns in my youth,  
Keeping his sheep on the hills of Kent ?

*Cud.* To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent  
Than to hear novels of his devise ;  
They been so well thewed, and so wise,  
Whatever that good old man bespeak.

*The.* Many meet tales of youth did he make,  
And some of love, and some of chivalry ;  
But none fitter than this to apply.  
Now listen a while and hearken the end.

“ There grew an aged tree on the green,  
A goodly Oak sometime had it been,  
With arms full long and largely displayed,  
But of their leaves they were disarrayed ;  
The body big, and mightily pight,<sup>d</sup>  
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height ;  
Whilome had been the king of the field,  
And mochel <sup>e</sup> mast to the husband <sup>f</sup> did yield,  
And with his nuts larded many swine :  
But now the grey moss marred his rine ;<sup>g</sup>  
His bared boughs were beaten with storms,  
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,  
His honour decayed, his branches sere.

“ Hard by his side grew a bragging Brere,  
Which proudly thrust into the element,  
And seem'd to threaten the firmament :  
It was embellish'd with blossoms fair,  
And thereto aye wonted to repair

<sup>a</sup> Necks.

<sup>a</sup> Earlier.

<sup>b</sup> Youth.

<sup>c</sup> What makes its gallantry stoop.

<sup>d</sup> Strongly fixed.

<sup>e</sup> Much.

<sup>f</sup> Husbandman.

<sup>g</sup> Rind.

The shepherd's daughters to gather flowers,  
To paint their girlands with his colours ;  
And in his small bushes used to shroud  
The sweet nightingale singing so loud :  
Which made this foolish Brere wax so bold,  
That on a time he cast him to scold  
And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.

“ ‘ Why stand’st there (quoth he) thou brutish block ?  
Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock ;  
See’st how fresh my flowers been spread,  
Dyed in lily white and crimson red,  
With leaves engrained in lusty green ;  
Colours meet to clothe a maiden queen ?  
Thy waste bigness but cumbers the ground,  
And dirks<sup>h</sup> the beauty of my blossoms round.  
The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth,<sup>i</sup>  
My cinnamon smell too much annoyleth :  
Wherefore soon I rede<sup>j</sup> thee hence remove,  
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.  
So spake this bold Brere with great disdain :  
Little him answered the Oak again,  
But yielded, with shame and grief adawed,<sup>k</sup>  
That of a weed he was overcrawed.

“ It chanced after upon a day,  
The husbandman’s self to come that way,  
Of custom for to survie his ground,  
And his trees of state in compass round :  
Him when the spiteful Brere had espied,  
Causeless complained, and loudly cried  
Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife :

“ ‘ O my liege lord ! the god of my life,  
Pleaseth you ponder your suppliant’s plaint,  
Caused of wrong and cruel constraint,  
Which I your poor vassal daily endure ;  
And, but your goodness the same re-cure,  
Am like for desperate dool to die,  
Through felonous force of mine enemy.’

“ Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,  
Him rested the goodman on the lea,

<sup>h</sup> Darkens.

<sup>j</sup> Advise.

<sup>i</sup> Coils round.

<sup>k</sup> Daunted.

And bade the Brere in his plaint proceed.  
 With painted words then gan this proud weed  
 (As most usen ambitious folk)  
 His coloured crime with craft to cloak.  
 “ ‘ Ah, my sovereign ! lord of creatures all,  
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,  
 Was not I planted of thine own hand,  
 To be the primrose of all thy land ;  
 With flowering blossoms to furnish the prime,<sup>1</sup>  
 And scarlet berries in sommer time ?  
 How falls it then that this faded Oak,  
 Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,  
 Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,<sup>m</sup>  
 Unto such tyranny doth aspire ;  
 Hindering with his shade my lovely light,  
 And robbing me of the sweet sun’s sight ?  
 So beat his old boughs my tender side,  
 That oft the blood springeth from woundes wide ;  
 Untimely my flowers forced to fall,  
 That been the honour of your coronal ;  
 And oft he lets his canker-worms light  
 Upon my branches, to work me more spite ;  
 And oft his hoary locks down doth cast,  
 Wherewith my fresh flowerets been defaced :  
 For this, and many more such outrage,  
 Craving your goodlihead to assuage  
 The rancorous rigour of his might,  
 Nought ask I, but only to hold my right,  
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,  
 And praying to be guarded from grievance.’

“ To this this Oak cast him to reply  
 Well as he couth,<sup>n</sup> but his enemy  
 Had kindled such coales of displeasure,  
 That the goodman <sup>o</sup> nould <sup>p</sup> stay his leisure,  
 But home he hasted with furious heat,  
 Increasing his wrath with many a threat ;  
 His harmful hatchet he hent <sup>q</sup> in hand,  
 (Alas ! that it so ready should stand !)  
 And to the field alone he speedeth,  
 (Aye little help to harm there needeth !)

<sup>1</sup> Spring.<sup>m</sup> Are ready for the fire.<sup>n</sup> As well as he could.<sup>o</sup> Farmer.<sup>p</sup> Would not.<sup>q</sup> Took.

Anger nould let him speak to the tree,  
 Enaunter<sup>1</sup> his rage might cooled be ;  
 But to the root bent his sturdy stroke,  
 And made many wounds in the waste Oak.  
 The axe's edge did oft turn again,  
 As half unwilling to cut the grain ;  
 Seemed, the senseless iron did fear,  
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear ;  
 For it had been an ancient tree,  
 Sacred with many a mystery,  
 And often cross'd with the priest's crew,  
 And often hallowed with holy-water due :  
 But sik fancies weren foolery,  
 And broughthen this Oak to this misery ;  
 For nought might they quit him from decay,  
 For fiercely the goodman at him did lay :  
 The block oft groaned under the blow,  
 And sighed to see his near overthrow.  
 In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,  
 Then down to the earth he fell forthwith.  
 His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,  
 Th' earth shronk under him, and seemed to shake.  
 There lieth the Oak, pitied of none !

“ Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,  
 Puffed up with pride and vain pleasance ;  
 But all this glee had no continuance :  
 For eftsoons winter gan to approach ;  
 The blust'ring Boreas did encroach,  
 And beat upon the solitary Brere ;  
 For now no succour was seen him near.  
 Now gan he repent his pride too late ;  
 For, naked left and disconsolate,  
 The biting frost nipped his stalk dead,  
 The watery wet weighed down his head,  
 And heaped snow burdened him so sore,  
 That now upright he can stand no more ;  
 And, being down, is trod in the dirt  
 Of cattle, and brouzed<sup>2</sup> and sorely hurt.  
 Such was th' end of this ambitious Brere  
 For scorning eld——”

*Cud.* Now I pray thee, shepherd, tell it not forth  
 Here is a long tale, and little worth.

<sup>1</sup> In adventure, or in case.

<sup>2</sup> Bruised.

So long have I listened to thy speech,  
 That graffed to the ground is my breech ;  
 My heart-blood is well nigh frorn I feel,  
 And my galage<sup>1</sup> grown fast to my heel ;  
 But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted :  
 Hie thee home, shepherd, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenot's emblem here is,

“ *Iddio, perche è vecchio,  
 Fa suoi al suo esempio.*”

(God, because he is old, makes his own like to himself.)  
 That of Cuddy is,

“ *Niuno vecchio  
 Spaventa Iddio.*”

(No old man has any fear of God.)

“ The old man,” E. K. remarks, “ checketh the raw-headed boy for despising his gray and frosty hairs. Whom Cuddy doth counterbuff with a biting and bitter proverb, spoken, indeed, at the first in contempt of old age generally. For it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some men's conceit, that men of years have no fear of God at all, or not so much as younger folk. For that, being ripened with long experience, and having passed many bitter brunts and blasts of vengeance, they dread no storms of fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men, as being either by long and ripe wisdom armed against all mischances and adversity, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tides ; like unto the Ape, of which is said in *Æsop's Fables*, that, oftentimes meeting the Lion, he was at first sore aghast and dismayed at the grimness and austerity of his countenance, but at last, being acquainted with his looks, he was so far from fearing him, that he would familiarly jibe and jest with him.” Erasmus interprets the adage somewhat differently. “ But,” adds E. K., “ his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plain to be gainsaid that old men are much more in-

<sup>1</sup> E. K. explains this, “ A start-up, or clownish shoe.”

clined to such fond fooleries than younger heads." Phyllis he notes to be "the name of some maid unknown, whom Cuddy, whose person is secret, loved."

The Third Eclogue, entitled March, is in another style. It is in part an imitation of the Second Idyl of the Greek poet Bion, and is throughout in the highest degree both lively and elegant. E. K.'s Argument is as follows:—

"In this Eclogue two Shepherd's Boys, taking occasion of the season, begin to make purpose of love, and other pleasaunce which to spring-time is most agreeable. The special meaning hereof is, to give certain marks and tokens to know Cupid the poets' god of love. But more particularly, I think, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secret friend, who scorned Love and his knights so long, till at length himself was entangled, and unawares wounded with the dart of some beautiful regard, which is Cupid's arrow."

We give this Eclogue also entire:—

#### WILLY. THOMALIN.

*Willy.*

Thomalin, why sit we so,  
As weren overwent<sup>u</sup> with woe,  
Upon so fair a morrow ?  
The joyous time now nigheth fast,  
That shall alegge<sup>v</sup> this bitter blast,  
And slack the winter sorrow.  
*Tho.* Sicker,<sup>w</sup> Willy, thou warnest well ;  
For winter's wrath begins to quell,  
And pleasant spring appeareth :  
The grass now gins to be refreshed,  
The swallow peeps out of her nest,  
And cloudy welkin cleareth.  
*Wil.* See'st not thilk <sup>x</sup> same hawthorn stud,  
How bragly it begins to bud,  
And utter his tender head ?

<sup>u</sup> As if we were overcome.

<sup>v</sup> Allay, assuage.

<sup>w</sup> Surely. <sup>x</sup> This.

<sup>y</sup> Stock.

Flora now calleth forth each flower,  
 And bids make ready Maia's bower,  
 That new is uprist from bed :  
 Then shall we sporten in delight,  
 And learn with Lettice<sup>z</sup> to wex light,  
 That scornfully looks askance ;  
 Then will we little Love awake,  
 That now sleepeth in Lethe lake,  
 And pray him leaden our dance.  
*Tho.* Willy, I ween thou be assot ;<sup>a</sup>  
 For lusty Love still<sup>b</sup> sleepeth not,  
 But is abroad at his game.  
*Wil.* How ken'st thou that he is awoke ?  
 Or hast thyself his slomber broke ?  
 Or made privy to the same ?  
*Tho.* No ; but happily<sup>c</sup> I him spied,  
 Where in a bush he did him hide,  
 With wings of purple and blue ;  
 And, were not that my sheep would stray,  
 The privy marks I would bewray,  
 Whereby by chance I him knew.  
*Wil.* Thomalin, have no care forthy ;  
 Myself will have a double eye,  
 Alike to my flock and thine :  
 For, alas ! at home I have a sire,  
 A stepdame eke, as hot as fire,  
 That duely adays<sup>d</sup> counts mine.  
*Tho.* Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,  
 My sheep for that may chance to swerve,  
 And fall into some mischief :  
 For sithens is but the third morrow  
 That I chanced to fall asleep with sorrow,  
 And waked again with grief ;  
 The while thilk same unhappy ewe,  
 Whose clouted leg her hurt doth show,  
 Fell headlong into a dell,  
 And there unjointed both her bones :  
 Mought her neck been jointed at once,  
 She should have need no more spell ;<sup>e</sup>

<sup>z</sup> “The name of some country lass,” says E. K.

<sup>a</sup> Besotted.      <sup>b</sup> Ever.      <sup>c</sup> Haply.      <sup>d</sup> Every day.  
<sup>e</sup> Verse said over her to charm her to health.

The elf was so wanton and so wood,  
(But now I trow can better good,)'

She mought ne gang on the green.  
Wil. Let be, as may be, that is past;  
That is to come, let be forecast:

Now tell us what thou hast seen.

Tho. It was upon a holiday,  
When shepherds' grooms had leave to play,

I cast to go a shooting;  
Long wandering up and down the land,  
With bow and bolts in either hand,

For birds in bushes tooting;<sup>g</sup>  
At length within the ivy tod,<sup>h</sup>  
(There shrouded was the little god,)

I heard a busy bustling;  
I bent my bolt against the bush,  
Listening if any thing did rush,

But then heard no more rustling.  
Tho', peeping close into the thick,  
Might see the moving of some quick,

Whose shape appeared not;  
But, were it fairy, fiend, or snake,  
My courage earned<sup>i</sup> it to awake,

And manfully therat shot:  
With that sprung forth a naked swain,  
With spotted wings like peacock's train,

And laughing lop to a tree;  
His gilden quiver at his back,  
And silver bow, which was but slack,

Which lightly he bent at me:  
That seeing, I levell'd again,  
And shot at him with might and main,

As thick as it had hailed.  
So long I shot, that all was spent;  
Tho pumy stones I hastily hent,  
And threw; but nought availed:  
He was so wimble and so wight,<sup>k</sup>  
From bough to bough he leaped light,

<sup>f</sup> She knows better.

<sup>g</sup> Looking about.

<sup>h</sup> Thick bush.

<sup>i</sup> Then.

<sup>j</sup> Yearned.

<sup>k</sup> E. K.'s gloss is "quick and deliver,"—that is, as we should now say, clever.

And oft the pumies latched :<sup>1</sup>  
 Therewith afraid I ran away ;  
 But he, that erst seemed but to play,  
     A shaft in earnest snatched,  
 And hit me running in the heel :  
 For then <sup>m</sup> I little smart did feel,  
     But soon it sore increased ;  
 And now it rankleth more and more,  
 And inwardly it festereth sore,  
     Ne wot I how to cease it.  
*Wil.* Thomalin, I pity thy plight ;  
 Perdie with Love thou diddest fight ;  
     I know him by a token :  
 For once I heard my father say,  
 How he him caught upon a day,  
     (Whereof he will be wroken,<sup>n</sup>)  
 Entangled in a fowling-net,  
 Which he for carrion-crows had set  
     That in our pear-tree haunted :  
 Tho said, he was a winged lad,  
 But bow and shafts as then none had,  
     Else had he sore been daunted.  
 But see, the welkin thicks apace,  
 And stooping Phœbus steeps his face ;  
     It's time to haste us homeward.

Willy's emblem annexed to this Eclogue is,

“ To be wise and eke to love,  
 Is granted scarce to gods above.”

That of Thomalin is,

“ Of honey and of gall in love there is store ;  
 The honey is much, but the gall is more.”

These three first Eclogues afford us examples of each of the three kinds, or classes, into which E. K. distributes the twelve ; the first being plaintive, the second moral, the third recreative. The fourth, entitled April,

<sup>1</sup> Caught.

<sup>m</sup> For the moment.

<sup>n</sup> Revenged.

is another of those that he includes under this last head : his Argument prefixed to it is as follows :—

“ This Eclogue is purposely intended to the honour and praise of our most gracious sovereign, Queen Elizabeth. The speakers hereof be Hobinol and Thenot, two shepherds : the which Hobinol, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaining him of that boy's great misadventure in love ; whereby his mind was alienated and withdrawn not only from him, who most loved him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant piping, as cunning rhyming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proof of his more excellency and skill in poetry, to record a song, which the said Colin sometime made in honour of her Majesty, whom abruptly he termeth Elisa.”

In answer to Thenot's inquiry, “ What gars [makes] thee greet [cry, weep] ? ” Hobinol declares that no sorrow of his own causes him to mourn ; but, he adds, for that

——— the lad whom long I loved so dear,  
 Now loves a lass that all his love doth scorn ;  
 He plunged in pain his tress'd<sup>o</sup> locks doth tear.  
 Shepherds' delights he doth them all forswear ;  
 His pleasant pipe, which made us merriment,  
 He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear  
 His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

This last line, by the way, may show us that Spenser was not blind to his own poetical genius, and that he did not hesitate to express his estimation of himself when he had the slightest pretence whereby to veil the indecorum. Hobinol goes on to state that his friend is Colin, “ the Southern Shepherd's boy,”—upon which last expression E. K. observes, “ Seemeth hereby that Colin pertaineth to some southern nobleman, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish Downs, and before [in the Second

<sup>o</sup> E. K. in his gloss, interprets this “ withered and curled.” *Withered* is probably a misprint for *writched*.

thineah long

that spot,

of her begot:

lot,

the grassy green,

the sunned,

the sunne,

the sunne set;

the angelic face,

the princely grace,

is the white yfere,<sup>4</sup>

lively sheer:

the like but there?

thrust out his golden head

broad her beams did spread,

another sun below,

his very face outshew.

anywhere,

anywhere,

the overthrow.

Cynthia, with thy silver rays,

blushed

the beams of her beauty displays,

are thou dashed?

Missed the white together.

Eclogue], *As lithe as lass of Kent.*" Then follows the passage in which Hobinol describes fair Rosalind, whom his friend now woes, and who breeds his smart, as "the widow's daughter of the glen,"—E. K.'s annotation upon which we have already given. In the end he agrees, at Thenot's request, to sing one of Colin's ditties that "been so trimly dight":—

Contented I :—Then will I sing his lay  
 Of fair Elisa, queen of Shepherds all,  
 Which once he made as by a spring he lay,  
 And tuned it unto the water's fall.

Elisa, as has been already intimated, is Queen Elizabeth. "In all this song," says E. K., "is not to be respected what the worthiness of her Majesty deserueth, nor what to the highness of a prince is agreeable, but what is most comely for the meanness of a shepherd's wit or to conceive or to utter. And therefore he calleth her Elisa, as through rudeness tripping in her name; and a shepherd's daughter, it being very unfit that a shepherd's boy, brought up in the sheepfold, should know, or even seem to have heard of, a queen's royalty." By Pan, it is afterwards explained, is meant, in the song, "the most famous and victorious King, her highness' father, late of worthy memory, King Henry the Eight." "And by that name," it is added, "oftentimes, as hereafter appeareth, be noted kings and mighty potentates; and in some place Christ himself, who is the very Pan and God of Shepherds." By Syrinx, of course, is meant Anne Boleyn. Here is the song, which is as spirited as it is quaint:—

" Ye dainty Nymphs, that in this blessed brook  
 Do bathe your breast,  
 Forsake your watery bowers, and hither look,  
 At my request.  
 And eke you Virgins that on Parnass dwell,  
 Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,  
 Help me to blaze  
 Her worthy praise  
 Which in her sex doth all excel.

“ Of fair Elisa be your silver song,  
 That blessed wight,  
 The flower of virgins; may she flourish long  
 In princely plight!  
 For she is Syrinx’ daughter without spot,  
 Which Pan, the shepherds’ god, of her begot:  
 So sprung her grace  
 Of heavenly race,  
 No mortal blemish may her blot.

“ See, where she sits upon the grassy green,  
 (O seemly sight!)  
 Yclad in scarlet, like a maiden queen,  
 And ermines white:  
 Upon her head a cremosin<sup>p</sup> coronet,  
 With damask roses and daffodillies set;  
 Bay-leaves between,  
 And primroses green,  
 Embellish the sweet violet.

“ Tell me, have ye seen her angelic face,  
 Like Phœbe fair?  
 Her heavenly haviour, her princely grace,  
 Can you well compare?  
 The red rose medled with the white yfere,<sup>q</sup>  
 In either cheek depainten lively cheer:  
 Her modest eye,  
 Her majesty,  
 Where have you seen the like but there?

“ I saw Phœbus thrust out his golden head  
 Upon her to gaze;  
 But, when he saw how broad her beams did spread,  
 It did him amaze.  
 He blushed to see another sun below,  
 Nor durst again his fiery face outshow.  
 Let him, if he dare,  
 His brightness compare  
 With hers, to have the overthrow.

“ Show thyself, Cynthia, with thy silver rays,  
 And be not abashed:  
 When she the beams of her beauty displays,  
 O how art thou dashed!

<sup>p</sup> Crimson.      <sup>q</sup> Mixed with the white together.

But I will not match her with Latona's seed ;  
Such folly great sorrow to Niobe did breed.

Now she is a stone,  
And makes daily moan,  
Warning all others to take heed.

“ Pan may be proud that ever he begot  
Such a bellibone ;<sup>r</sup>  
And Syrinx rejoice, that ever was her lot  
To bear such an one.

Soon as my younglings cryen for the dam  
To her will I offer a milkwhite lamb :  
She is my goddess plain,  
And I her shepherd's swain,  
Al be forswonk<sup>s</sup> and forswat I am.<sup>t</sup>

“ I see Calliope speed her to the place,  
Where my goddess shines ;  
And after her the other Muses trace,<sup>u</sup>  
With their violines.

Be they not bay-branches which they do bear,  
All for Elisa in her hand to wear ?  
So sweetly they play,  
And sing all the way,  
That it a heaven is to hear.

“ Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot  
To the instrument :  
They dancen deftly, and singen soot,<sup>v</sup>  
In their merriment.  
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the dance even ?  
Let that room to my lady be yeven. <sup>w</sup>  
She shall be a Grace,  
To fill the fourth place,  
And reign with the rest in heaven.

“ And whither rents this bevy of ladies bright,  
Ranged in a row ?  
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,<sup>x</sup>  
That unto her go.

<sup>r</sup> Or *bonnibelle*—a fair maid (*belle et bonne*).

<sup>s</sup> Over-laboured. <sup>t</sup> Made to perspire with heat.

<sup>u</sup> Walk. <sup>v</sup> Sweet. <sup>w</sup> Given. <sup>x</sup> Called, named.

Chloris, that is the chiefest nymph of all,  
Or olive branches bears a coronal :  
    Olives been for peace,  
    When wars do surcease :  
Such for a princess been principal.

“ Ye shepherds’ daughters, that dwell on the green,  
    Hie you there apace :  
Let none come there but that virgins been,  
    To adorn her grace :  
And, when you come whereasy she is in place,  
See that your rudeness do not you disgrace :  
    Bind your fillets fast,  
    And gird in your waist,  
For more fineness, with a tawdry lace.<sup>a</sup>

“ Bring hither the pink and purple columbine,  
    With gillyflowers ;  
Bring coronations, and sops in wine,<sup>b</sup>  
    Worn of paramours :  
Strew me the ground with daffadowndillies,  
And cowslips, and king-cups, and loved lilies :  
    The pretty pance,<sup>b</sup>  
    And the chevisance,<sup>c</sup>  
Shall match with the fair flower delice.<sup>d</sup>

“ Now rise up, Elisa, decked as thou art  
    In royal array :  
And now ye dainty damsels may depart  
    Each one her way.  
I fear, I have troubled your troops too long ;  
Let dame Elisa thank you for her song :

<sup>a</sup> Where.

<sup>b</sup> This was a kind of lace, or string, sold at the fair of St. Etheldreda, or St. Audrey.

<sup>c</sup> “ A flower in colour much like to a carnation, but differing in smell and quantity.”—E. K.

<sup>b</sup> The pansy, or violet.

<sup>c</sup> This word is used in other passages for enterprise, fortune, bargain, gain, spoil ; but it seems to be here the name of a flower.

<sup>d</sup> “ That which they use to misterm *Flower de luce*, being in Latin called *Flos delitiarum*.”—E. K.

And, if you come hether  
 When damsons I gether,  
 I will part them all you among."

The two emblems here are from the address of *Æneas* to his mother, *Venus*, in the first Book of the *Æneid*; that of *Thenot* being,

*O quam te memorem Virgo!*  
 (O, what shall I call thee,—Lady!)

That of *Hobinol*,

*O Dea certe!*  
 (O, a Goddess, assuredly!)

The Fifth Eclogue, for May, is another moral, or rather a theological, poem, and resembles the second both in language and versification. The subject of it is thus stated in E. K.'s Argument:—

"In this fifth Eclogue, under the person of two shepherds, *Piers* and *Palinode*, be represented two forms of pastors or ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholic; whose chief talk standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other; with whom having shewed that it is dangerous to maintain any fellowship, or give too much credit to their colourable and feigned good will, he telleth him a tale of the fox, that, by such a counterpoint of craftiness, deceived and devoured the credulous kid."

The Eclogue is, in manner as well as in spirit, an imitation of the old poem called *The Ploughman's Tale*, which has been attributed to *Chaucer*, and is commonly printed among his works, though it is not in his style, and there can be little doubt is by another writer. It has not been commonly noticed that Spenser has followed this old poem in its alliteration as well as in its other peculiarities. This may be sufficiently seen from the first lines of the speech of *Palinode*, with which the Eclogue opens:—

Is not think the merry moneth of *May*,  
 When love-lads masken in fresh array?  
 How falls it, then, we no merrier been,  
 Ylike as others, girt in gawdy green?

Our blonket liveries <sup>a</sup> been all too sad  
 For thilk same season, when all is yclad  
 With pleasance; the ground with grass, the woods  
 With green leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.

The spirit both of the poem and of E. K.'s annotations is violently Protestant, and even puritanical. Piers, indeed, who may be assumed to speak the poet's own sentiments, is in nature as well as in name the representative of the hero of the famous early work, *The Visions of Piers Ploughman*, which, as well as *The Ploughman's Tale*, is throughout a vehement exposure and denunciation of the corruptions of the clerical orders. Spenser, however, writing after the Reformation, attacks here and in other places not only the abuses of Popery, but the old religion itself, which the author of the Visions can scarcely be said anywhere to do. But the invective, although vigorous, has more theological than poetical interest, and may be passed over for our present purpose. It is in this eclogue that Pan is used, in one passage, according to E. K., for Christ, in another for God himself. Here also occurs the mention of Grindal, the puritanical archbishop of Canterbury, under the name of *Algrind*, which, however, E. K. explains as simply "the name of a shepherd." Another of the commentator's annotations is noticeable for an English version which it contains of the epitaph on Sardanapalus which Cicero has thus translated into Latin (in the Fifth Book of his *Tusculan Questions*) :—

" Haec habui<sup>f</sup> quae edi, quaeque exsaturata libido  
 Hausit; at illa manent<sup>g</sup> multa ac<sup>h</sup> praeclara relicta."

" Which," says E. K., " may thus be turned into English :—

" All that I ate did I joy, and all that I greedily gorged :  
 As for those many goodly matters left I for others."<sup>f</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Gray coats.

<sup>f</sup> The common reading is *habeo*.

<sup>g</sup> The common reading is *iacent*.

<sup>h</sup> The common reading is *et*.

It has not been usually noticed that these two English hexameters, which E. K. here appears to produce as his own, are the same which we have in one of Spenser's Letters to Harvey, where they are thus introduced:—“Seem they [four English elegiac verses] comparable to those two which I translated you extempore in bed the last time we lay together in Westminster?” The letter is that dated the 10th of April, 1580, or exactly a year after the date of E. K.'s Epistle prefixed to the Shepherd's Calendar and his Gloss.

The Sixth Eclogue, entitled June, belongs, like the first, to the plaintive class, according to E. K.'s distribution, and is introduced by him thus:—

“This Eclogue is wholly vowed to the complaining of Colin's ill success in his love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lass Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his dear friend Hobinol, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his stead Menalcas, another shepherd, received disloyally. And this is the whole argument of this Eclogue.”

The dialogue is carried on between the two friends Hobinol and Colin Clout, that is, Harvey and Spenser; and the Eclogue is in some parts very beautiful, as well as interesting from its bearing upon the poet's personal history. We subjoin the whole of it, merely observing further that E. K. affords us no information on the subject of Spenser's successful rival Menalcas, except that by the said name “is meant a person unknown and secret, against whom he often bitterly inveigheth:”—

*Hob.* Lo! Colin, here the place whose pleasant site  
From other shades hath weaned my wandering mind,  
Tell me, what wants me here to work delight?  
The simple air, the gentle warbling wind,  
So calm, so cool, as no where else I find;  
The grassy ground with dainty daisies dight,  
The bramble bush, where birds of every kind  
To the water's fall their tunes attemper right.

*Col.* O happy Hobinol, I bless thy state,  
That Paradise hast found which Adam lost:

Here wander may thy flock early or late,  
 Withouten dread of wolves to been ytost ;  
 Thy lovely lays here mayst thou freely boast :  
 But I, unhappy man ! whom cruel fate  
 And angry gods pursue from coast to coast,  
 Can no where find to shroud my luckless pate.

*Hob.* Then, if by me thou list advised be,  
 Forsake the soil that so doth thee bewitch ;  
 Leave me those hills where harbour nis<sup>i</sup> to see,  
 Nor holly-bush, nor brere, nor winding ditch ;  
 And to the dales resort, where shepherds rich,  
 And fruitful flocks, been every where to see :  
 Here no night-ravens lodge, more black than pitch,  
 Nor elvish ghosts, nor ghastly owls do flee ;

But friendly fairies, met with many graces,  
 And lightfoot nymphs, can chase the lingering night  
 With heydeguys<sup>j</sup> and trimly trodden traces,  
 Whilst sisters nine, which dwell on Parnass height,  
 Do make them music for their more delight ;  
 And Pan himself to kiss their crystal faces  
 Will pipe and dance, when Phœbe shineth bright :  
 Such peerless pleasures have we in these places.

*Col.* And I, whilst youth, and course of careless years,  
 Did let me walk withouten links of love,  
 In such delights did joy amongst my peers ;  
 But riper age such pleasures doth reprove :  
 My fancy eke from former follies move  
 To stayed steps ; for time in passing wears,  
 (As garments doen, which wexen old above,)  
 And draweth new delights with hoary hairs.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pipe  
 Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made ;  
 Tho would I seek for queen-apples unripe ;  
 To give my Rosalind, and in sommer shade  
 Dight gaudy girlands was my common trade,  
 To crown her golden locks ; but years more ripe,  
 And loss of her, whose love as life I weighed,  
 Those weary wanton toys away did wipe.

<sup>i</sup> Is not.

<sup>j</sup> A kind of country dance.

*Hob.* Colin, to hear thy rhymes and roundelayes  
 Which thou wert wont on wasteful hills to sing,  
 I more delight than lark in summer days,  
 Whose echo made the neighbour groves to ring,  
 And taught the birds, which in the lower spring  
 Did shroud in shady leaves from sunny rays,  
 Frame to thy song their cheerful chiruping,  
 Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet lays.

I saw Calliope with muses moe,  
 Soon as thy oaten pipe began to sound,  
 Their ivory lutes and tamburins forego,  
 And from the fountain, where they sat around,  
 Ren after hastily thy silver sound;  
 But, when they came where thou thy skill didst show,  
 They drew aback, as half with shame confound  
 Shepherd to see them in their art outgo.

*Col.* Of muses, Hobinol, I con no skil,  
 For they be daughters of the highest Jove,  
 And holden scorn of homely shepherd's quill;  
 For sith I heard that Pan with Phœbus strove,  
 Which him to much rebuke and danger drove,  
 I never list presume to Parnass hill,  
 But, piping low in shade of lowly grove,  
 I play to please myself, al be it ill.

Nought weigh I who my song doth praise or blame,  
 Nor strive to win renown, or pass the rest:  
 With shepherd sits not follow flying fame,  
 But feed his flock in fields where falls<sup>t</sup> hem best.  
 I wot my rhymes been rough, and rudely drest;  
 The fitter they my careful case to frame:  
 Enough is me to painten<sup>1</sup> my unrest,  
 And pour my piteous plaints out in the same.

The god of shepherds, Tityrus, is dead,  
 Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:  
 He, whilst he lived, was the sov'reign head  
 Of shepherds all that been with love ytake:  
 Well could he wail his woes, and lightly slake  
 The flames which love within his heart had bred,  
 And tell us merry tales to keep us wake,  
 The while our sheep about us safely fed.

\* Them. <sup>1</sup> In the original editions misprinted "paint out."

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,  
(O why should death on him such outrage show!)  
And all his passing skill with him is fled,  
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.  
But, if on me some little drops would flow  
Of that the spring was in his learned head,  
I soon would learn these woods to wail my woe,  
And teach the trees their trickling tears to shed.

Then should my plaints, caused of discourtesy,  
As messengers of this my painful plight,  
Fly to my love wherever that she be,  
And pierce her heart with point of worthy wight,  
As she deserves, that wrought so deadly spite.  
And thou, Menalcas! that by treachery  
Didst underfong<sup>m</sup> my lass to wex so light,  
Shouldst well be known for such thy villany.

But since I am not as I wish I were,  
Ye gentle shepherds! which your flocks do feed,  
Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,  
Bear witness all of this so wicked deed;  
And tell the lass, whose flower is wox a weed,  
And faultless faith is turned to faithless fear,  
That she the truest shepherd's heart made bleed  
That lives on earth, and loved her most dear.

*Hob.* O! careful Colin, I lament thy case;  
Thy tears would make the hardest flint to flow!  
Ah! faithless Rosalind, and void of grace,  
That art the root of all this ruthful wo!  
But now is time, I guess, homeward to go:  
Then rise, ye blessed flocks! and home apace,  
Lest night with stealing steps do you foreslow,  
And wet your tender lambs that by you trace.

Only one emblem is given in this instance, that of Colin,  
*Gia speme spenta* (Now hope is extinguished).

The Seventh Eclogue, for July, is another of a moral or rather theological character, like the Fifth. "This Eclogue," says E. K.'s Argument, "is made in the honour and commendation of good shepherds, and to the

<sup>m</sup> "Undermine and deceive by false suggestions."—E. K.

shame and dispraise of proud and ambitious pastors ; such as Morell is here imagined to be." The dialogue is carried on between Thomalin, who must be understood to be the same friend of the poet whom we have in the Third Eclogue, and Morell, under which designation is supposed to be represented, anagrammatically, Elmer, or Aylmer, Bishop of London, the main stay of the high church interest at the same time that the low church interest was supported by Grindal. It is worth noticing, however, that Morell, as Warton has pointed out, is a character introduced in the poem called *The Remedy of Love*, attributed to Chaucer. Much of this Eclogue is very spirited. It begins thus :—

*Thom.* Is not thilk same a goatherd proud,  
 That sits on yonder bank,  
 Whose straying herd themself doth shroud  
 Among the bushes rank ?  
*Mor.* What, ho, thou jolly shepherd's swain,  
 Come up the hill to me ;  
 Better is then<sup>a</sup> the lowly plain,  
 Als<sup>°</sup> for thy flock and thee.  
*Thom.* Ah ! God shield, man, that I should climb,  
 And learn to look aloft ;  
 This rede<sup>b</sup> is rife, that oftentime  
 Great climbers fall unsoft.  
 In humble dales is footing fast,  
 The trode<sup>c</sup> is not so tickle,  
 And, though one fall through heedless haste,  
 Yet is his miss not mickle.  
 And now the sun hath reared up  
 His fiery-footed team,  
 Making his way between the Cup  
 And golden Diadem ;  
 The rampant Lion hunts he fast,  
 With dogs of noisome breath,  
 Whose baleful barking brings in haste  
 Pain, plagues, and dreary death.

He goes on to invite Morell to come down. The latter

<sup>a</sup> Than.    <sup>°</sup> Both.    <sup>b</sup> Proverb.    <sup>c</sup> Footing.

eproves him for blaming, or speaking irreverently of, holy hills, which are so often sacred to and named after saints :—

St. Michael's Mount who does not know,  
That wards the western coast ?  
And of St. Brigit's bower I trow  
All Kent can rightly boast :  
And they that con of Muses' skill  
Say most-what that they dwell  
(As goatherds wont) upon a hill,  
Beside a learned well.

Beside, as holy fathers sayn,  
There is a holy place  
Where Titan riseth from the main  
To run his daily race,  
Upon whose top the stars been staid,  
And all the sky doth lean ;  
There is the cave where Phœbe laid  
The shepherd long to dream.

Of Sinah can I tell thee more,  
And of our Lady's Bower ;  
But little needs to strow my store,  
Suffice this hill of our.  
Here have the holy Fauns recourse,  
And Sylvans haunted rathe ;  
Here has the salt Medway his source,  
Wherein the nymphs do bathe ;  
The salt Medway, that trickling streams  
Adown the dales of Kent,  
Till with his elder brother Thames  
His brackish waves be meynt.  
Here grows melampode every where,  
And terebinth, good for goats ;  
The one my madding kids to smear,  
The next to heal their throats.  
Hereto the hills been nigher heaven,  
And thence the passage eath ;  
As well can prove the piercing levin,  
That seldom falls beneath.

---

Early.

*Thom.* Sicker, thou speakest like a lewd lorel,  
 Of heaven to deemen so ;  
 Howbeit I am but rude and borrel,  
 Yet nearer ways I know.  
 To kirk the nar,<sup>t</sup> from God more far,  
 Has been an old-said saw ;  
 And he that strives to touch a star  
 Oft stumbles at a straw.  
 As soon may shepherd climb to sky  
 That leads in lowly dales,  
 As goatherd proud, that, sitting high,  
 Upon the mountain sails.

The eclogue concludes with the following remarkable passage, which must be understood to shadow forth what had recently befallen Archbishop Grindal, who, for a letter he wrote to the queen in commendation of preaching and puritanism, was, in 1578, by an order from the star-chamber, confined to his house, and sequestered from his archiepiscopal function for six months :—

*Mor.* But say me, what is Algrind, he  
 That is so oft bynempt ?<sup>u</sup>  
*Thom.* He is a shepherd great in gree,<sup>v</sup>  
 But hath been long ypent :<sup>w</sup>  
 One day he sat upon a hill,  
 As now thou wouldest me ;  
 But I am taught, by Algrind's ill,  
 To love the low degree ;  
 For, sitting so with bared scalp,  
 An eagle soared high,  
 That, weening his white head was chalk,  
 A shell-fish down let fly ;  
 She weened the shell-fish to have broke  
 And therewith bruised his brain ;  
 So now, astonished with the stroke,  
 He lies in lingering pain.  
*Mor.* Ah ! good Algrind ! his hap was ill,  
 But shall be better in time.

\* Clownish.      <sup>t</sup> Nearer.

<sup>u</sup> Named.      <sup>v</sup> Degree.      <sup>w</sup> Pent up.

Now farewell, shepherd, sith this hill  
 Thou hast such doubt to climb.

The Eighth Eclogue, for August, is another of those designated Recreative by E. K., whose Argument prefixed to it is as follows:—

“ In this Eclogue is set forth a delectable controversy, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh Eclogue. They chose for umpire of their strife, Cuddy, a neat-herd’s boy; who, having ended their cause, recitateth also himself a proper song, whereof Colin he saith was author.”

The two contending shepherds are named Willy and Perigot. E. K. says in a note, “ By Perigot who is meant, I cannot uprightly say; but, if it be he who is supposed, his love deserveth no less praise than he giveth her.” Here are the simple but pretty and lively rhymes in which they sport and wrestle with one another:—

*Per.* “ It fell upon a holy eve,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, holiday!  
*Per.* When holy fathers wont to shrieve;  
*Wil.* Now ginneth this roundelay.  
*Per.* Sitting upon a hill so high,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the high hill!  
*Per.* The while my flock did feed thereby;  
*Wil.* The while the shepherd self did spill;  
*Per.* I saw the bouncing Bellibone,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, Bonnibell!  
*Per.* Tripping over the dale alone;  
*Wil.* She can trip it very well.  
*Per.* Well decked in a frock of gray,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, gray is greet! \*  
*Per.* And in a kirtle of green say;  
*Wil.* The green is for maidens meet,  
*Per.* A chapelet on her head she wore,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, chapelet!  
*Per.* Of sweet violets therein was store,  
*Wil.* She sweeter than the violet.

\* Sad, sorrowful.

*Per.* My sheep did leave their wonted food,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, silly sheep !

*Per.* And gazed on her as they were wood,<sup>y</sup>  
*Wil.* Wood as he that did them keep.

*Per.* As the bonnylass passed bye,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, bonnylass !

*Per.* She roved at me with glancing eye,  
*Wil.* As clear as the crystal glass :

*Per.* All as the sunny beam so bright,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the sunny beam !

*Per.* Glanceth from Phœbus' face forthright,  
*Wil.* So love into thy heart did stream :

*Per.* Or as the thonder cleaves the clouds,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the thonder !

*Per.* Wherein the lightsome levin shrouds,  
*Wil.* So cleaves thy soul asonder :

*Per.* Or as Dame Cynthia's silver ray,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the moonlight !

*Per.* Upon the glittering wave doth play,  
*Wil.* Such play is a piteous plight.

*Per.* The glance into my heart did glide,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the glider !

*Per.* Therewith my soul was sharply gried,  
*Wil.* Such wounds soon wexen wider.

*Per.* Hasting to wrench the arrow out,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, Perigot !

*Per.* I left the head in my heart-root,  
*Wil.* It was a desperate shot.

*Per.* There it rankleth aye more and more,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the arrow !

*Per.* Ne can I find salve for my sore,  
*Wil.* Love is a careless sorrow.

*Per.* And, though my bale with death I bought,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, heavy cheer !

*Per.* Yet should thilk lass not from my thought ;  
*Wil.* So you may buy gold too dear.

*Per.* But whether in painful love I pine,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, pinching pain !

*Per.* Or thrive in wealth, she shall be mine ;  
*Wil.* But if thou can her obtain.

*Per.* And, if for graceless grief I die,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, graceless grief !

<sup>y</sup> Wild, mad.

*Per.* Witness she slew me with her eye;  
*Wil.* Let thy folly be the prief.  
*Per.* And you that saw it, simple sheep,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, the fair flock!  
*Per.* For prief thereof, my death shall weep,  
*Wil.* And moan with many a mock.  
*Per.* So learned I love on a holy eve,  
*Wil.* Hey, ho, holy-day!  
*Per.* That ever since my heart did grieve;  
*Wil.* Now endeth our roundelay."

Slight as this is, and not over full of meaning as some parts of it may be thought, we much prefer it to the more elaborate song—the “doleful verse” and “heavy lay,” as it is called—made by Colin upon Rosalind, which Cuddy afterwards sings; although Webbe, in his *Discourse of English Poetry*, 1586, lauds the latter as “a rare device and pretty invention in composition, framed upon six words prettily turned and wound up together.”

The Ninth Eclogue, entitled September, is another passionate anti-popish diatribe, the speakers being Hobinol and another Shepherd called Diggon Davy. “Herein,” says E. K.’s Argument, “Diggon Davy is devised to be a shepherd that, in hope of more gain, drove his sheep into a far country. The abuses whereof, and loose living of Popish prelates, by reason of Hobinol’s demand, he discourses at large.” In his Gloss at the end he observes:—“The dialect and phrase of speech in this dialogue seemeth somewhat to differ from the common. The cause whereof is supposed to be by occasion of the party herein meant [Diggon Davy], who, being very friend to the author hereof, had been long in foreign countries, and there seen many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobinol.” The versification is the same as in the Second and Fifth Eclogues. In the course of the Eclogue a story is told of a shepherd (that is, perhaps, a bishop) named Roffin, who is thus described by Hobinol:—

He is so meek, wise, and merciable,\*  
 And with his word his work is convenient;

\* Merciful.

Colin Clout, I ween, be his self boy  
 (Ah for Colin! he whilome my joy):  
 Shepherds sich<sup>a</sup> God mought us many send,  
 That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

The name Roffin would seem to indicate a Bishop of Rochester; and some research into the ecclesiastical history of the time might possibly discover the meaning or literal fact hidden under the present apostrophe. Spenser's poetry abounds in such poetical disguises or transfigurations of actual occurrences, which his editors have taken very little pains to elucidate. This shepherd Roffin is represented as having a valuable watch-dog, Lowder—one of the bishop's chaplains, perhaps, or at least one of the clergy of his diocese—which designation also probably wraps up some real name.

The Tenth Eclogue, for October, is the loftiest strain of the twelve. The speakers are Piers and Cuddy, and the Argument is thus stated by E. K. :—

“ In Cuddy is set out the perfect pattern of a poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of poetry, and the causes thereof: specially having been in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, always of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthy and commendable an art; or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the wit by a certain enthouiasmos and celestial inspiration, as the author hereof elsewhere at large discourses in his book called *The English Poet*, which book being lately come to my hands, I mind also by God's grace, upon further advisement, to publish.”

In his Gloss E. K. adds :—“ This Eclogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his Sixteenth Idyllion, wherein he reproveth the tyran Hiero of Syracuse for his niggardise towards poets, in whom is the power to make men immortal for their good deeds, or shameful for their naughty life. And the like also is in Mantuan. The

\* Such.

style hereof, as also that in Theocritus, is more lofty than the rest, and applied to the height of poetical wit." "I doubt," he further observes, "whether by Cuddy be specified the author self, or some other. For in the Eighth Eclogue the same person was brought in singing a cantion of Colin's making, as he sayeth. So that some doubt that the persons be different." We may understand this as merely a little mystification in which the poet wantons with his readers.

We give this noble eclogue without curtailment:—

"PIERS. CUDDY.

*Piers.*

"Cuddy, for shame, hold up thy heavy head,  
And let us cast with what delight to chase  
And weary this long lingering Phœbus' race.  
Whilome thou wont the shepherds' lads to lead  
In rhymes, in riddles, and in bidding base;<sup>b</sup>  
Now they in thee, and thou in sleep, art dead.

*Cud.* Piers, I have piped erst so long with pain,  
That all mine oaten reeds been rent and wore,  
And my poor muse hath spent her spared store,  
Yet little good hath got, and much less gain.  
Such pleasance makes the grasshopper so poor,  
And ligg so laid,<sup>c</sup> when winter doth her strain.

The dapper<sup>d</sup> ditties that I wont devise  
To feed youth's fancy, and the flocking fry,  
Delighten much; what I the bett forthy?<sup>e</sup>  
They han the pleasure, I a slender prize:  
I beat the bush, the birds to them do fly:  
What good thereof to Cuddy can arise?

*Piers.* Cuddy, the praise is better than the price,<sup>f</sup>  
The glory eke much greater than the gain:  
O what an honour is it, to restrain  
The lust of lawless youth with good advice,  
Or prick them forth with feasance of thy vein,  
Whereto thou list their trained wills entice!

<sup>b</sup> The game of base or prison-base.

<sup>c</sup> Lie so faint.

<sup>d</sup> Neat and pretty.

• What am I the better therefore?

<sup>e</sup> Prize.

Soon as thou ginn'st to set thy notes in frame,  
O how the rural routs to thee do cleave!  
Seemeth thou dost their soul of sense bereave,  
All as the shepherd that did fetch his dame  
From Pluto's baleful bower withouten leave,  
His music's might the hellish hound did tame.

*Cud.* So praisen babes the peacock's spotted train,  
And wonderen at bright Argus' blazing eye;  
But who rewards him e'er the more forthy,  
Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?  
Sik praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the sky;  
Sik words been wind, and wasten soon in vain.

*Piers.* Abandon then the base and viler clown;  
Lift up thyself out of the lowly dust,  
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of jousts;  
Turn thee to those that weld the awful crown,  
To doubted knights, whose woundless armour rusts,  
And helms unbruised wexen daily brown.

There may thy muse display her fluttering wing,  
And stretch herself at large from east to west;  
Whether thou list in fair Elisa rest,  
Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,  
Advance the worthy whom she loveth best,<sup>s</sup>  
That first the white bear to the stake did bring.

And, when the stubborn stroke of stronger stounds  
Has somewhat slacked the tenor of thy string,  
Of love and lustihead then may'st thou sing,  
And carol loud, and lead the Miller's round,<sup>b</sup>  
All were Elisa one of thilk same ring;  
So mought our Cuddy's name to heaven sound.

*Cud.* Indeed the Romish Tityrus, I hear,  
Through his Mecamas left his oaten reed,

<sup>s</sup> "He meaneth, as I guess, the most honourable and renowned the Earl of Leicester, whom by his cognizance (although the same be also proper to others) rather than by his name he bewrayeth, being not likely that the names of worldly princes be known to country clowns."—E. K. Leicester's well-known cognizance was the bear and ragged staff.

<sup>b</sup> A kind of dance.

Whereon he erst had taught his flocks to feed,  
And laboured lands to yield the timely ear;  
And eft did sing of wars and deadly dread,  
So as the heavens did quake his verse to hear.

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in clay,  
And great Augustus long ago is dead,  
And all the worthies liggin wrapt in lead,  
That matter made for poets on to play:  
For ever, who in derring-doe<sup>1</sup> were dread,  
The lofty verse of hem<sup>1</sup> was loved aye.

But after virtue gan for age to stoop,  
And mighty manhood brought a bed of ease,  
The vaunting poets found nought worth a pease  
To put in preace<sup>k</sup> among the learned troop:  
Then gan the streams of flowing wits to cease,  
And sunbright honour penned in shameful coop.

And if that any buds of poesy,  
Yet of the old stock, gan to shoot again,  
Or it men's follies mote to-force to feign,<sup>1</sup>  
And roll with rest in rhymes of ribaldry;  
Or, as it sprung, it wither must again;  
Tom Piper makes us better melody.

*Piers.* O peerless poesy! where is then thy place?  
If nor in prince's palace thou dost sit,  
(And yet is prince's palace the most fit,)  
Ne breast of baser birth doth thee embrace,  
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,  
And, whence thou cam'st, fly back to heaven apace.

*Cud.* Ah! Percy, it is all too weak and wan,  
So high to soar and make so large a flight;  
Her pieced pinions be not so in plight:  
For Colin fits such famous flight to scan;  
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,  
Would mount as high and sing as soot as swan.

*Piers.* Ah! fon;<sup>m</sup> for Love does teach him climb so high,  
And lifts him up out of the loathsome mire;

<sup>1</sup> In manhood and chivalry.

<sup>j</sup> Them. <sup>k</sup> Press, thriving.

<sup>l</sup> Either men's follies must force it to feign.

<sup>m</sup> Fond, foolish.

Such immortal mirror, as he doth admire,  
Would raise one's mind above the starry sky,  
And cause a caitiff courage to aspire ;  
For lofty Love doth loath a lowly eye.

*Cud.* All otherwise the state of poet stands ;  
For lordly Love is such a tyrant fell,  
That, where he rules, all power he doth expel ;  
The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,  
Ne wont with crabbed Care the Muses dwell :  
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webs in hand.

Whoever casts to compass weighty prize,  
And thinks to throw out thundering words of threat,  
Let pour in lavish cups and thrifty bits of meat,  
For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phœbus wise ;  
And, when with wine the brain begins to sweat,  
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not, Percie, how the rhyme should rage ;  
O if my temples were distained with wine,  
And girt in girlands of wild ivy twine,  
How I could rear the muse on stately stage,  
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,  
With quaint Bellona in her equipage !

But ah ! my courage cools ere it be warm :  
Forth content us in this humble shade,  
Where no such troublous tides han us essayd ;  
Here we our slender pipes may safely charm.

*Piers.* And, when my gates<sup>n</sup> shall have their bellies laid  
Cuddy shall have a kid to store his farm."

Both the elevation and glow of the sentiment here, and the musical flow and sweep of the verse, are worthy of the Fairy Queen, of which this song may be considered as the prelude and prognostication.\*

" Goats.

\* The only emblem annexed to this Eclogue is assigned to Cuddy, and is given as "*Agitante calescimus illo, &c.*" The modern editors have not been at the pains even to inform us that this is part of a verse from Ovid: it occurs in the Fasti (lib. v., v. 6), the entire verse being, *Est Deus in nobis ; agitante calescimus illo* (A god is within us ; he stirring us, we grow warm). The form in which the fragment

If, however, we suppose E. K. to be either the author himself or to speak his sentiments, the next eclogue, entitled November, would seem to have been Spenser's own favourite. "In this eleventh eclogue," says the Argument, "he bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether unknown, albeit of himself I often required the same. This eclogue is made in imitation of Marot his song which he made upon the death of Loyes the French Queen;\*" but far passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the eclogues of this book." The dialogue is carried on between Thenot and Colin (or Spenser himself); the former of whom begins by asking his friend when it would please him to sing, as he was wont, "songs of some *jouissance*." Too long, he tells him, has his muse slumbered sorrowing:—

Now somewhat sing whose endless sovenance<sup>o</sup>  
Emong the shepherd's swains may aye remain;  
Whether thou list thy loved lass advance,  
Or honour Pan with hymnes of higher vein.

Colin replies that this season of the year is not "the time of merrimake,"

Nor Pan to herry,<sup>p</sup> nor with love to play;  
but if Thenot will have "light virelays and looser songs

is printed might lead us to suspect some error or omission; and E. K.'s commentary seems also to imply that something is wanting. "Hereby," he observes, "is meant, as also in the whole course of this Eclogue, that poetry is a divine instinct, and unnatural rage passing the reach of common reason. Whom Piers answereth epiphonematicōs, as admitting the excellency of the skill, whereof in Cuddie he had already had a taste." Perhaps *Est Deus in nobis* may have been Cuddy's emblem; and *Agitante calescimus illo*, Piers's epiphonematic (or acclamatory) reply.

\* There is some mistake here: no French Queen of this name died in Marot's time.

<sup>o</sup> Memory.

<sup>p</sup> Praise, celebrate.

of love," who better able to produce such than himself ?  
To this Thenot rejoins :—

" *The*. The nightingale is sovereign of song,  
Before him sits <sup>4</sup> the titmouse silent be ;  
And I, unfit to thrust in skilful throng,  
Should Colin make judge of my foolery ;  
Nay, better learn of hem <sup>5</sup> that learned be,  
And han been watered at the Muses' well ;  
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,  
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell :  
But if sad winter's wrath, and season chill,  
Accord not with thy Muse's merriment,  
To sadder times thou may'st attune thy quill,  
And sing of sorrow and death's dreariment ;  
For dead is Dido, dead, alas ! and drent ;  
Dido ! the great shepherd his daughter sheen :  
The fairest May she was that ever went,  
Her like she has not left behind I ween :  
And, if thou wilt bewail my woeful teen,  
I shall thee give yond cosset <sup>6</sup> for thy pain ;  
And, if thy rhymes as round and rueful been  
As those that did thy Rosalind complain,  
Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gain,  
Than kid or cosset which I thee bynempt." <sup>7</sup>

Upon this passage E. K. mysteriously remarks :—" *The Great Shepherd* is some man of high degree, and not, as some vainly suppose, God Pan. The person both of the shepherd and of Dido is unknown, and closely buried in the author's conceit. But out of doubt I am that it is not Rosalind, as some imagine ; for he speaketh soon after of her also." These repeated references, by the bye, of E. K. to the opinions of other critics or readers upon passages in a work as yet unpublished are very curious : they would seem to imply that the Shepherd's Calendar had been extensively circulated in manuscript.

<sup>4</sup> It fits, it suits.

<sup>7</sup> Them.

<sup>5</sup> Drowned.

<sup>6</sup> A lamb brought up without the ewe.

<sup>7</sup> E. K. interprets " bequeathed ;" but the meaning would rather seem to be, *named, or mentioned to thee.*

Colin yields to Thenot's entreaty, and we subjoin the greater part of his melodious threnody :—

“ Up, then, Melpomene ! the mournfull'st Muse of Nine,  
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore ;  
Up ! grisly ghosts ! and up my rueful rhyme !  
Matter of mirth now shalt thou have no more ;  
For dead she is, that mirth thee made of yore.  
Dido, my dear, alas ! is dead,  
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead.  
O heavy hearse !  
Let streaming tears be poured out in store ;  
O careful verse !

“ Shepherds, that by your flocks of Kentish downs abide,  
Wail ye this woeful waste of nature's wark ;  
Wail we the wight whose presence was our pride ;  
Wail we the wight whose absence is our cark ;  
The sun of all the world is dim and dark ;  
The earth now lacks her wonted light,  
And all we dwell in deadly night.  
O heavy hearse !  
Break we our pipes, that shrilled as loud as lark ;  
O careful verse !

“ Why do we longer live (ah ! why live we so long ?)  
Whose better days death hath shut up in woe ?  
The fairest flower our girland all among  
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.  
Sing now, ye shepherds' daughters, sing no moe  
The songs that Colin made you in her praise,  
But into weeping turn your wanton lays.  
O heavy hearse !  
Now is time to die : nay, time was long ago :  
O careful verse !

“ Whence is it, that the floweret of the field doth fade,  
And lieth buried long in Winter's bale ;  
Yet, soon as Spring his mantle hath display'd,  
It flowereth fresh, as it should never fail ?  
But thing on earth that is of most avail,  
As virtue's branch, and beauty's bud,  
Reliven not for any good.

O heavy hearse !  
 The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must quail ;  
 O careful verse !

“ She, while she was (that was, a woeful word to say !)  
 For beauty’s praise and pleasance had no peer ;  
 So well she couth the shepherds entertain  
 With cakes and cracknells, and such country cheer :  
 Nor would she scorn the simple shepherd’s swain ;  
 For she would call him often heme, <sup>w</sup>  
 And give him curds and clouted cream.  
 O heavy hearse !  
 Als Colin Clout she would not once disdain ;  
 O careful verse !

• • • •  
 “ O thou great shepherd, Lobbin, <sup>x</sup> how great is thy grief !  
 Where been the nosegays that she dight for thee ?  
 The coloured chapelets wrought with a chief,  
 The knotted rush-rings, and gilt rosemary ?  
 For she deemed nothing too dear for thee.

Ah ! they been all yclad in clay ;  
 One bitter blast blew all away.  
 O heavy hearse !

Thereof nought remains but the memory ;  
 O careful verse !

• • • •  
 “ The turtle on the bared branch  
 Laments the wound that Death did launch.  
 O heavy hearse !  
 And Philomel her song with tears doth steep !  
 O careful verse !

“ The water-nymphs, that wont with her to sing and dance  
 And for her girland olive branches bear,  
 Now baleful boughs of cypress doen advance ;  
 The Muses, that were wont green bays to wear,  
 Now bringen bitter elder branches sere ;  
 The Fatal Sisters eke repent  
 Her vital thread so soon was spent.

---

<sup>w</sup> “ For *home*, after the northern pronouncing.”—E. K.

<sup>x</sup> “ The name of a shepherd, which seemeth to have been  
 the lover and dear friend of Dido.”—E. K.

O heavy hearse !  
 Mourn now, my Muse, now mourn with heavy cheer ;  
 O careful verse !

“ But maugre Death, and dreaded Sisters’ deadly spite,  
 And gates of hell, and fiery furies’ force,  
 She hath the bonds broke of eternal night,  
 Her soul unbodied of the burdenous corse.  
 Why then weeps Lobbin so without remorse ?

O Lobb ! thy loss no longer lament ;  
 Dido is dead, but into heaven hent.  
 O happy hearse !

Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrow’s source,  
 O joyful verse !

“ Why wail we then ? why weary we the gods with plaints,  
 As if some evil were to her betight ?  
 She reigns a goddess now among the saints,  
 That whilome was the saint of shepherds’ light,  
 And is installed now in heaven’s height.

I see thee, blessed soul ! I see  
 Walk in Elysian fields so free.  
 O happy hearse !

Might I once come to thee (O that I might !)  
 O joyful verse !

“ Unwise and wretched men to weet what’s good or ill,  
 We deem of death as doom of ill desert ;  
 But knew we, fools, what it us brings until,  
 Die would we daily, once it to expert !  
 No danger there the shepherd can assert ;

Fair fields and pleasant lays there been ;  
 The fields aye fresh, the grass aye green.

O happy hearse !  
 Make haste, ye shepherds, thither to revert.  
 O joyful verse !

“ Dido is gone afore (whose turn shall be the next ?)  
 There lives she with the blessed gods, in bliss,  
 There drinks she nectar with ambrosia mixt,  
 And joys enjoys that mortal men do miss.  
 The honour now of highest gods she is,

That whilome was poor shepherds' pride,  
While here on earth she did abide.  
O happy hearse !  
Cease now, my song, my woe now wasted is ;  
O joyful verse !"

The Twelfth and last Eclogue, entitled December, is another of the Plaintive class ; and E. K.'s Argument is as follows :—

" This Eclogue (even as the first began) is ended with a complaint of Colin to god Pan ; wherein, as weary of his former ways, he proportioneth his life to the four seasons of the year ; comparing his youth to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from love's folly. His manhood to the summer, which, he saith, was consumed with great heat and excessive drouth, caused through a comet or blazing star, by which he meaneth love ; which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heat. His ripest years he resemblmeth to an unseasonable harvest, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winter's chill and frosty season, now drawing near to his last end."

It is remarked by Warton, in his 'Observations on the Fairy Queen' (i. 219), that this eclogue, which he calls one of Spenser's most finished and elegant pastorals, is "literally translated from old Clement Marot"—"which," he adds, "is not observed by the commentator E. K." It is evident, however, from the portion of Marot's eclogue which he transcribes that the imitation is very far from being so close as this statement would lead us to suppose. Spenser's poem is in the form of a soliloquy by Colin, and the following are its most striking passages :—

The gentle shepherd sate beside a spring,  
All in the shadow of a bushy brere,  
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and sing,  
For he of Tityrus<sup>z</sup> his songs did lear :  
There, as he sat in secret shade alone,  
Thus gan he make of love his piteous moan.

<sup>z</sup> "Chaucer, as hath been oft said."—E. K.

“ O sovereign Pan ! thou god of shepherds all,  
 Which of our tender lambkins takest keep,  
 And, when our flocks into mischance mought fall,  
 Dost save from mischief the unwary sheep ;  
 Als<sup>a</sup> of their maisters hast no less regard  
 Than of the flocks, which thou dost watch and ward ;

“ I thee beseech (so be thou deign to hear  
 Rude ditties, tun'd to shepherd's oaten reed,  
 Or if I ever sonnet song so clear  
 As it with pleasance mought thy fancy feed),  
 Hearken a while, from thy green cabinet,  
 The rural song of careful Colinet.

“ Whilome in youth, when flowered my joyful spring,  
 Like swallow swift I wander'd here and there ;

“ I wont to range amid the mazy thicket,  
 And gather nuts to make my Christmas-game,  
 And joyed oft to chase the trembling pricket,  
 Or hunt the heartless hare till she were tame.  
 What recked I of wintry age's waste ?—  
 Then deemed I my spring would ever last.

“ How often have I scaled the craggy oak,  
 All to dislodge the raven of her nest ?  
 How have I wearied, with many a stroke,  
 The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest  
 Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife ?  
 For like to me was liberty and life.

“ And for I was in thilk same looser years,  
 (Whether the Muse so wrought me from my birth,  
 Or I too much believed my shepherd peers,)  
 Somedeal<sup>b</sup> ybent to song and music's mirth,  
 A good old shepherd, Wrenock was his name,  
 Made me by art more cunning in the same.

“ From thence I durst in daring to compare  
 With shepherd's swain whatever fed in field ;  
 And, if that Hobinol right judgment bare,  
 To Pan his own self pipe I need not yield :  
 For, if the flocking Nymphs did follow Pan,  
 The wiser Muses after Colin ran.

<sup>a</sup> Also.<sup>b</sup> Somewhat.

“ But, ah! such pride at length was ill repaid ;  
 The shepherds’ god (perdy god was he none)  
 My hurtless pleasance did me ill upbraid ;  
 My freedom lorn, my life he left to moan.  
 Love they him called that gave me check-mate,  
 But better mought they have behote him Hate.

“ Tho gan my lovely spring bid me farewell.

“ Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,  
 When choice I had to choose my wand’ring way,  
 But whither luck and Love’s unbridled lore  
 Would lead me forth on fancy’s bit to play :  
 The bush my bed, the bramble was my bower,  
 The woods can witness many a woeful stowr.

“ Where I was wont to seek the honey bee,  
 Working her formal rooms in wexen frame,  
 The grisly toadstool grown there mought I see,  
 And loathed paddocks lording on the same :  
 And, where the chanting birds lull’d me asleep,  
 The ghastly owl her grievous inn doth keep.

“ Then as the spring gives place to elder time,  
 And bringeth forth the fruit of sommer’s pride ;  
 Also my age, now passed youthly prime,  
 To things of riper season self applied,  
 And learned of lighter timber cotes to frame,  
 Such as might save my sheep and me fro shame.

“ To make fine cages for the nightingale,  
 And baskets of bulrushes, was my wont :  
 Who to entrap the fish in winding sail  
 Was better seen, or hurtful beasts to hont ?  
 I learned als the signs of heaven to ken,  
 How Phœbe fails, where Venus sets, and when.

“ And tried time yet taught me greater things ;  
 The sudden rising of the raging seas,  
 The sooth of birds by beating of their wings,  
 The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,  
 And which be wont to enrage the restless sheep,  
 And which be wont to work eternal sleep.

“ But, ah! unwise and witless Colin Clout,  
 That kydst<sup>c</sup> the hidden kinds of many a weed,

<sup>c</sup> Knowest.

Yet kydst not e<sup>d</sup> to cure thy sore heart-root,  
 Whose rankling wound as yet does rifely bleed.  
 Why livest thou still, and yet hast thy death's wound ?  
 Why diest thou still, and yet alive art found ?

“ Thus is my sommer worn away and wasted,  
 Thus is my harvest hastened all-to<sup>•</sup> rathe ;  
 The ear that budded fair is burnt and blasted,  
 And all my hoped gain is turn'd to scathe.  
 Of all the seed that in my youth was sown,  
 Was none but brakes and brambles to be mown.

“ The fragrant flowers, that in my garden grew,  
 Been withered, as they had been gathered long ;  
 Their roots been dried up for lack of dew,  
 Yet dewed with tears they han been ever among.  
 Ah ! who has wrought my Rosalind this spite,  
 To spill the flowers that should her girland dight ?

“ And thus of all my harvest-hope I have  
 Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care ;  
 Which, when I thought have thresh't in swelling sheave,  
 Cockle for corn, and chaff for barley, bare :  
 Soon as the chaff should in the fan be fined,<sup>f</sup>  
 All was blown away of the wavering wind.

“ So now my year draws to his later term,  
 My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite.

“ Now leave, ye shepherds' boys, your merry glee ;  
 My Muse is hoarse and weary of this stound :  
 Here will I hang my pipe upon this tree,  
 Was never pipe of reed did better sound :  
 Winter is come that blows the bitter blast,  
 And after winter dreary death does haste.

“ Gather together ye my little flock,  
 My little flock, that was to me so lief ;  
 Let me, ah ! let me in your folds ye lock,  
 Ere the breme winter breed you greater grief.  
 Winter is come, that blows the baleful breath,  
 And after winter cometh timely death.

<sup>d</sup> One.

• Altogether.

<sup>f</sup> Refined.

“ Adieu, delights, that lulled me asleep;  
 Adieu, my dear, whose love I bought so dear ;  
 Adieu, my little lambe and loved sheep ;  
 Adieu, ye woods, that oft my witness were :  
 Adieu, good Hobinol, that was so true ;  
 Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu.”

The work is wound up with the following Epilogue :—

Lo ! I have made a Calendar for every year,  
 That steel in strength, and time in durance, shall outwear.  
 And, if I marked well the stars' revolution,  
 It shall continue till the world's dissolution,  
 To teach the ruler shepherd how to feed his sheep,  
 And from the falser's<sup>s</sup> fraud his folded flock to keep.

Go, little Calendar ! thou hast a free passport,  
 Go but a lowly gait amongst the meanner sort ;  
 Dare not to match thy pipe with Tityrus his style,  
 Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman played a while ;  
 But follow them far off, and their high steps adore :  
 The better please, the worse—despise ! I ask no more.

Such, then, is *The Shepherd's Calendar*, Spenser's earliest work ; our account of which has been the more extended for that reason, as well as because it shadows forth an interesting portion of his personal history. But its poetical merit is also very great. As it was the earliest, so it remains still the greatest English pastoral poem. It can scarcely indeed be said to foreshow the picturesque invention which afterwards blazed out in the *Fairy Queen*, any more than Shakspeare in his ‘Venus and Adonis’ and ‘Tarquin and Lucrece’ can be said to have given distinct token of his dramatic genius. But in both cases the true poetic life was present in a form no more to be mistaken than is the vegetable life showing itself in the yet unexpanded bud. There was perhaps, radically and essentially, a greater resemblance between the genius of Spenser and that of Shakspeare than appears from their actual works. If Spenser's nine Comedies, of which his friend Harvey expresses so much admiration, had been preserved, we should have

had better evidence upon this point. It is remarkable, at any rate, that, however unlike in spirit as well as in form we may think Spenser's *Fairy Queen* and Shakespeare's dramatic works, the highest and most distinguishing qualities of their other poetry are the same. That which sets the Shepherd's Calendar and others of Spenser's earlier pieces above everything else that had preceded them in the language, what Chaucer had done only excepted, is the same thing the presence of which likewise we feel so strongly in the minor, and for the most part probably also earlier, poetry of Shakspeare,—the fulness and easy flow of the poetic vein, making the composition all life. The bright green herbage seems ready to burst forth everywhere, as from a soil of inexhaustible fertility and moisture. Whatever else may be wanting, whatever may be less carefully or less successfully executed, the spirit of poetry at least is always there, strong and abundant. It is song at any rate, if it be nothing else of much value, and charms us as such—like many an old ballad or other popular ditty, that is deficient in nearly all other literary and artistic requisites, but yet makes its way to all hearts simply by its having been born of a musical conception. In this poetry of Spenser, as in that of Shakspeare, everything is conceived poetically. And that is evidently the writer's natural mode of conception and expression. There is no prose, and no effort to rise above or to escape from prose. Compare the Shepherd's Calendar with any poetry produced by the best of Spenser's immediate predecessors, and we shall feel that he alone was all a poet, that they were only poets as it were by assuming and acting the character. Take Lord Surrey, for instance, with all his taste and real feeling; his verse is a hollow artificial mockery to the living voice of Spenser's. Or take Lord Buckhurst; his powerful and even grand imagination is also, in comparison, only something which he gets up for show. They were poets on occasion, and by dint of tasking their faculties; he was all and always a poet. And, although this first published work, his *Shepherd's Calendar*, was far from evidencing the full

strength or extent of Spenser's poetic genius, still it was something which may be described as not only superior in excellence but unlike in kind to whatever had previously been produced in the existing form of the language—something as different from what had hitherto been the most approved modern English poetry as the dawn is from the brightest moonlight. It is not only our first English pastoral, but our earliest poetical work of any description, written since the language has been substantially the same that it now is, which can be called a classical work. It forms the commencement of our classical modern English literature.

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## SECTION III.

## THE FAIRY QUEEN.

IN his first letter to Harvey, dated at Leicester House, Westminster, 16th October, 1579, Spenser several times alludes to his being then on the point of leaving England. "I was minded also," he says towards the end, "to have sent you some English verses, or rhymes, for a farewell; but, by my troth, I have no spare time in the world to think on such toys, that you know will [well?] demand a freer head than mine is presently. I beseech you, by all your courtesies and graces, let me be answered ere I go; which will be (I hope, I fear, I think) the next week, if I can be dispatched of my lord. I go thither, as sent by him, and maintained mostwhat of him; and there am to employ my time, my body, my mind to his honour's service. Thus, with many superhearty commendations and recommendations, to yourself and all my friends with you, I end my last farewell, not thinking any more to write to you before I go." And in a valedictory address in Latin hexameters inclosed in the same letter, while in the title or inscription he speaks of himself as about to proceed to France—"mox in Gallias navigaturi"—he seems by some of his expressions to intimate that his journey might possibly be extended much farther to the south and even to the east. He talks indeed not only of traversing the Alps and Pyrenees, but of being carried perhaps as far (if the text be not corrupt) as to Caucasus and Babylon—

" \_\_\_\_\_ per inhospita Caucasa longe,  
Perque Pyrenaeos montes, Babylonaque turpem;

Ibimus ergo statim,—  
Et pede clivosas fesso calcabimus Alpes."

It deserves to be noticed that he looks forward to this expatriation with no complacency : alluding to Horace's *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*, he remarks that the gods had long given him the pleasant, but never till now the useful ; adding,—

“ Utile nunc etiam, ô utinam quoque dulce dedissent !”

(Would that, in now giving me the useful, they had given me the pleasant along with it!) ; and then he goes on to describe himself as born under a cruel star, in being thus obliged to pursue in distant lands the fortune he could not attain at home. But he is ashamed, he declares, with faculties not altogether infelicitous, to remain longer in obscurity in his native country, wasting the flowering years of his youth in mean employments leading to nothing—

“ Namque sinu pudet in patrio, tenebrisque pudendis,  
Non nimis ingenio juvenem infelice videntes  
Officiis frustra deperdere vilibus annos,  
Frugibus et vacuas speratis cernere spicas.”

It is most probable, however, that Spenser never actually went upon this mission, whatever may have been its precise nature. Harvey, indeed, appears to have looked upon the project from the first as by no means certain, or even likely, to take effect. “ As for your speedy and hasty travel,” he says in his answer dated a week after Spenser's farewell epistle, “ methinks I dare still wager all the books and writings in my study, which you know I esteem of greater value than all the gold and silver in my purse or chest, that you will not, that you shall not, I say, be gone over sea, for all your saying, neither the next nor the next week.” All that is further known is, that Spenser was at any rate in London in the beginning of April following : his next letter to Harvey is dated from Westminster on the 10th of that month ; it contains no allusion to his having been abroad ; and he could

scarcely have executed any such scheme as he evidently had contemplated in the interval of little more than five months that had elapsed since he talked of being on the point of setting out.

Perhaps his views were withdrawn from this proposed continental mission by other prospects. At any rate, he was very soon after appointed secretary to the new Lieutenant of Ireland, Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton; and he is commonly assumed to have accompanied his lordship to Ireland in the beginning of August, 1580. For this appointment he is supposed to have been indebted to the recommendation or interest of the Earl of Leicester, with whose family Lord Grey was connected by marriage. It was not long in leading to more good fortune. Mr. Hardiman was, be believe, the first to state, in his 'Irish Minstrelsy,' published in 1832, that in March, 1581, there was conferred upon the poet the additional office of Clerk to the Irish Court of Chancery; but it is remarkable that none of his biographers have noticed, what is mentioned in so accessible a work as Collins's Peerage, that in this same year he received from the Queen a grant of a lease of the Abbey of Iniscorthy, or Enniscorthy, and the attached castle and manor, in the county of Wexford, at an annual rent of 300*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, with the condition that he should keep it in continual repair; and that he conveyed this property, by indenture dated the 9th of December, 1581, to Richard Synot; by whom it was afterwards conveyed, or sold, to Sir Henry Wallop, then Treasurer of War in Ireland, the ancestor of the family of the Earls of Portsmouth, in whose possession, we believe, it still remains.<sup>h</sup> Notwithstanding the large sum which Spenser was to pay as rent, there can be little doubt that this was a beneficial, probably a very beneficial, grant; and its extent and importance may be taken as a measure of the influence he had attained.<sup>i</sup>

<sup>h</sup> See Collins's Peerage, in account of the Earls of Portsmouth, from whose archives these facts are given.

<sup>i</sup> Wakefield in his 'Account of Ireland' (vol. i. p. 281),

From his parting with his lease so soon after obtaining it, it may be inferred that Spenser had at this time no intention of fixing himself in Ireland. He may indeed have already anticipated his speedy return to his native country. Lord Grey resigned his government in the end of August, 1582; and he and Spenser are supposed to have come back to England, as they had left it, together.

Two or three insulated facts make up all that we know of Spenser's history from this date till the publication of the first portion of his *Fairy Queen*.

A letter to Queen Elizabeth from James VI. of Scotland, dated at St. Andrew's, the 2nd of July, 1583 (the original of which is in the Cotton Collection at the British Museum), has the following postscript;—“Madame, I have stayed Maister Spencer upon the letter quilk [which] is written with my awin hand, quilk sall be ready within twa days:” and Mr. David Laing, who mentions this circumstance in a note to his late edition of ‘Ben Jonson's Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden’ (printed for the Shakespeare Society, 8vo., Lond. 1842), suggests that the Spencer who thus appears to have been employed in conveying despatches from the Scotch to the English court may perhaps have been the great poet. But he was certainly not the only person of his name who was occasionally employed about this time by the government in a similar capacity. Not to mention the Edmund Spencer who brought over Sir Henry Norris's letters from France in 1569, and who may not have been the poet, there was, it seems, a Mr. Spencer who was confidentially employed under the Irish administration immediately before the time when the poet appears in Ireland as secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. Mr. Todd refers to various passages in one of the Lambeth MSS. which give an account of the important employments on which this person was deputed to England; and he quotes a letter from Sir William

states the then value of Lord Portsmouth's Enniscorthy estate (in 1812) at 8000*l.* per annum.

Pelham, then at the head of the government as Lord Justice, dated 14th July, 1580, in which Sir William styles him his "brother Spencer," and speaks of him as "now growing into years, and having many ways deserved some consideration from her Majesty." This statement has been little noticed; and it might be desirable that the matter were further investigated, with a view to the obtaining of more conclusive proof that the person whom the Lord Justice here calls his *brother* really was not the same who was immediately afterwards appointed secretary to the new Lord Lieutenant. The expression "now growing into years" may imply nothing more than that his early manhood was passing away.

In 1586 Spenser obtained from the crown a grant of 3028 acres in the county of Cork, being part of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond; the grant is dated the 27th of June, and it is supposed that he may probably have been in part indebted for it to the influence of his patron Sir Philip Sidney, whose last act of friendship it would in that case be; for the illustrious author of the *Arcadia* and the *Defence of Poesy* died of his wounds, received at Zutphen, in October of this same year. As for Spenser, he is believed to have proceeded to Ireland to take possession of his estate, upon which, by the terms of the grant, he was obliged to reside; and there he remained, inhabiting his castle of Kilcolman, as the principal house on the property was called, till the year 1590, when he visited England, and there sent to the press the first three books of his *Fairy Queen*.

It is supposed to have been the encouragement of his friend Sir Walter Raleigh that induced him to take this step. Raleigh visited him at Kilcolman probably in the summer or autumn of 1589; and they are believed to have proceeded to England together before the end of the same year. The work is entered by Ponsonby in the Register of the Stationers' Company, under date of the 1st of December, 1589, as 'The Fayrye Queene, dysposed into xii. Books'; and the publication probably took place early in 1590, which is the date on the title-

page. The volume, which is a small quarto, printed very legibly in a large type, is entitled 'The Faerie Queene. Disposed into twelve books, fashioning xii. Morale Vertues. London. Printed for William Ponsonbie.' The name of the author is not on the title-page, but it is affixed to the Dedication, and to a letter at the end addressed to Raleigh; and the Sonnets to various distinguished individuals, which appear to have been sent, according to the fashion of the time, with presentation copies, are signed with his initials. The Dedication to this edition of 1590, containing only the First Three Books of the poem, is simply in these words:—"To the most mighty and magnificent Empress, Elizabeth, by the Grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. Her most humble Servant, Ed. Spenser." In the second edition, containing Six Books, this was expanded and heightened as follows:—"To the Most High, Mighty, and Magnificent Empress, Renowmed for Piety, Virtue, and all Gracious Government, Elizabeth, By the grace of God Queen of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia, Defender of the Faith, &c. Her most Humble Servant, Edmund Spenser, doth, in all humility, Dedicate, Present, and Consecrate, these his labours, to live with the Eternity of her Fame."

The letter to Raleigh, though printed at the end of the volume, may be most properly read before the poem, the author's whole intention in the course of which it professes to expound. It is dated 23rd January, 1589 (that is, 1590), and is addressed "To the Right Noble and Valorous Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and her Majesty's Lieutenant of the County of Cornwall." "Sir," it begins, "knowing how doubtfully all allegories may be construed, and this book of mine, which I have entitled The Fairy Queen, being a continued allegory, or dark conceit, I have thought good, as well for avoiding of jealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof (being so by you commanded), to discover unto you the general intention and

meaning which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by-accidents, therein occasioned." The age, with all its gallantry and high spirit, was one of suspicion and jealousy, and Spenser appears, from many parts of his writings, to have had his full share of the prevailing temper. He goes on to state that the general end of his work is "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous or gentle discipline;" and for that purpose he had chosen as his historical fiction the history of King Arthur, not only for the excellency and fame of the hero, but as being "also furthest from the danger of envy and suspicion of present time." The Fairy Queen, as it actually stands, consists of six Books; and it is commonly said that the poem, if it had been completed, would have extended to twelve Books; but this would appear to have been in fact only the half of Spenser's entire design. After the example, he says, of Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, and Tasso, he labours to pourtray "in Arthur, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve Private moral virtues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve Books;" "which," he adds, "if I find to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part, of Politic virtues, in his person after that he came to be king." Meanwhile, in this first work he has conceived Arthur, "after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soon as he was born of the Lady Igrain, to have seen in a dream or vision the Fairy Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seek her out; and so, being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seek her forth in Fairy Land." By the Fairy Queen he means Glory in his general intention, but in his particular she represents Queen Elizabeth, and Fairy Land is her realm of England. "And yet," he adds, "in some places else I do otherwise shadow her. For, considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal queen or empress, the other of a most vir-

tuous and beautiful lady ; this latter part in some places I do express in Belphebe, fashioning the name according to your own excellent conceit of Cynthia : Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana." Spenser has several times elsewhere alluded to what appears to have been a poem written by Raleigh in celebration of Elizabeth under the name of Cynthia, not now known to exist. In the person of Arthur he here goes on to intimate he sets forth the virtue of Magnificence, or, as we should now say, Magnanimity, in particular, that, according to Aristotle and the other philosophers, being the perfection of all the rest, and containing them all in itself. Throughout the whole course of the poem, therefore, are mentioned in each Book such deeds of Arthur as come under the particular virtue of which the Book treats. But of the twelve other virtues, twelve other knights are made the patrons, "for the more variety of the history." Thus, of the three Books now published, the first contains the adventures and exploits of the Knight of the Red Cross, who is the representative of the virtue of Holiness ; the second, those of Sir Guyon, the representative of Temperance ; the third, those of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whom is pictured Chastity. But if the course of events were to be related in the order of time, the beginning of the history would be the Twelfth Book of the poem ; "where," he proceeds,

"I devise that the Fairy Queen kept her annual feast twelve days : upon which twelve several days the occasions of the twelve several adventures happened, which, being undertaken by twelve several knights, are in these twelve books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented himself a tall clownish young man, who falling before the Queen of Fairies desired a boon (as the manner then was), which during that feast she might not refuse ; which was, that he might have the achievement of any adventure which during that feast should happen. That being granted, he rested him on the floor, unfit through his rusticity for a better place. Soon after entered a fair lady in mourning weeds, riding on a white ass, with a dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed, that

bore the arms of a knight, and his spear in the dwarf's hand. She, falling before the Queen of Fairies, complained that her father and mother, an ancient king and queen, had been by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brazen castle, who thence suffered them not to issue; and therefore besought the Fairy Queen to assign her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure; whereat the Queen much wondering, and the lady much gainsaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the lady told him, that, unless that armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by St. Paul, v. Ephes.), that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put upon him with due furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the lady. And eftsoons taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that strange courser, he went forth with her on that adventure; where beginneth the first Book, viz. :—

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain, &c.

“ The second day there came in a palmer bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to have been slain by an enchantress called Acrasia; and therefore craved of the Fairy Queen, to appoint him some knight to perform that adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same palmer; which is the beginning of the second Book, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a groom who complained before the Fairy Queen, that a vile enchanter, called Busirane, had in hand a most fair lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that lady, presently took on him that adventure. But being unable to perform it by reason of the hard enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him and rescued his love.

“ But, by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermeddled; but rather as accidents then intendments; as the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinel, the misery of Florimel, the virtuousness of Belphebe, the lasciviousness of Helenora; and many the like.”

“ Thus much, Sir,” the Letter concludes, “ I have

briefly overrun to direct your understanding to the well-head of the history ; that, from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handful gripe all the discourse, which otherwise may happily seem tedious and confused."

The poem is introduced, as was then and long afterwards customary, by several copies of complimentary verses from the author's friends ; the two first of which, signed W. R., are no doubt by Raleigh ; and the third, signed Hobinol, by Gabriel Harvey. The signatures to the others are R. S., who has been variously conjectured to be Robert Southwell, Richard Stanhurst, Richard Smith, Richard Stapleton, or Robert Sackville, the eldest son of Lord Buckhurst ; H. B., of which no interpretation has been proposed ; W. L., which it has been thought may stand for William Lisle, a translator of parts of Du Bartas and Heliodorus ; and Ignoto, which also has not been appropriated. There is little of merit or interest in any of these effusions to detain us. The admiration expressed by Raleigh is very high and ungrudging. In his first address he represents Petrarch, as he stands watching the tomb of his Laura, weeping at the approach of the Fairy Queen, or the new poet, all the Graces vanishing from the spot, and Oblivion laying him down on Laura's hearse. Homer's spirit, too, he affirms,

— did tremble all for grief,  
And cursed the access of that celestial thief.

In his second set of verses he says—

Of me no lines are loved, nor letters are of price,  
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy  
device.

The Fairy Queen, it may be remembered, had not greatly taken Gabriel Harvey's fancy when he first read a part of it ten years before this. We cannot be sure that what he then saw was any portion of the poem as afterwards published ; it is perhaps rather probable, from the length of time that had elapsed, and from the

difference of manner between the Fairy Queen, as we actually have it, and such of Spenser's poetry as was certainly written before 1580, that the first attempt, upon which Harvey pronounced so discouraging a judgment, may have been something quite unlike any part of the poem in the shape it ultimately took ; but, at any rate, although Harvey's lines here are friendly and kind, and his general appreciation of the poet's genius such as we have a right to expect, his commendation of this particular work is still not very enthusiastic. He is evidently inclined to revert to, if not to prefer, the Shepherd's Calendar. "The lovely Rosalind," he says,

————— seems now forlorn,  
And all thy gentle flocks forgotten quite ;  
Thy changed heart now holds thy pipes in scorn,  
Those pretty pipes that did thy mates delight ;  
Those trusty mates that loved thee so well ;  
Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell.

And he merely adds that, as his friend's former roundelay stirred to glee the rustics in their homely bowers, so might the present "refined lays

Delight the dainty ears of higher powers."

Harvey's verses flow smoothly enough, but have little other grace or poetry in them, although they have been praised for their beauty. Those signed W. L. have some little interest from their references to the connexion between Spenser and Sidney. They seem, indeed, to attribute to Sidney the credit of having encouraged the poet to undertake the present work :—

When Spenser saw the fame was spread so large  
Through Fairy Land, of their renowned Queen ;  
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge  
As in such haughty matter to be seen,  
To seem a shepherd then he made his choice ;  
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought fair Thetis' son  
From his retired life to manage arms :  
So Spenser was, by Sidney's speeches, won  
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harms :

For well he knew, his muse would soon be tired  
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet, as Achilles in those warlike frays  
Did win the palm from all the Grecian peers,  
So Spenser now, to his immortal praise,  
Hath won the laurel quite from all his feeres.<sup>k</sup>  
What though his task exceed a human wit;  
He is excused sith Sidney thought it fit."

The Sonnets by the Author prefixed to the work are seventeen in number, and are severally addressed to Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord High Chancellor; Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer; the Earl of Oxenford, Lord High Chamberlain; the Earl of Northumberland; the Earl of Cumberland; the Earl of Essex; the Earl of Ormond and Ossory; Lord Charles Howard, Lord High Admiral; Lord Hunsdon; Lord Grey of Wilton; Lord Buckhurst; Sir Francis Walsingham; Sir John Norris, Lord President of Munster; Sir Walter Raleigh; the Countess of Pembroke; the Lady Carew; and, lastly, "To all the Gratiouse and Beautiful Ladies in the Court." Several of these addresses are very elegant. Sir Christopher Hatton is invited to smooth the brow of careful policy, on the consideration that the old counsellors and governors of mighty Rome

Oft from those grave affairs were wont abstain  
With the sweet Lady Muses for to play;  
So Ennius the elder Africain,  
So Maro oft did Cæsar's cares allay.

" To you," says the poet to Burleigh,  
— on whose mighty shoulders most doth rest  
The burden of this kingdom's government,  
As the wide compass of the firmament  
On Atlas' mighty shoulders is upstayed,  
Unfitly I these idle rhymes present,  
The labour of lost time and wit unstayed;  
Yet, if their deeper sense be inly weighed,

<sup>k</sup> Brethren.

And the dim veil, with which from common view  
 Their fairer parts are hid, aside he laid,  
 Perhaps not vain they may appear to you.

The Earl of Oxford's protection he requests, for that  
 the antique glory of his lordship's ancestry is, under a  
 shady veil, written in the work. And also, he adds,

————— for the love which thou dost bear  
 To the Heliconian imps, and they to thee ;  
 They unto thee, and thou to them most dear.

The Sonnet to Lord Ormond intimates that the poem  
 had been composed chiefly or wholly in Ireland. It is  
 as follows :—

Receive, most noble Lord, a simple taste  
 Of the wild fruit which savage soil hath bred ;  
 Which, being through long wars left almost waste,  
 With brutish barbarism is overspread :  
 And, in so fair a land as may be read,  
 Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicon,  
 Left for sweet Muses to be harboured,  
 But where thyself hast thy brave mansion :  
 There indeed dwell fair Graces many one,  
 And gentle Nymphs, delights of learned wits ;  
 And in thy person, without paragon,  
 All goodly bounty and true honour sits.  
 Such therefore, as that wasted soil doth yield,  
 Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of barren field.

Lord Charles Howard, in allusion to the recent de-  
 feat of the Spanish Armada, is complimented in these  
 fine lines :—

Sith those huge castles of Castilian King  
 That vainly threatened kingdoms to displace,  
 Like flying doves ye did before you chase.

The reader will not appreciate all the artifice of expression here if he overlook the consonancy of the two terms "castles" and "Castilian," so much in Spenser's manner, and in that of his age. The Sonnet to Lord Grey may be given in full, for the sake of its allusions

to the poet's personal history, and of its repetition of the statement that his poem was of Irish birth :—

Most noble lord, the pillar of my life,  
And patron of my Muse's pupilage ;  
Through whose large bounty, poured on me rife,  
In the first season of my feeble age,  
I now do live, bound yours by vassalage ;  
(Sith nothing ever may redeem, nor reave  
Out of your endless debt, so sure a gage ;)  
Vouchsafe, in worth, this small gift to receive,  
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave  
Of all the rest that I am tied to account :  
Rude rhymes, the which a rustic Muse did weave  
In savage soil, far from Parnasso mount,  
And roughly wrought in an unlearned loom :  
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favourable doom.

In addressing Lord Buckhurst he refers to his lordship's own poetical performances—

Whose learned Muse hath writ her own record  
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame ;

and he affirms that Buckhurst himself, if leisure were granted, were much more fit to compile the praises of his gracious sovereign,

And her imperial majesty to frame  
In lofty numbers and heroic style.

This is the graceful commencement of the sonnet to Raleigh :—

To thee, that art the summer's nightingale,  
Thy sovereign goddess's most dear delight,  
Why do I send this rustic madrigale,  
That may thy tuneful ear unseason quite ?  
Thou only fit this argument to write,  
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bower,  
And dainty Love learned sweetly to endite.

In that to the Countess of Pembroke he dilates upon his obligations to her brother, Sir Philip Sidney :—

Remembrance of that most heroic spirit,  
 The heaven's pride, the glory of our days,  
 Which now triumpheth (through immortal merit  
 Of his brave virtues,) crowned with lasting bays,  
 Of heavenly bliss and everlasting praise;  
 Who first my Muse did lift out of the floor,  
 To sing his sweet delights in lowly lays;  
 Bids me, most noble lady, to adore  
 His goodly image living evermore  
 In the divine resemblance of your face.

And here is the concluding Sonnet:—

The Chian painter, when he was required  
 To pourtray Venus in her perfect hue;  
 To make his work more absolute, desir'd  
 Of all the fairest maids to have the view.  
 Much more me needs, to draw the semblant true  
 Of Beauty's Queen, the world's sole wonderment,  
 To sharp my sense with sundry beauties' view,  
 And steal from each some part of ornament.  
 If all the world to seek I overwent,  
 A fairer crew yet nowhere could I see  
 Than that brave court doth to mine eye present,  
 That the world's pride seems gathered there to be.  
 Of each a part I stole by cunning theft:  
 Forgive it me, fair Dames! sith less ye have not left.

A Canto of the Fairy Queen, extending in some cases to seventy or eighty stanzas, that is, to six or seven hundred lines, is as long as some of the Books of the Iliad or the *Aeneid*; and one of Spenser's Books, consisting of twelve Cantos, may therefore be considered as almost amounting in quantity to an ordinary epic. The First Book, for instance, of which we are now about to give an account, contains very nearly six thousand lines.

In its story or subject, also, each Book is so little connected with any of the others, at least as the work actually stands, that they may almost be read as so many separate poems. This is one fortunate consequence of the unfinished state in which the work has come down to us. We are not obliged in perusing it to drag along with us the chain of a story, the length

and complexity of which must have made it a burthen and an impediment, especially in a case where the interest and attraction of the poetry are so little dependent upon either the events or the characters. The charm of the Fairy Queen resides more than that of any other great poem in single passages—which stand out from the general ground of the verse almost as framed pictures do from the wall on which they are hung. It is, in truth, a great picture gallery, with this advantage—among others which painting by words has, in the hands of so great a master, over other painting—that it addresses itself to the ear as well as to the eye, and is at once colour and music.

## Book I.

The poem, and the First Book, entitled *The Legend of the Knight of the Red Cross, or of Holiness*, are introduced by the following invocation to Clio, Cupid, Venus, Mars, and Queen Elizabeth:—

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whilome did mask,  
As time her taught, in lowly shepherd's weeds,  
Am now enforced, a far unfitter task,  
For trumpets stern to change mine oaten reeds,  
And sing of knights' and ladies' gentle deeds;  
Whose praises having slept in silence long,  
Me, all too mean, the sacred Muse areeds<sup>1</sup>  
To blazon broad amongst her learned throng:  
Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Help then, O holy virgin! chief of nine,  
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will;  
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scrine  
The antique rolls, which there lie hidden still,  
Of fairy knights and fairest Tanaquill,  
Whom that most noble Briton prince so long  
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,  
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:  
O, help thou my weak wit, and sharpen my dull tongue!

<sup>1</sup> Advises, commands.

Aud thou, most dreaded imp of highest Jove,  
 Fair Venus' son, that with thy cruel dart  
 At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,  
 That glorious fire it kindled in his heart ;  
 Lay now thy deadly ebon bow apart,  
 And, with thy mother mild, come to mine aid ;  
 Come, both ; and with you bring triumphant Mart,  
 In loves and gentle jollities arrayed,  
 After his murderous spoils and bloody rage allayed.

And with them eke, O goddess heavenly bright,  
 Mirror of grace and majesty divine,  
 Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light  
 Like Phœbus' lamp throughout the world doth shine,  
 Shed thy fair beams into my feeble eyne,  
 And raise my thoughts, too humble and too vile,  
 To think of that true glorious type of thine,  
 The argument of mine afflicted style :  
 The which to hear vouchsafe, O dearest Dread, awhile.

And then commences the story.

Canto I. (55 stanzas).—The moral subject designed to be shadowed forth in this Canto is the victory of Holiness over Error, and the manner in which that virtue was afterwards for a time deceived and entrapped by Hypocrisy. It opens as follows :—

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,  
 Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,  
 Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,  
 The cruel marks of many a bloody field ;  
 Yet arms till that time did he never wield :  
 His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,  
 As much disdaining to the curb to yield :  
 Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,  
 As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,  
 The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,  
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,  
 And dead, as living, ever him adored :  
 Upon his shield the like was also scored,  
 For sovereign hope which in his help he had.  
 Right faithful true he was in deed and word ;

But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad ;  
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydread.<sup>m</sup>

Upon a great adventure he was bond,  
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,  
(That greatest glorious Queen of Fairy Lond),  
To win him worship, and her grace to have,  
Which of all earthly things he most did crave.  
And ever as he rode, his heart did earn<sup>n</sup>  
To prove his puissance in battle brave  
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn ;  
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,  
Upon a lowly ass more white then snow ;  
Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide  
Under a veil, that wimpled<sup>o</sup> was full low ;  
And over all a black stole she did throw,  
As one that inly mourned ; so was she sad,  
And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow ;  
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had ;  
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she lad.

So pure and innocent as that same lamb  
She was in life and every virtuous lore,  
And by descent from royal lineage came  
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore  
Their sceptres stretched from east to western shore,  
And all the world in their subjection held ;  
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar  
Forwasted all their land, and them expelled ;  
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far com-  
pelled.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,  
That lazy seem'd, in being ever last,  
Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
Of needments at his back. Thus as they passed,  
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,  
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain  
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,  
That every wight to shroud it did constrain ;  
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

<sup>m</sup> Dreaded.

<sup>n</sup> Yearn.

<sup>o</sup> Plaited.

Enforced to seek come covert nigh at hand,  
 A shady grove not far away they spied,  
 That promis'd aid the tempest to withstand ;  
 Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,  
 Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,  
 Not pierceable with power of any star ;  
 And all within were paths and alleys wide,  
 With footing worn, and leading inward far :  
 Fair harbour that them seems ; so in they entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,  
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,  
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dread,  
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.  
 Much can they praise<sup>p</sup> the trees so straight and high,  
 The sailing pine ; the cedar proud and tall ;  
 The vine-prop elm ; the poplar never dry ;  
 The builder oak, sole king of forests all ;  
 The aspen good for staves ; the cypress funeral ;  
 The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors  
 And poets sage ; the fir that weepeth still ;  
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours ;  
 The yew, obedient to the bender's will ;  
 The birch for shafts ; the sallow for the mill ;  
 The myrrh sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound ;  
 The warlike beech ; the ash for nothing ill ;  
 The fruitful olive ; and the plantain round ;  
 The carver holm ; the maple, seldom inward sound.

Seeking to return after the storm has passed, they cannot find the path by which they entered the forest, but are involved in a confusion of ways which quite bewilder them. At length, pushing right forward, they come to “a hollow cave amid the thickest woods.” The knight dismounts, and will not be dissuaded by either the lady or the dwarf,—who tells him that

This is the Wandering Wood, this Error's Den,  
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate,—

from entering the cave. There

---

<sup>p</sup> Much they praised.

his glistening armour made  
 A little glooming light, much like a shade ;  
 By which he saw the ugly monster plain,  
 Half like a serpent horribly displayed,  
 But the other half did woman's shape retain,  
 Most loathsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile disdain.  
 And, as she lay upon the dirty ground,  
 Her huge long tail her den all overspread,  
 Yet was in knots and many boughts<sup>q</sup> upwound,  
 Pointed with mortal sting : of her there bred  
 A thousand young ones, which she daily fed,  
 Sucking upon her poisonous dugs ; each one  
 Of sundry shapes, yet all ill-favoured :  
 Soon as that uncooth light upon them shone,  
 Into her mouth they crept, and sudden all were gone.

We give the battle that ensues as one specimen of Spenser's power of painting in this style, his command of which is not generally suspected by those to whom his poetry is known only by reputation, and also as the first of the long succession of allegoric inventions in the *Fairy Queen* :—

Their dam upstart out of her den afraid,  
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous tail  
 About her cursed head ; whose folds displayed  
 Were stretched now forth at length without entrail.<sup>r</sup>  
 She look'd about, and seeing one in mail,  
 Armed to point, sought back to turn again ;  
 For light she hated as the deadly bale,  
 Aye wont in desert darkness to remain,  
 Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plain.  
 Which when the valiant Elf perceived, he leapt  
 As lion fierce upon the flying prey,  
 And with his trenchant blade her boldly kept  
 From turning back, and forced her to stay :  
 Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,  
 And, turning, fierce her speckled tail advanced,  
 Threatening her angry sting, him to dismay ;  
 Who, nought aghast, his mighty hand enhanced ;  
 The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder  
 glanced.

<sup>q</sup> Folds.

<sup>r</sup> Intermixture.

Much daunted with that dint her sense was dazed ;  
 Yet, kindling rage, herself she gathered round,  
 And all at once her beastly body raised  
 With doubled forces high above the ground :  
 Tho,<sup>\*</sup> wrapping up her wretched stern around,  
 Leapt fierce upon his shield, and her huge train  
 All suddenly about his body wound,  
 That hand or foot to stir he strove in vain.  
 God help the man so wrapt in Error's endless train !

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,  
 Cried out, ' Now, now, Sir Knight, show what ye be ;  
 Add faith unto your force, and be not faint ;  
 Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.'  
 That when he heard, in great perplexity,  
 His gall did grate for grief and high disdain ;  
 And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,  
 Wherewith he gript her gorge with so great pain,  
 That soon to loose her wicked bands did her constrain.

Therewith she spewed out of her filthy maw  
 A flood of poison horrible and black,  
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,  
 Which stunk so vilely, that it forced him slack  
 His grasping hold, and from her turn him back :  
 Her vomit full of books and papers was,  
 With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes did lack,  
 And creeping sought way in the weedy grass :  
 Her filthy parbreak<sup>t</sup> all the place defiled has.

As, when old father Nilus gins to swell  
 With timely pride above the Egyptian vale,  
 His fatty waves do fertile slime outwell,  
 And overflow each plain and lowly dale :  
 But, when his later spring gins to avale,<sup>u</sup>  
 Huge heaps of mud he leaves, wherein there breed  
 Ten thousand kinds of creatures, partly male  
 And partly female, of his fruitful seed :  
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man  
 reed.

The same so sore annoyed has the knight,  
 That, well-nigh choked with the deadly stink,

\* Then.

<sup>t</sup> Vomit.

<sup>u</sup> Abate.

His forces fail, ne can no lenger fight.  
 Whose courage when the fiend perceived to shrink,  
 She poured forth out of her hellish sink  
 Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,  
 (Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink,)   
 Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,  
 And him encumbered sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepherd in sweet eventide,  
 When ruddy Phœbus gins to welk <sup>v</sup> in west,  
 High on a hill, his flock to viewen wide,  
 Marks which do bite their hasty supper best ;  
 A cloud of cumbrous gnats do him molest,  
 All striving to infix their feeble stings,  
 That from their noyance he no where can rest ;  
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings  
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

Thus ill bested, and fearful more of shame  
 Then of the certain peril he stood in,  
 Half furious unto his foe he came,  
 Resolv'd in mind all suddenly to win,  
 Or soon to lose, before he once would lin ;  
 And strook at her with more than manly force,  
 That from her body, full of filthy sin,  
 He raft her hateful head without remorse :  
 A stream of coal-black blood forth gushed from her  
 corse.

Her scattered brood, soon as their parent dear  
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,  
 Groaning full deadly all with troublous fear  
 Gathered themselves about her body round,  
 Weening their wonted entrance to have found  
 At her wide mouth ; but, being there withholded,  
 They flocked all about her bleeding wound,  
 And sucked up their dying mother's blood ;  
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their  
 good.

That detestable sight him much amazed,  
 To see the unkindly imps, of heaven accursed,  
 Devour their dam ; on whom while so he gazed,  
 Having all satisfied their bloody thirst,

---

<sup>v</sup> Decline.

Their bellies swollen he saw with fulness burst,  
 And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end  
 Of such as drunk her life the which them nurst!  
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,  
 His foes have slain themselves, with whom he should  
 contend.

They now soon find a path which takes them out of the wood, and they travel forward for a long way as before, without any adventure.

At length they chanced to meet upon the way  
 An aged sire, in long black weeds yclad,  
 His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,  
 And by his belt his book he hanging had;  
 Sober he seemed, and very sagely sad;  
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,  
 Simple in show, and void of malice bad;  
 And all the way he prayed, as he went,  
 And often knocked his breast, as one that did repent.

The old hermit, as he professes to be, informs the knight of a strange wicked man, who, he says, wastes all the neighbouring country far and near, and who has his dwelling in a wasteful wilderness inaccessible to living wight. In the prospect of a new adventure which this account holds out, the knight is easily persuaded to agree to take up his inn with "the godly father" for that night—and so they all accompany him to his home.

A little lowly hermitage it was,  
 Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,  
 Far from resort of people, that did pass  
 In travel to and fro: a little wide  
 There was an holy chapel edified,  
 Wherein the hermit duly wont to say  
 His holy things each morn and eventide:  
 Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,  
 Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

Arrived there, the little house they fill,  
 Ne look for entertainment, where none was;  
 Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:  
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.  
 With fair discourse the evening so they pass;

For that old man of pleasing words had store,  
 And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glass :  
 He told of saints and popes, and evermore  
 He strowed an Ave-Mary after and before.

When darkness comes on he gets them all to bed in  
 their several apartments, and then,

——— when all drowned in deadly sleep he finds,  
 He to his study goes; and there amids  
 His magic books, and arts of sundry kinds,  
 He seeks out mighty charms to trouble sleepy minds.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,  
 (Let none them read !) thereof did verses frame :  
 With which, and other spells like terrible,  
 He bade awake black Pluto's grisly dame ;  
 And cursed Heaven ; and spake reproachful shame  
 Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.  
 A bold bad man ! that dared to call by name  
 Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night ;  
 At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he called out of deep darkness dread  
 Legions of sprites, the which, like little flies,  
 Fluttering about his ever-damned head,  
 Await whereto their service he applies :  
 To aid his friends, or fray<sup>w</sup> his enemies ;  
 Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,  
 And fittest for to forge true-seeming lies ;  
 The one of them he gave a message to,  
 The other by himself stayed other work to do.

He, making speedy way through spersed air,  
 And through the world of waters wide and deep,  
 To Morpheus' house doth hastily repair.  
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steep  
 And low, where dawning day doth never peep,  
 His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed  
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep  
 In silver dew his ever-drooping head,  
 Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth  
 spread.

— Affright.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast ;  
 The one fair framed of burnish'd ivory,  
 The other all with silver overcast ;  
 And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,  
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,  
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleep.  
 By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,  
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deep  
 In drowsy fit he finds ; of nothing he takes keep.

And, more, to lull him in his slumber soft,  
 A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down  
 And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,  
 Mixed with a murmuring wind, much like the soun  
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swown.  
 No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,  
 As still are wont to annoy the walled town,  
 Might there be heard : but careless Quiet lies  
 Wrapt in eternal silence far from enemies.

The messenger approaching to him spake ;  
 But his waste words returned to him in vain :  
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.  
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pushed with pain,  
 Whereat he gan to stretch : but he again  
 Shook him so hard, that forced him to speak.  
 As one then in a dream, whose drier brain  
 Is tossed with troubled sights and fancies weak,  
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence break.

The god, however, is roused at last, and the spirit communicates his message, an order from Archimago that he would send him “ a fit false Dream, that can delude the sleeper's scent,” (or senses).

The god obeyed ; and, calling forth straightway  
 A divers Dream out of his prison dark,  
 Delivered it to him, and down did lay  
 His heavy head, devoid of careful cark ;<sup>x</sup>  
 Whose senses all were straight benumbed and stark.  
 He, back returning by the ivory door,  
 Remounted up as light as cheerful lark ;

---

\* Anxiety.

---

And on his little wings the Dream he bore  
In haste unto his lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while, with charms and hidden arts,  
Had made a lady of that other sprite,  
And framed of liquid air her tender parts,  
So lively, and so like in all men's sight,  
That weaker sense it could have ravished quite :  
The maker's self, for all his wondrous wit,  
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.  
Her all in white he clad, and over it  
Cast a black stole, most like to seem for Una fit.

The "idle Dream" he bids fly at the knight, and "with false shews abuse his fantasy":—

And that new creature, born without her due,<sup>y</sup>  
Full of the maker's guile, with usage sly  
He taught to imitate that lady true,  
Whose semblance she did carry under feigned hue.

The Dream places itself upon "the hardy head" of the knight; the lady by his side:—

And she herself, of beauty sovereign queen,  
Fair Venus, seemed unto his bed to bring  
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did ween  
To be the chapest flower that aye did spring  
On earthly branch, the daughter of a king,  
Now a loose leman to vile service bound :  
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,  
*Hymen Iō Hymen*, dancing all around;  
Whilst freshest Flora her with ivy garland crowned.

When in the agitation into which he is thus thrown he starts up from his sleep,—

Lo, there before his face his lady is,  
Under black stole hiding her baited hook ;  
And, as half blushing, offered him to kiss,  
With gentle blandishment and lovely look,  
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took.

---

<sup>y</sup> Not according to the course of nature.

Dismayed and enraged, in his first heat he thinks to slay her; but, weeping and “wringing her hands in women’s piteous wise,” she throws the blame of all on fate and “the blind god;” and, perplexed as he is, he deems it best to quiet her with mild and gentle words, by which at last she is prevailed upon to depart.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,  
Much grieved to think that gentle dame so light,  
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.  
At last dull weariness of former fight  
Having yrocked asleep his irksome sprite,  
That troublous Dream gan freshly toss his brain  
With bowers, and beds, and ladies’ dear delight:  
But, when he saw his labour all was vain,  
With that misformed sprite he back returned again.

Canto II. (44 stanzas).—In this Canto we have recounted the separation, effected by the great enchanter into whose hands they had fallen, between the Red-cross Knight and Una, that is between Holiness and Truth, and the deception of the former for a time by the foul witch Duessa, or Falsehood. It begins:—

By this the northern waggoner had set  
His sevenfold team behind the stedfast star  
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,  
But firm is fixed, and sendeth light from far  
To all that in the wide deep wandering are;  
And cheerful chanticleer with his note shrill  
Had warned once, that Phœbus’ fiery car  
In haste was climbing up the eastern hill,  
Full envious that Night so long his room did fill.

Disappointed in the success of his first stratagem, Archimago proceeds to “search his baleful books again;” and, taking “that miscreated fair” and the other false spirit,

\_\_\_\_\_ on whom he spread  
A seeming body of the subtile air,  
Like a young squire,

he places them together in bed, and, running with

feigned horror to the knight, brings him to see them as they lay. He is hardly restrained from slaying them; but, as soon as it is dawn, leaving Una behind him, he sets off with the dwarf, half broken-hearted and weary of life. Una rises with the morn, and, finding them gone, sets out in pursuit of them upon her ass; but all in vain:—

For him so far had borne his light-foot steed,  
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,  
That him to follow was but fruitless pain :  
Yet she her weary limbs would never rest ;  
But every hill and dale, each wood and plain,  
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle breast,  
He so urgently left her, whom she loved best.

Having thus gained his first point by dividing the two, Archimago

Yet rests not so, but other means doth make,  
How he may work unto her further smarts :  
For her he hated as the hissing snake,  
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.  
He then devised himself how to disguise ;  
For by his mighty science he could take  
As many forms and shapes in seeming wise,  
As ever Proteus to himself could make :  
Sometime a fowl, sometime a fish in lake,  
Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell ;  
That of himself he oft for fear would quake,  
And oft would fly away. O who can tell  
The hidden power of herbs, and might of magic spell !

But now seemed best the person to put on  
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest :—  
In mighty arms he was yclad anon,  
And silver shield ; upon his coward breast  
A bloody cross, and on his craven crest  
A bunch of hairs discoloured diversly.  
Full jolly knight he seemed, and well address ;  
And, when he sat upon his courser free,  
Saint George himself ye would have deemed him to be.

The Redcross Knight, however, or the true St. George, *is by this time wandered far away*,—

Still flying from his thoughts and jealous fear :  
 Will was his guide, and grief led him astray.  
 At last him chanced to meet upon the way  
 A faithless Saracen, all armed to point,  
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay  
*Sans foy* ; full large of limb and every joint  
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

He had a fair companion of his way,  
 A goodly lady clad in scarlet red,  
 Purfled <sup>2</sup> with gold and pearl of rich assay ;  
 And like a Persian mitre on her head  
 She wore, with crowns and owches <sup>3</sup> garnished,  
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave :  
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspread  
 With tinsel trappings, woven like a wave,  
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

As soon as the lady perceives the stranger knight, she leaves off the mirth and dalliance with which she had before been entertaining her lover all the way, and bids him address himself to fight—" his foe was nigh at hand." The combat is painted with many vigorous strokes :—

As when two rams, stirred with ambitious pride,  
 Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flock,  
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side  
 Do meet, that, with the terror of the shock  
 Astonied, both stand senseless as a block,  
 Forgetful of the hanging victory :  
 So stood these twain, unmoved as a rock,  
 Both staring fierce, and holding idly  
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Saracen then attacks the Redcross Knight with his sword :—

————— repining courage yields  
 No foot to foe : the flashing fier flies,  
 As from a forge, out of their burning shields ;  
 And streams of purple blood new die the verdant fields.

At last Sansfoy is slain ; upon which the lady takes to

<sup>2</sup> Embroidered.

<sup>3</sup> Buttons of gold.

flight, but is soon overtaken by the victor. Imploring his mercy, she describes herself as having been

Born the sole daughter of an emperor;  
He that the wide west under his rule has,  
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pass.

He, she continues, "in the first flower of my freshest age," betrothed me to the heir of a most mighty, rich, and sage king; but before "the hoped day of spousal," this prince fell into the hands of his foes and was slain. They conveyed away his corpse and hid it from her; upon which she went forth to find it, and "many years," she says,

"—— throughout the world I strayed,  
A virgin widow, whose deep-wounded mind  
With love long time did languish, as the stricken hind."

At last the Saracen met her wandering, and led her away with him by force; but could never win her love or corrupt her honour. He, Sansfoy, was the eldest of three brothers, of whom "the bloody bold" Sansloy is the second, and Sansjoy the youngest. The knight is moved to pity, and assures the miserable Fidessa, as she calls herself, of his friendship and protection. "So forth they rode, he feigning seemly mirth, and she coy looks."

Long time they thus together travelled;  
Till, weary of their way, they came at last  
Where grew two goodly trees, that fair did spread  
Their arms abroad, with gray moss overcast;  
And their green leaves, trembling with every blast,  
Made a calm shadow far in compass round:  
The fearful shepherd, often there aghast,  
Under them never sat, nor wont there sound  
His merry oaten pipe; but shunned the unlucky ground.

But this good knight, soon as he them can spy,  
For the cool shade him thither hastily got;  
For golden Phœbus, now ymounted high,  
From fiery wheels of his fair chariot  
Hurled his beam so scorching cruel hot,  
That living creature mote it not abide;  
And his new lady it endured not.

There they alight, in hope themselves to hide  
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

Fair-seemly pleasance each to other makes,  
With goodly purposes, there as they sit;  
And in his falsed fancy he her takes  
To be the fairest wight, that lived yet;  
Which to express, he bends his gentle wit;  
And, thinking of those branches green to frame  
A garland for her dainty forehead fit,  
He plucked a bough.

To his surprise and horror small drops of blood come  
from the rift and trickle down the tree, and a piteous  
yelling voice is heard beseeching him to refrain from  
tearing with guilty hands the tender sides of the living  
being in the rough rind embrarred, or shut up. "But  
fly," added the voice,

"—— ah! fly far hence, for fear  
Lest to you hap that happened to me here,  
And to this wretched lady, my dear love;  
O too dear love, love bought with death too dear!"

The knight is confounded with amazement and dread:—

Astoned he stood, and up his hair did hove:  
at length, however, recovering his senses, he asks,  
What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,  
Or guileful sprite wandering in empty air,  
(Both which frail men do oftentimes mistake,)  
Sends to my doubtful ears these speeches rare,  
And rueful plaints, me bidding guiltless blood to spare?

In reply the imprisoned or rather metamorphosed man,  
groaning deep, relates his history. His name, he states,  
was Fradubio, and the author of his transformation was  
the false sorceress Duessa. It may be noticed, by-the-  
bye, that in the character of this Duessa, Spenser is  
supposed by some of the commentators to glance, with  
less gallantry than might have been expected from a  
poet, at Mary Queen of Scots. In his youth, Fradubio  
goes on to relate, he had loved the gentle lady who now

stands beside him, turned, like himself, into a tree. With her as once he rode, they encountered a knight having by his side a like fair lady, who was, however, really the foul Duessa, only disguised in “ forged beauty.” Each maintaining his own love far to exceed all other dames, they fought, and the stranger knight was slain; upon which his lady fell as prize to the victor.

So doubly loved of ladies unlike fair,  
 The one seeming such, the other such indeed,  
 One day in doubt I cast for to compare  
 Whether in beauty's glory did exceed;  
 A rosy garland was the victor's meed.  
 Both seemed to win, and both seemed won to be;  
 So hard the discord was to be agreed.  
 Fræliissa was as fair as fair mote be,  
 And even false Duessa seemed as fair as she.  
 The wicked witch, now seeing all this while  
 The doubtful balance equally to sway,  
 What not by right she cast to win by guile;  
 And, by her hellish science, raised straightway  
 A foggy mist that overcast the day,  
 And a dull blast that breathing on her face  
 Dimmed her former beauty's shining ray,  
 And with foul ugly form did her disgrace:  
 Then was she fair alone, when none was fair in place.

By this contrivance the foolish Fradubio was persuaded to leave Fræliissa, who was forthwith turned where she stood “ to tree in mould;” and Duessa and he lived affectionately and happily together for some time, till, says he,

—on a day (that day is every prime,  
 When witches wont do penance for their crime),  
 I chanc'd to see her in her proper hue,  
 Bathing herself in origane<sup>b</sup> and thyme:  
 A filthy foul old woman I did view,  
 That ever to have touched her I did deadly rue.

Upon this he determined to take the first safe opportunity of slipping away from her; but she perceived his inten-

<sup>b</sup> Bastard marjoram.

tion, and, besmearing his body with wicked herbs and ointments while he slept, so as to bereave him of his senses, brought him to this desert, and here planted him as another tree by Freliissa's side, and in her sight. From this evil plight their doom was that they should not be relieved till they were "bathed in a living well."

All this Duessa, for it is she who is now with the Redcross Knight and has assumed the name of Fidessa, hears, and well knows to be all true; but, while the knight thrusts the bleeding bough into the ground, she pretends to be dead with fear:—

Her seeming dead he found with feigned fear,  
As all unweeting of that well she knew;  
And pained himself with busy care to rear  
Her out of careless swoon. Her eyelids blue,  
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hue,  
At last she up gan lift; with trembling cheer  
Her up he took (too simple and too true),  
And oft her kissed. At length, all passed fear,  
He set her on her steed, and forward forth did bear.

Canto III. (44 Stanzas).—Here we return to follow the fortunes of forsaken Una, or Truth. The Canto thus begins:—

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness,  
That moves more dear compassion of mind,  
Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness  
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.  
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,  
Or through allegiance, and fast fealty,  
Which I do owe unto all womankind,  
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,  
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is empashioned so deep  
For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,  
That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,  
To think how she through guileful handeling,  
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,  
Though fair as ever living wight was fair,  
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,

Is from her knight divorced in despair,  
And her due love's derived to that vile witch's share.

Yet she, "most faithful lady," continues to seek for her lost knight—

Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought,  
Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,  
From her unhasty beast she did alight;  
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay  
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;  
From her fair head her fillet she undight,  
And laid her stole aside: Her angel's face  
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place;  
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

While she thus rests, a lion suddenly rushes out from the thickest part of the wood, and as soon as he sees the royal virgin makes for her with gaping mouth; but, as he drew nearer, struck and awed, he laid aside his fury, and,

Instead thereof, he kissed her weary feet,  
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;  
As he her wronged innocence did weet.  
O how can beauty maister the most strong,  
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!

Shedding tears for pure affection, the maid utters a few words of sorrow, while "the kingly beast upon her gazing stood":—

At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,  
Arose the virgin, born of heavenly brood,  
And to her snowy palfrey got again.

The lion, however, will not leave her, but accompanies her as a guardian and servant wherever she goes.

Long she thus travelled through deserts wide,  
By which she thought her wandering knight should pass,  
Yet never show of living wight espied;  
Till that at length she found the trodden grass,  
In which the tract of people's footing was,

Under the steep foot of a mountain hoar;  
The same she follows, till at last she has  
A damsel spied slow-footing her before,  
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

Una approaching inquires if there be any dwelling nigh at hand; but the rude wench, instead of answering, at sight of the lion throws down her pitcher and flies away.

Full fast she fled, ne ever looked behind,  
As if her life upon the wager lay;  
And home she came, whereas her mother blind  
Sat in eternal night; nought could she say;  
But, sudden catching hold, did her dismay  
With quaking hands, and other signs of fear;  
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,  
Gan shut the door. By this arrived there  
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did require:  
Which when none yielded, her unruly page  
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,  
And let her in; where, of his cruel rage  
Nigh dead with fear, and faint astonishment,  
She found them both in darksome corner pent:  
Where that old woman day and night did pray  
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent;  
Nine hundred *Pater-nosters* every day,  
And thrice nine hundred *Aves*, she was wont to say;  
And, to augment her painful penance more,  
Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,  
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,  
And thrice three times did fast from any bit:  
But now for fear her beads she did forget.

The old woman, of course, is Superstition, or Blind Devotion, as she is called in the argument of the Canto, figured under the guise of Popery. Una takes up her lodging in the cottage for the night—"and at her feet the lion watch doth keep;" when, long before it was yet day, a violent knocking is heard at the door of one cursing and swearing for that he did not find ready entrance, seeing he bore on his back a heavy load of plunder. This is the stout and sturdy thief Kirk-rapine, who is wont to rob churches of their ornaments, priests

of their habiliments, and the very boxes of the poor, and to bring all that he could get by right or wrong to this house and bestow it upon his paramour *Abessa*, daughter of the blind old woman, whose name, it is now intimated, was *Corceca*. Frightened by reason of the lion, the women dare not now rise to let him in as usual ; upon which he breaks open the door, but is instantly encountered by the lion, who,

— seizing cruel claws on trembling breast,  
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call  
His bleeding heart is in the venger's hand ;  
Who straight him rent in thousand pieces small.

When daylight comes *Una* and the lion rise up, and again fare forth. The two women follow them with howlings and curses. Returning from their lost labour, the old woman meets *Archimago*, who, in the guise of the Redcross Knight, is seeking for *Una*, and tells him her story. Having heard it,

— he forward gan advance  
His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed lance,

and soon overtakes the lady. He explains his having left her on the plea that he had gone to seek a felon strong, who, *Archimago* said, "to many knights did daily work disgrace."

His lovely words her seemed due recompense  
Of all her passed pains : one loving hour  
For many years of sorrow can dispense ;  
A drachm of sweet is worth a pound of sour.  
She has forgot how many a woeful stour  
For him she late endured ; she speaks no more  
Of past : true is, that true love hath no power  
To looken back ; his eyes be fixed before.  
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toiled so sore.

Much like, as when the beaten mariner,  
That long hath wandered in the ocean wide,  
Oft soused in swelling Tethys' saltish tear ;

And long time having tanned his tawny hide  
 With blustering breath of heaven, that none can bide,  
 And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound ;  
 Soon as the port from far he has espied,  
 His cheerful whistle merrily doth sound,  
 And Nereus crowns with cups ; his mates him pledge  
 around.

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found ;  
 And eke the enchanter joyous seemed no less  
 Than the glad merchant, that does view from ground  
 His ship far come from watery wilderness ;  
 He hurls out vows, and Neptune oft doth bless.  
 So forth they passed ; and all the way they spent  
 Discoursing of her dreadful late distress,  
 In which he asked her, what the lion meant ;  
 Who told her all that fell in journey as she went.<sup>c</sup>

They have not ridden far when they see another knight  
 approaching—

Full strongly armed, and on a courser free,  
 That through his fierceness foamed all with sweat,  
 And the sharp iron did for anger eat,  
 When his hot rider spurred his chafed side ;  
 His look was stern, and seemed still to threat  
 Cruel revenge, which he in heart did hide :  
 And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was dyed.

When he comes up he attacks Archimago, whom he  
 supposes to be the Redcross Knight, and, having soon  
 thrown him bleeding to the ground, proceeds to dis-  
 patch him, notwithstanding Una's entreaties that he  
 would spare his life—

For he is one the truest knight alive,  
 Though conquered now he lie on lowly land—

when, rending away his helmet, he perceives, to his  
 surprise, "the hoary head of Archimago old." Leaving  
 the enchanter in a swoon, he comes to the virgin, and  
 plucks her from her palfrey. It is in vain that the lion  
 interposes ; the noble beast is pierced by the strong and

<sup>c</sup> That is, who told all that fell, or befel, her as she  
 journeyed.

huge Sansloy through his lordly heart. Weeping and lamenting, poor Una is borne away on his courser by the victor—her ass affectionately following her at a distance.

Canto IV. (51 Stanzas).—In this great Canto, leaving Una, we again find ourselves in company of the Red-cross Knight. It begins :—

Young knight whatever, that dost arms profess,  
And through long labours huntest after fame,  
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleness,  
In choice, and change, of thy dear-loved dame;  
Lest thou of her believe too lightly blame,  
And rash misweening do thy heart remove :  
For unto knight there is no greater shame,  
Than lightness and inconstancy in love ;  
That doth this Redcross Knight's ensample plainly prove.

He has been brought by Duessa within sight of a great and magnificent building :—

The house of mighty prince it seemed to be ;  
And towards it a broad highway that led,  
All bare through people's feet which hither travelled.

Multitudes in fact were constantly travelling thither both by day and by night ; but only a few ever returned, who had with difficulty made their escape, and, bringing with them beggary or disgrace, ever after

Like loathsome Lazars by the hedges lay.

Duessa professes to be weary, and exhorts her companion to quicken his steps, the day also being near its close.

A stately palace built of squared brick,  
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,  
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong nor thick,  
And golden foil all over them displayed,  
That purest sky with brightness they dismayed :  
High lifted up were many lofty towers,  
And goodly galleries far over laid,  
Full of fair windows and delightful bowers ;  
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,  
And spake the praises of the workman's wit;  
But full great pity, that so fair a mould  
Did on so weak foundation ever sit:  
For on a sandy hill, that still did fit  
And fall away, it mounted was full high:  
That every breath of heaven shaked it;  
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,  
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;  
For still to all the gates stood open wide:  
Yet charge of them was to a porter high,  
Called Malvenu, who entrance none denied;  
Thence to the hall, which was on every side  
With rich array and costly arras dight:  
Infinite sorts of people did abide  
There waiting long, to win the wished sight  
Of her that was the lady of that palace bright.

By them they pass, all gazing on them round,  
And to the presence mount; whose glorious view  
Their frail amazed senses did confound.  
In living prince's court none ever knew  
Such endless riches, and so sumptuous shew;  
Ne Persia self, the nurse of pompous pride,  
Like ever saw: and there a noble crew  
Of lords and ladies stood on every side,  
Which, with their presence fair, the place much beauti-  
fied.

High above all a cloth of state was spread,  
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;  
On which there sat, most brave embellished  
With royal robes and gorgeous array,  
A maiden queen, that shone, as Titan's ray,  
In glistening gold and peerless precious stone;  
Yet her bright blazing beauty did essay  
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,  
As envying herself, that too exceeding shone:  
Exceeding shone, like Phœbus' fairest child,  
That did presume his father's fiery wain,  
And flaming mouths of steeds unwonted wild,  
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rein.

Proud of such glory and advancement vain,  
 While flashing beams do daze his feeble eyen,  
 He leaves the welkin way most beaten plain,  
 And, wrapped with whirling wheels, inflames the skyen  
 With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to shine.

So proud she shined in her princely state,  
 Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdain :  
 And sitting high; for lowly she did hate :  
 Lo, underneath her scornful feet was lain  
 A dreadful dragon with an hideous train ;  
 And in her hand she held a mirror bright,  
 Wherein her face she often viewed fain,  
 And in her self-loved semblance took delight ;  
 For she was wondrous fair, as any living wight.

Of grisly Pluto she the daughter was,  
 And sad Proserpina, the queen of hell ;  
 Yet did she think her peerless worth to pass  
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell ;  
 And thundering Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell  
 And wield the world, she claimed for her sire ;  
 Or if that any else did Jove excel ;  
 For to the highest she did still aspire ;  
 Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desire.

And proud Lucifer men did her call,  
 That made herself a queen, and crowned to be ;  
 Yet rightful kingdom she had none at all,  
 Ne heritance of native sovereignty ;  
 But did usurp with wrong and tyranny  
 Upon the sceptre which she now did hold :  
 Ne ruled her realm with laws, but policy,  
 And strong advisement of six wizards old,  
 That with their counsels bad her kingdom did uphold.

As the Elfin Knight and Duessa advance to the presence, “ a gentle husher, Vanity by name,” makes room for them to pass on, and brings them to the lowest step of the throne, where they kneel and make obeisance.

With lofty eyes, half loth to look so low,  
 She thanked them in her disdainful wise ;  
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show  
 Of princess worthy ; scarce them bad arise.

Her lords and ladies all this while devise  
 Themselves to setten forth to strangers' sight :  
 Some frounce <sup>d</sup> their curled hair in courtly guise ;  
 Some prank their ruffs ; and others trimly dight  
 Their gay attire : each other's greater pride does spite.

Great attention is paid on all hands both to the knight and Duessa, especially to the latter, who has been well known in that court in former days. Queen Luciferá herself, however, does not deign to notice the strangers. And now comes the magnificent description, not to be abridged, of her going forth in state :—

Sudden upriseth from her stately place  
 The royal dame, and for her coach doth call :  
 All hurtlen <sup>e</sup> forth ; and she, with princely pace,  
 As fair Aurora in her purple pall  
 Out of the east the dawning day doth call,  
 So forth she comes ; her brightness broad doth blaze.  
 The heaps of people, thronging in the hall,  
 Do ride each other, upon her to gaze :  
 Her glorious glitter and light doth all men's eyes amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb,  
 Adorned all with gold and girlands gay,  
 That seemed as fresh as Flora in her prime,  
 And strove to match, in royal rich array,  
 Great Juno's golden chair ; the which, they say,  
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride  
 To Jove's high house through heaven's brass-paved way,  
 Drawn of fair peacocks, that excel in pride,  
 And full of Argus' eyes their tails dispreaden wide.

But this was drawn of six unequal beasts,  
 On which her six sage councillors did ride,  
 Taught to obey their bestial behests,  
 With like conditions to their kinds applied ;  
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,  
 Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin ;  
 Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,  
 Arrayed in habit black, and amice thin ;  
 Like to an holy monk, the service to begin.

<sup>d</sup> Plait.

<sup>e</sup> Rush.

And in his hand his portess<sup>f</sup> still he bare,  
 That much was worn, but therein little read ;  
 For of devotion he had little care,  
 Still drowned in sleep, and most of his days dead :  
 Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,  
 To looken whether it were night or day.  
 May seem the wain was very evil led,  
 When such an one had guiding of the way,  
 That knew not whether right he went or else astray.

From worldly cares himself he did esloin,<sup>g</sup>  
 And greatly shunned manly exercise ;  
 From every work he challenged essoin,<sup>h</sup>  
 For contemplation sake : yet otherwise  
 His life he led in lawless riotise ;<sup>i</sup>  
 By which he grew to grievous malady :  
 For in his lustless limbs, through evil guise,  
 A shaking fever reigned continually :  
 Such one was Idleness, first of this company.  
 And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,  
 Deformed creature, on a filthy swine ;  
 His belly was upblown with luxury,  
 And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne ;  
 And like a crane his neck was long and fine,  
 With which he swallowed up excessive feast,  
 For want whereof poor people oft did pine :  
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,  
 He spewed up his gorge, that all did him detest.  
 In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad ;  
 For other clothes he could not wear for heat :  
 And on his head an ivy girland had,  
 From under which fast trickled down the sweat :  
 Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,  
 And in his hand did bear a boozing can,  
 Of which he supped so oft, that on his seat  
 His drunken corse he scarce upholden can :  
 In shape and life more like a monster than a man.  
 Unfit he was for any worldly thing,  
 And eke unable once to stir or go ;  
 Not meet to be of counsel to a king,  
 Whose mind in meat and drink was drowned so,

That from his friend he seldom knew his foe :  
 Full of diseases was his carcass blue,  
 And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow,  
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew :  
 Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustful Lechery  
 Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged hair,  
 And whally<sup>j</sup> eyes (the sign of jealousy),  
 Was like the person's self whom he did bear :  
 Who rough, and black, and filthy, did appear ;  
 Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye :  
 Yet he of ladies oft was loved dear,  
 When fairer faces were bid standen bye :  
 O who does know the bent of women's fantasy !

In a green gown he clothed was full fair,  
 Which underneath did hide his filthiness ;  
 And in his hand a burning heart he bare,  
 Full of vain follies and new-fangleness :  
 For he was false, and fraught with fickleness ;  
 And learned had to love with secret looks ;  
 And well could dance ; and sing with ruefulness ;  
 And fortunes tell ; and read in loving books :  
 And thousand other ways to bait his fleshy hooks.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,  
 And lusted after all that he did love ;  
 Ne would his looser life be tied to law,  
 But joyed weak women's hearts to tempt, and prove  
 If from their loyal loves he might them move :  
 Which lewdness filled him with reproachful pain  
 Of that foul evil, which all men reprove,  
 That rots the marrow, and consumes the brain ;  
 Such one was Lechery, the third of all this train.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,  
 Upon a camel loaden all with gold :  
 Two iron coffers hung on either side,  
 With precious metal full as they might hold ;  
 And in his lap a heap of coin he told ;  
 For of his wicked pelf his god he made,  
 And unto hell himself for money sold ;

Accursed usury was all his trade;  
And right and wrong alike in equal balance weighed.

His life was nigh unto death's door yplaced;  
And threadbare coat, and cobbled shoes, he ware;  
Ne scarce good morsel all his life did taste;  
But both from back and belly still did spare,  
To fill his bags, and riches to compare;  
Yet child ne kinsman living had he none  
To leave them to; but thorough daily care  
To get and nightly fear to lose his own,  
He led a wretched life, unto himself unknown.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice;  
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store;  
Whose need had end, but no end covetise;  
Whose wealth was want; whose plenty made him  
poor;  
Who had enough, yet wished ever more;  
A vile disease: and eke in foot and hand  
A grievous gout tormented him full sore;  
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:  
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this fair band.

And next to him malicious Envy rode  
Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw  
Between his cankered teeth a venomous toad,  
That all the poison ran about his jaw;  
But inwardly he chawed his own maw  
At neighbour's wealth, that made him ever sad;  
For death it was, when any good he saw;  
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;  
But, when he heard of harm, he waxed wonderous glad.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say  
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;  
And in his bosom secretly there lay  
An hateful snake, the which his tail upties  
In many folds, and mortal sting implies:  
Still as he rode, he gnashed his teeth to see  
Those heaps of gold with gripe\* Covetise;  
And grudged at the great felicity  
Of proud Lucifer, and his own company.

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\* Tenacious.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,  
And him no less that any like did use ;  
And, who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,  
His alms for want of faith he doth accuse :  
So every good to bad he doth abuse :  
And eke the verse of famous poets' wit  
He does backbite, and spiteful poison spews  
From leprous mouth on all that ever writ :  
Such one vile Envy was, that fifth in row did sit.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,  
Upon a lion, loth for to be led ;  
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,  
The which he brandiseth about his head :  
His eyes did hurl forth sparkles fiery red,  
And stared stern on all that him beheld ;  
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming dead ;  
And on his dagger still his hand he held,  
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him  
swelled.

His ruffian raiment all was stained with blood,  
Which he had spilled, and all to rags yrent ;  
Through unadvised rashness wexen wood ;<sup>1</sup>  
For of his hands he had no government,  
Nor cared for blood in his avengement :  
But, when the furious fit was overpast,  
His cruel facts he often would repent ;  
Yet, wilful man, he never would forecast  
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless haste.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath ;  
Abhorred Bloodshed, and tumultuous Strife,  
Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,  
Bitter Despite, with Rancour's rusty knife ;  
And fretting Grief, the enemy of life :  
All these, and many evils moe <sup>m</sup> haunt Ire,  
The swelling Spleen, and Frenzy raging rife,  
The shaking Palsy, and Saint Francis' fire :  
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

And, after all, upon the waggon beam  
Rode Satan with a smarting whip in hand,

<sup>1</sup> Mad.

<sup>m</sup> More.

With which he forward lashed the lazy team,  
 So oft as Sloth still in the mire did stand.  
 Huge routs of people did about them band,  
 Shouting for joy ; and still before their way  
 A foggy mist had covered all the land ;  
 And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay  
 Dead skulls and bones of men, whose life had gone  
 astray.

In this manner they all ride forth,  
 To take the solace of the open air,  
 And in fresh flowering fields themselves to sport ;

Duessa taking her place next to the chair of Lucifer a s  
 one of the train ; but the knight keeps at a distance.  
 Then,

— having solaced themselves a space,  
 With pleasance of the breathing fields yfed,  
 They back returned to the princely place.

Here they find a new errant knight arrived, upon whose  
 heathenish shield is writ “ with letters red ” the name  
*Sansjoy*. The sight of his brother *Sansfoy*’s shield in the  
 possession of the “ Fairy champion’s page ” instantly  
 kindles his fury ; and he and the Red Cross Knight are  
 only prevented from fighting immediately by the Queen’s  
 command that they should defer the settlement of their  
 quarrel till the morrow :—

That night they pass in joy and jollity,  
 Feasting and courting both in bower and hall ;  
 For steward was excessive Gluttony,  
 That of his plenty poured forth to all :  
 Which done, the chamberlain Sloth did to rest them  
 call.

Afterwards, in the middle of the night, when all are  
 asleep, Duessa makes her way to the Paynim’s lodging  
 or apartment ; and the Canto concludes with a conver-  
 sation between them on the chances and hopes of the  
 morrow’s fight. She offers to accept his love in lieu of  
 that of his dead brother ; and he expresses all confidence  
 of victory, and assures her of revenge.

Canto V. (53 stanzas).—The first part of this Canto is occupied with the combat between the Redcross Knight and Sansjoy. It takes place in the presence of Queen Lucifer, and with all forms and observances appointed for such mortal arbitrements. The result is that, when, after a world of striking and hacking, theagan is about to receive his death-blow from the Christian knight, he is saved from destruction by being suddenly enveloped by the friendly infernal powers in a loud, after the same fashion in which the heroes of the laid escape on several occasions. The queen returns to the palace with the victor by her side—

Whom all the people follow with great glee,  
Shouting and clapping all their hands on height,  
That all the air it fills, and flies to heaven bright.

When he has been laid in bed, with many skilful speeches about him to tend upon his still bleeding wounds, Duessa, like “a cruel crafty crocodile,” weeps over him till even-tide; and then goes forth and hies her to the place where the heathen knight still lies in a swoon and covered with the enchanted cloud. Not, however, tarrying there to wail, she “to the eastern coast of eaven makes speedy way”—

Where grisly Night, with visage deadly sad,  
That Phœbus’ cheerful face durst never view,  
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,  
She finds forth coming from her darksome mew;<sup>a</sup>  
Where she all day did hide her hated hue.  
Before the door her iron chariot stood,  
Already harnessed for journey new,  
And coal-black steeds yborn of hellish brood,  
That on their rusty bite did champ, as they were wood.

Amazed and half-frightened at the blaze of the gold and jewels with which the witch is decked, the goddess is about to retire into her cave, when Duessa addresses her—

“ O thou, most ancient grandmother of all,  
More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breed,

<sup>a</sup> Place where she immured herself.

Or that great house of gods celestial;  
 Which wast begot in Demogorgon's hall,  
 And saw'st the secrets of the world unmade;"

and requires her to come with all speed to the aid of her nephew (that is, her grandson) Sansjoy, now sleeping in the shade of death. The Queen of Darkness hesitates at first, but on the witch telling her that she is Duessa, daughter of Deceit and Shame, she recognises her own descendant, and, welcoming with a kiss a member of her family whom she had often longed to see, intimates her readiness to go with her.

Then to her iron waggon she betakes,  
 And with her bears the foul well-favoured witch :  
 Through mirksome air her ready way she makes.  
 Her twyfold team (of which two black as pitch,  
 And two were brown, yet each to each unlich<sup>o</sup>)  
 Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,  
 Unless she chanc'd their stubborn mouths to twitch ;  
 Then, foaming tar, their bridles they would champ,  
 And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

Coming to the place where the Paynim lay, they lift him up softly and place him in the chariot of the goddess :—

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,  
 The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay ;  
 As giving warning of the unwonted sound,  
 With which her iron wheels did them affray,  
 And her dark grisly look them much dismay.  
 The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,  
 With dreary shrieks did also her bewray ;  
 And hungry wolves continually did howl  
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

Turning back, and shooting through the air in silence, they soon reach the "yawning gulf of deep Avernus' hole"—the smoky and sulphureous descent to hell, patent for egress as well as ingress only to furies and damned sprites.

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<sup>o</sup> Unlike.



By that same way the direful dames do drive  
 Their mournful chariot, filled with rusty blood,  
 And down to Pluto's house are come belive : <sup>p</sup>  
 Which passing through, on every side them stood  
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,  
 Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide  
 With stony eyes ; and all the hellish brood  
 Of fiends infernal flocked on every side,  
 To gaze on earthly wight that with the Night durst ride.

They pass the bitter waves of Acheron,  
 Where many souls sit wailing woefully ;  
 And come to fiery flood of Phlegethon,  
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,  
 And with sharp shrilling shrieks do bootless cry,  
 Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.  
 The house of endless Pain is built thereby,  
 In which ten thousand sorts of punishment  
 The cursed creatures do eternally torment.

Before the threshold dreadful Cerberus  
 His three deformed heads did lay along,  
 Curled with thousand adders venomous ;  
 And lilled <sup>q</sup> forth his bloody flaming tongue :  
 At them he gan to rear his bristles strong,  
 And felly gnarre, <sup>r</sup> until day's enemy  
 Did him appease ; then down his tail he hung,  
 And suffered them to passen quietly :  
 For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

There was Ixion turned on a wheel,  
 For daring tempt the queen of heaven to sin ;  
 And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reel,  
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin ; <sup>s</sup>  
 There thirsty Tantalus hung by the chin ;  
 And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw ;  
 Typhoeus' joints were stretched on a gin ;  
 Theseus condemned to endless sloth by law ;  
 And fifty sisters water in leak <sup>t</sup> vessels draw.

They, all beholding worldly wights in place,  
 Leave off their work, unmindful of their smart,

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<sup>p</sup> In due time.      <sup>q</sup> Lolled.      <sup>r</sup> Snarl.  
 \* Cease.      <sup>t</sup> Leaky.

To gaze on them ; who forth by them do pace,  
 Till they be come unto the furthest part ;  
 Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,  
 Deep, dark, uneasy, doleful, comfortless,  
 In which sad  $\mathbb{A}$ esculapius far apart  
 Imprisoned was in chains remediless ;  
 For that Hippolytus' rent corse he did redress.

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,  
 That wont in chariot chase the foaming boar :  
 He all his peers in beauty did surpass :  
 But ladies' love, as loss of time, forbore :  
 His wanton stepdame loved him the more ;  
 But, when she saw her offered sweets refused,  
 Her love she turn'd to hate, and him before  
 His father fierce of treason false accus'd,  
 And with her jealous terms his open ears abused ;

Who, all in rage, his sea-god sire besought  
 Some cursed vengeance on his son to cast :  
 From surging gulf two monsters straight were brought :  
 With dread whereof his chasing steeds aghast  
 Both chariot swift and huntsman overcast.  
 His goodly corpse, on ragged cliffs yrent,  
 Was quite dismembered, and his members chaste  
 Scattered on every mountain as he went,  
 That of Hippolytus was left no monument.

His cruel stepdame, seeing what was done,  
 Her wicked days with wretched knife did end,  
 In death avowing the innocence of her son.  
 Which hearing, his rash sire began to rend  
 His hair, and hasty tongue that did offend :  
 Tho, gathering up the relics of his smart,  
 By Dian's means who was Hippolytus's friend,  
 Them brought to  $\mathbb{A}$ esculape, that by his art  
 Did heal them all again, and joined every part.

Such wondrous science in man's wit to reign  
 When Jove advised, that could the dead revive,  
 And fates expired could renew again,  
 Of endless life he might him not deprive ;  
 But unto hell did thrust him down alive,  
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore :  
 Where, long remaining, he did always strive

Himself with salves to health for to restore,  
 And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

Here Night alighting carries the wounded Sansjoy to *Aesculapius*, who, not without some little difficulty, is prevailed upon to undertake the case. Leaving Aveugle's son in the great leech's care, the goddess and Duesessa return to earth, the former to perform her wonted nightly course, the latter to rejoin the Redcross Knight and the rest of the company she had left in the Palace of Pride. But when she arrives there she finds the Fairy Knight gone. His wary dwarf had discovered lying in a deep dungeon of the building huge numbers of "cautive wretched thralls, that wailed night and day"—"a rueful sight as could be seen with eye"—and had learned enough from them to convince him that the sooner he and his master could withdraw themselves the better :—

There was that great proud king of Babylon,  
 That would compel all nations to adore,  
 And him as only God to call upon;  
 Till, through celestial doom thrown out of door,  
 Into an ox he was transformed of yore.  
 There also was king Croesus, that enhanced  
 His heart too high through his great riches' store;  
 And proud Antiochus, the which advanced  
 His cursed hand against God, and on his altars danced.

And, them long time before, great Nimrod was,  
 That first the world with sword and fire warrayed,<sup>u</sup>  
 And after him old Ninus far did pass  
 In princely pomp, of all the world obeyed.  
 There also was that mighty monarch <sup>v</sup> laid  
 Low under all, yet above all in pride,  
 That name of native sire did foul upbraid,  
 And would as Ammon's son be magnified;  
 Till, scorned of God and man, a shameful death he died.

All these together in one heap were thrown,  
 Like carcasses of beasts in butcher's stall.

<sup>u</sup> Harassed with war.

<sup>v</sup> Alexander the Great.

And in another corner wide were strown  
 The antique ruins of the Romans' fall:  
 Great Romulus, the grandsire of them all;  
 Proud Tarquin; and too lordly Lentulus;  
 Stout Scipio; and stubborn Hannibal;  
 Ambitious Sylla; and stern Marius;  
 High Cæsar; great Pompey; and fierce Antonius.

Many women were also there—"proud women, vain, forgetful of their yoke"—the bold Semiramis, fair Sthenobœa,—

High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke  
 Of aspess sting herself did stoutly kill;

with thousands more. And most of all those, it is added, who

\_\_\_\_\_ in that dungeon lay,  
 Fell from high princes' courts or ladies' bowers.

It is with considerable difficulty that, after having made their escape before dawn through a privy postern, the knight and the dwarf can find footing for their horses among the corses of murdered men that lie strewed and heaped on all sides around the castle.

Canto VI. (48 stanzas).—The Redcross Knight is represented as sad that he had been forced to leave the fair Duessa behind; but he is yet more sad to think of the "unkind treason" wherewith, as he imagines, his dear Una had stained her truth. Yet that peerless virgin had in fact wandered after him "from one to other Ind," till she had, as already related, fallen into the hands of Sansloy. By that fierce paynim she has been carried away into a forest wild, where he first courts her with fawning words and other gentle ways;

But words, and looks, and sighs she did abhor,  
 As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.

When he resorts to measures of another kind, the miserable maid can only importune the skies with her loud plaints and thrilling shrieks;

The molten stars do drop like weeping eyes;

but it is from the earth that help and rescue are sent to her :—

Eternal Providence, exceeding thought,  
Where none appears can make herself a way !  
A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,  
From lions' claws to pluck the griped prey.  
Her shrill outcries and shrieks so loud did bray,  
That all the woods and forests did resound :  
A troop of fauns and satyrs far away  
Within the wood were dancing in a round,  
While old Sylvanus slept in shady arbour sound.

Drawn in haste from their rural merriment by Una's voice of distress, their "rude, misshapen, monstrous rabblement" affrights the Saracen, and, mounting his ready steed, he rides off, and leaves the lady for them to seize. Astonished and softened, "the salvage nation" lay aside the horror of their frowning foreheads, and, gently grinning, try to comfort her ;—

They in compassion of her tender youth,  
And wonder of her beauty sovereign,  
Are won with pity and unwonted ruth ;  
And, all prostrate upon the lowly plain,  
Do kiss her feet, and fawn on her with countenance fain.

Seeing this, she yields to the extremity, and, rising from the ground with a fearless air and heart, she walks on whither they guide or invite her :—

They, all as glad as birds of joyous prime,  
Thence led her forth, about her dancing round,  
Shouting, and singing all a shepherd's rhyme ;  
And, with green branches strewing all the ground,  
Do worship her as queen with olive garland crowned.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,  
That all the woods with double echo ring ;  
And with their horned feet do wear the ground,  
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.  
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;  
Who, with the noise awaked cometh out  
To weet the cause, his weak steps governing

And aged limbs on cypress stadle <sup>w</sup> stout;  
And with an ivy twine his waist is girt about.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad,  
Or Bacchus' merry fruit they did invent,<sup>x</sup>  
Or Cybel's frantic rites have made them mad :  
They, drawing nigh, unto their god present  
That flower of faith and beauty excellent :  
The god himself, viewing that mirror rare,  
Stood long amazed, and burnt in his intent :  
His own fair Dryop now he thinks not fair,  
And Pholoë foul, when her to this he doth compare.

The wood-born people fall before her flat,  
And worship her as goddess of the wood :  
And old Sylvanus' self bethinks not what  
To think of wight so fair ; but gazing stood,  
In doubt to deem her born of earthly brood :  
Sometimes dame Venus' self he seems to see ;  
But Venus never had so sober mood :  
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be ;  
But misseth bow and shafts, and buskins to her knee.

By view of her he ginneth to revive  
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse ;  
And calls to mind his portraiture alive,  
How fair he was, and yet not fair to this ;  
And how he slew with glancing dart amiss  
A gentle hind, the which the lovely boy  
Did love as life, above all worldly bliss :  
For grief whereof the lad n'ould after joy ;  
But pined away in anguish and self-willed annoy.

The woody nymphs, fair Hamadryades,  
Her to behold do thither run apace ;  
And all the troop of light-foot Naiades  
Flock all about to see her lovely face :  
But, when they viewed have her heavenly grace,  
They envy her in their malicious mind,  
And fly away for fear of foul disgrace :  
But all the Satyrs scorn their woody kind,  
And henceforth nothing fair, but her, on earth they find.

<sup>w</sup> Support.

<sup>x</sup> Whether they had discovered some grapes.

Among this kind people of the forest Una remains for a long time, hoping to teach them the truth, and to wean them, among other errors, from their idolatry of herself ;—

But when their bootless zeal she did restrain  
From her own worship, they her ass would worship fain.

At last there arrives in the forest “a noble, warlike knight—plain, faithful, true, and enemy of shame”—one who

— ever loved to fight for ladies' right,  
But in vain-glorious frays he little did delight.

He is the son of fair Thyamis, the daughter of Labride and wife of Therion, by a Satyr, and had been both born and brought up in the forest,—nousled, or nursed, under the care of his savage father,

— in life and manners wild,  
Amongst wild beasts and woods, from laws of men exiled.

For all he taught the tender imp, was but  
To banish cowardice and bastard fear :  
His trembling hand he would him force to put  
Upon the lion and the rugged bear ;  
And from the she-bear's teats her whelps to tear ;  
And eke wild roaring bulls he would him make  
To tame, and ride their backs not made to bear ;  
And the roebucks in flight to overtake :  
That every beast for fear of him did fly and quake.

Thereby so fearless and so fell he grew,  
That his own sire and master of his guise  
Did often tremble at his horrid view ;  
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise  
The angry beasts not rashly to despise,  
Nor too much to provoke ; for he would learn  
The lion stoop to him in lowly wise,  
(A lesson hard,) and make rage stern  
Leave roaring, when in power he for revenge did earn  
And, for to make his power approved more,  
Wild beasts in iron yokes he would compel ;

The spotted panther, and the tusked boar,  
 The pardale swift, and the tiger cruel,  
 The antelope and wolf, both fierce and fell ;  
 And them constrain in equal team to draw.  
 Such joy he had their stubborn hearts to quell,  
 And sturdy courage tame with dreadful awe,  
 That his behest they feared, as a tyran's law."

Having remained in the forest till there walked there  
 no beast of name whom he had not taught to fear his  
 force, he had then

— far abroad for strange adventures sought,  
 In which his might was never overthrown,  
 But through all Fairy Land his famous worth was  
 blown.

It had always, however, been his custom, after long  
 labours and adventures, to return to his native woods to  
 see his old father and other relations ; and coming thither  
 with that intent he unexpectedly finds the fairest Una,

Teaching the Satyrs, which her sate around,  
 True sacred love, which from her sweet lips did  
 redound.

He becomes her scholar, and they grow very intimate ;  
 but Una, " all vowed unto the Redcross Knight," cannot  
 take delight in this new acquaintance ; all her thoughts  
 are occupied in thinking how she may make her escape ;  
 and at last she reveals her wish to Satyrane, who, glad of  
 an occasion of gaining her favour, readily agrees to aid  
 her. He soon finds an opportunity of carrying her off ;  
 and, having got out of the wood, they are travelling along  
 in the open country, when they see at a distance " a  
 weary wight forwandering by the way," up to whom  
 they ride, in the chance of learning some tidings of the  
 Redcross Knight. He seems, however, anxious to avoid  
 them :—

A silly man, in simple weeds foreworn,  
 And soiled with dust of the long dried way ;  
 His sandals were with toilsome travel torn,  
 And face all tanned with scorching sunny ray

As he had travelled many a summer's day  
 Through boiling sands of Araby and Ind;  
 And in his hand a Jacob's staff,<sup>2</sup> to stay  
 His weary limbs upon; and eke behind  
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

They overtake him at last, and, on inquiring if he knows anything of the Redcross Knight, they are told by the man, to poor Una's unutterable agony, that his own eyes have seen that knight lying dead. He had been present when he was slain in fight by a paynim, who is now washing his wounds in a fountain not far off. On hastily proceeding to the place Satyrane espies Sansloy resting himself "in secret shadow by a fountain side." They rush against each other with passionate words and clashing blades; and the canto finishes while they are still continuing their long, often-renewed fight, in the midst of which Una has "fled far away, of that proud paynim sore afraid," and is pursued by old Archimago, for he was indeed "that false pilgrim which that leasing told," as the reader, now accustomed to the arch enchanter's stratagems and disguises, has no doubt surmised.

Canto VII. (52 stanzas).—Meanwhile the Redcross Knight has been overtaken by Duessa, who, resolved not to lose "her hoped prey," had, as soon as she found he was gone, left the Palace of Pride in quest of him.

Ere long she found, where as he weary sate  
 To rest himself, foreby a fountain side,  
 Disarmed all of iron-coated plate;  
 And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

He feeds upon the cooling shade, and bays  
 His sweaty forehead in the breathing wind,  
 Which through the trembling leaves full gently plays,  
 Wherein the cheerful birds of sundry kind  
 Do chant sweet music, to delight his mind:  
 The witch approaching gan him fairly greet,  
 And with reproach of carelessness unkind

<sup>2</sup> A staff used in pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Jacob or St. James.

Upbraid, for leaving her in place unmeet,  
With foul words tempering fair, sour gall with honey  
sweet.

Unkindness past, they gan of solace treat,  
And bathe in pleasure of the joyous shade,  
Which shielded them against the boiling heat,  
And, with green boughs decking a gloomy shade,  
About the fountain like a girland made;  
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,  
Ne ever would through fervent summer fade.

It had so chanced that, the nymph of this fountain having one day incurred the displeasure of Diana for getting tired in following the chase, the goddess decreed that all who should hereafter drink the water should "faint and feeble grow." This effect the Redcross Knight now experiences after taking a draught of the crystal stream. He is lying outstretched on the grassy ground, and in neither a holy nor heroic frame of mind, when suddenly he hears a sound that seems to make the very earth shake and the trees tremble for terror. Starting up, he snatches his unready weapons:—

But ere he could his armour on him dight,  
Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy  
With sturdy stepe came stalking in his sight,  
An hideous giant, horrible and high,  
That with his tallness seemed to threat the sky;  
The ground eke groaned under him for dread:  
His living like saw never living eye,  
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed  
The height of three the tallest sons of mortal seed.

This giant is the son of Earth and *Æolus* God of the Winds:—

So growen great, through arrogant delight,  
Of the high descent whereof he was yborn,  
And through presumption of his matchless might,  
All other powers and knighthood he did scorn.  
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorn,  
And left to loss; his stalking steps are stay'd  
Upon a snaggy oak, which he had torn

Out of his mother's bowels, and it made  
His mortal mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayed.

With this tremendous weapon he attacks the unfortunate knight,

Disarmed, disgraced, and inwardly dismayed ;  
And eke so faint in every joint and vein,  
Through that frail fountain, which him feeble made,  
That scarcely could he wield his bootless single blade.

The giant strook so mainly merciless,  
That could have overthrown a stony tower ;  
And, were not heavenly grace that did him bless,  
He had been powdered all as thin as flour.

He would in fact have been battered to dust had not  
Duessa interfered, and besought Orgoglio rather to save  
his life and make him his bond-slave for ever, adding,

“ And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy leman take.”

To this proposal Orgoglio assents : carrying the knight  
to his castle, he throws him into a dungeon, and

From that day forth Duessa was his dear,  
And highly honoured in his haughty eye :  
He gave her gold and purple pall to wear,  
And triple crown set on her head full high,  
And her endowed with royal majesty :  
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,  
And people's hearts with awful terror tie,  
A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen  
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

Such one it was, as that renownmed snake  
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,  
Long fostered in the filth of Lerna lake :  
Whose many heads out-budding ever new  
Did breed him endless labour to subdue.  
But this same monster much more ugly was ;  
For seven great heads out of his body grew,  
An iron breast, and back of scaly brass ;  
And all embrued in blood his eyes did shine as glass.

His tail was stretched out in wondrous length,  
That to the house of heavenly gods it raught ; ..

And, with extorted power, and borrowed strength,  
 The ever-burning lamps from thence it brought,  
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought ;  
 And underneath his filthy feet did tread  
 The sacred things, and holy hests foretaught.  
 Upon this dreadful beast with sevenfold head  
 He set the false Duessa for more awe and dread.

Meanwhile the dwarf, who, on the fall of his master, had taken up his silver shield and his spear, and set out with them to proclaim his great distress through the world, has not ridden far before he is lucky enough to meet with Una, flying from Sansloy. But when she sees the armour, which confirms, as she thinks, the account she had heard of her dear knight's fate, she falls breathless to the earth.

The messenger of so unhappy news  
 Would fain have died ; dead was his heart within ;

but at last he succeeds in restoring her to her senses—which, however, is only to a sense of her misery. “O, lightsome day,” she cries,

“ O, lightsome Day, the lamp of highest Jove,  
 First made by him men's wandering ways to guide,  
 When Darkness he in deepest dungeon drove ;  
 Henceforth thy hated face for ever hide,  
 And shut up heaven's windows shining wide.”

Thrice she swoons away, and thrice she is revived by the faithful and affectionate dwarf, who then relates to her all the knight's adventures from the time of their separation in the house of Archimago down to

The luckless conflict with the giant stout,  
 Wherein captived, of life or death he stood in doubt.

After this they set out together, and wander long over hill and dale. And now is introduced the principal hero of the poem, or the personage who at least was to have figured as such if the author had completed his *design* :—

At last she chanced by good hap to meet  
 A goodly knight, fair marching by the way,  
 Together with his squire, arrayed meet:  
 His glitterand armour shined far away,  
 Like glancing light of Phoebus' brightest ray ;  
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,  
 That deadly dint of steel endanger may :  
 Athwart his breast a baldric brave he ware,  
 That shined, like twinkling stars, with stones most pre-  
 cious rare :

And, in the midst thereof, one precious stone  
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,  
 Shaped like a lady's head, exceeding shone,  
 Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,  
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights :  
 Thereby his mortal blade full comely hong  
 In ivory sheath, ycarved with curious sleights,  
 Whose hilts were burnished gold ; and handle strong  
 Of mother pearl ; and buckled with a golden tongue.

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,  
 Both glorious brightness and great terror bred :  
 For all the crest a dragon did enfold  
 With greedy paws, and over all did spread  
 His golden wings ; his dreadful hideous head,  
 Close couched on the beaver, seemed to throw  
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,  
 That sudden horror to faint hearts did show ;  
 And scaly tail was stretched adown his back full low.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,  
 A bunch of hairs discoloured diversly,  
 With sprinkled pearl and gold full richly drest,  
 Did shake, and seemed to dance for jollity ;  
 Like to an almond tree ymounted high  
 On top of green Selinis all alone,  
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily ;  
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one  
 At every little breath that under heaven is blown.

His warlike shield all closely covered was,  
 Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen ;  
 Not made of steel, nor of enduring brass  
 (Such earthly metals soon consumed been),

But all of diamond perfect pure and clean  
 It framed was, one massy entire mould,  
 Hewn out of adamant rock with engines keen,  
 That point of spear it never piercen could,  
 Ne dint of direful sword divide the substance would.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,  
 But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,  
 Or daunt unequal armies of his foes,  
 Or when the flying heavens he would affray :  
 For so exceeding shone his glistening ray,  
 That Phoebus' golden face it did attaint,  
 As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay ;  
 And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faint,  
 As when her face is stain'd with magic arts' constraint.

No magic arts hereof had any might,  
 Nor bloody words of bold enchanter's call ;  
 But all that was not such as seemed in sight  
 Before that shield did fade, and sudden fall :  
 And, when him list the rascal routs appal,  
 Men into stones therewith he could transmoe,  
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all :  
 And, when him list the prouder looks subdue,  
 He would them gazing blind, or turn to other hue.

Ne let it seem that credence this exceeds ;  
 For he that made the same was known right well  
 To have done much more admirable deeds :  
 It Merlin was, which whilome did excel  
 All living wights in might of magic spell :  
 Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought  
 For this young prince, when first to arms he fell ;  
 But, when he died, the Fairy Queen it brought  
 To Fairy Land ; where yet it may be seen, if sought.

A gentle youth, his dearly loved squire,  
 His spear of ebon wood behind him bare,  
 Whose harmful head, thrice heated in the fire,  
 Had riven many a breast with pikehead square :  
 A goodly person ; and could manage fair  
 His stubborn steed with curbed canon bit,  
 Who under him did trample as the air,  
 And, chafed that any on his back should sit,  
 The iron rowels into frothy foam he bit.

Prince Arthur, for it is he, entreats the sorrowing lady to tell him the cause of her grief. Mishaps, he observes, are mastered by discreet advice :—

“ And counsel mitigates the greatest smart :  
Found never help, who never would his hurts impart.”

“ Oh ! but,” quoth she, “ great grief will not be told,  
And can more easily be thought than said.”

“ Right so,” quoth he: “ but he that never would  
Could never : will to might gives greatest aid.”

“ But grief,” quoth she, “ does greater grow displayed,  
If then it find not help, and breeds despair.”

“ Despair breeds not,” quoth he, “ where faith is staid.”

“ No faith so fast,” quoth she, “ but flesh does pair.”<sup>1</sup>

“ Flesh may impair,” quoth he, “ but reason can repair.”

Prevailed upon at last by his “ well-guided speech ” to relate her story, she informs him that she is the only daughter of a king and queen whose rule extended through all the territories

“ Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,  
And Gehon’s golden waves do wash continually.”

But after a time came a huge dragon which, after wasting all the kingdom, had compelled the king and queen to take refuge in a strong castle, within whose brazen wall he has now kept them four years besieged. Many knights have attempted to subdue the monster, but all have been defeated. As last, led by fame, she had herself sped to Cleopolis, the capital of the kingdom of Gloriane, to endeavour to procure a champion in one of the doughty knights of “ that noble order hight of Maidenhead ;” and there it was her fortune to find “ a fresh unproved knight ”—him, namely, of the Redcross, with the rest of whose history the reader is already acquainted.

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint :  
But he her comforted, and fair bespake ;

<sup>1</sup> Impair.

"Certes, madame, ye have great cause of plaint,  
 That stoutest heart, I ween, could cause to quake.  
 But be of cheer, and comfort to you take;  
 For, till I have acquit your captive knight,  
 Assure your self, I will you not forsake."  
 His cheerful words revived her cheerless sprite;  
 So forth they went, the dwarf them guiding ever right.

Canto VIII. (50 stanzas).—They travel along together, Una and Arthur, until they are brought by their guide, the dwarf, to the castle where the Redcross Knight lies confined. Advancing on foot with his squire, the prince finds the gates all shut and no one within either "to ward the same nor answer comer's call":—

Then took that squire an horn of bugle small,  
 Which hung adown his side in twisted gold  
 And tassels gay: wide wonders over all  
 Of that same horn's great virtues weren told,  
 Which had approved been in uses manifold.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sound,  
 But trembling fear did feel in every vein:  
 Three miles it might be easy heard around,  
 And echoes three answered itself again:  
 No false enchantment, nor deceitful train,  
 Might once abide the terror of that blast,  
 But presently was void and wholly vain:  
 No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,  
 But with that piercing noise flew open quite, or brast.<sup>b</sup>

The same before the giant's gate he blew,  
 That all the castle quaked from the ground,  
 And every door of free-will open flew.  
 The giant self dismayed with that sound,  
 Where he with his Duessa dalliance found,  
 In haste came rushing forth from inner bower,  
 With staring countenance stern, as one astound,  
 And staggering steps, to weet what sudden stour  
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dared his dreaded  
 power.

<sup>b</sup> Barst.

Duessa also comes forth after him, "high-mounted on her many-headed beast," every head crowned and flaming with a fiery tongue. The prince at once flies at the giant, who, aiming a blow at him with his dreadful club, misses his object, and instead strikes the earth with such force that he throws up a furrow in the driven clay of three yards in depth, nor can he again recover the use of his weapon, "so buried in the ground," before his agile adversary has smitten off his left arm. Duessa now strikes in with her dreadful beast; but the monster is valiantly opposed by the squire, till his senses are overpowered by some enchanted liquid sprinkled upon him by the witch from her golden cup, under the effect of which he falls down, and the cruel beast has planted its bloody claws on his neck, when the knight comes up and sends it roaring off with the loss of one of its seven heads. But now the giant strikes the knight to the ground, and it does not appear how he would have ever risen again had it not been that the fall by chance loosens the covering of his shield;—

The light whereof, that heaven's light did pass,  
Such blazing brightness through the air threw  
That eye mote not the same endure to view.

The giant draws back, and the beast, becoming stark blind, tumbles down with Duessa on its back, who cries for help to the giant, but in vain;—

———— for, since that glancing sight,  
He hath no power to hurt nor to defend;  
As, where the Almighty's lightning brand does light.  
It dims the dazed eyne, and daunts the senses quite.

The knight, seeing him thus disabled, first smites off his right leg by the knee, on which he falls to the earth like an aged tree cut down, or an undermined castle; and then he despatches him as he lies prostrate and helpless. Duessa casts to the ground her golden cup, and throws her "crowned mitre" rudely from her; but the light-footed squire takes care to prevent her making her es

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cape. Una, indeed, running up, after addressing the squire,—

“ And you, fresh bud of virtue springing fast,  
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto death’s door,  
What hath poor virgin for such peril past  
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore  
My simple self, and service evermore,”—

particularly entreats that they do not “ let that wicked woman scape away.” The witch having been given in charge to the squire, the prince by himself enters the castle, where, however, still no living creature is to be seen :—

Then gan he loudly through the house to call ;  
But no man cared to answer to his cry :  
There reigned a solemn silence over all ;  
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bower or  
hall !

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came  
An old old man, with beard as white as snow ;  
That on a staff his feeble steps did frame,  
And guide his weary gait both to and fro ;  
For his eye-sight him failed long ago :  
And on his arm a bunch of keys he bore,  
The which unused rust did overgrow :  
Those were the keys of every inner door ;  
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.  
But very uncouth sight was to behold,  
How he did fashion his untoward pace ;  
For, as he forward moved his footing old,  
So backward still was turned his wrinkled face :  
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,  
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.  
This was the ancient keeper of that place,  
And foster-father of the giant dead ;  
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.<sup>c</sup>  
His reverend hairs and holy gravity  
The knight much honoured, as beseemed well ;

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<sup>c</sup> Declare.

And gently asked, where all the people be,  
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell :  
 Who answered him full soft, *He could not tell.*  
 Again he asked, where that same knight was laid  
 Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell  
 Had made his captive thrall : again he said,  
*He could not tell* ; ne ever other answer made.

In this way Spenser sets before us, in his ingenious and splendid picture-writing, the moral truth that Pride (Orgoglio) is the foster-child of, or, in other words, is nourished by, Ignorance. Other questions have the same success ; and at last the prince stepping up to the old man takes the keys from his arm, and opens the several doors for himself.

There all within full rich arrayed he found,  
 With royal arras, and resplendent gold,  
 And did with store of every thing abound  
 That greatest prince's presence might behold.  
 But all the floor (too filthy to be told)  
 With blood of guiltless babes, and innocents true,  
 Which there were slain, as sheep out of the fold,  
 Defiled was ; that dreadful was to view ;  
 And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

And there beside a marble stone was built  
 An altar, carved with cunning imagery ;  
 On which true Christians' blood was often spilt,  
 And holy martyrs often done to die,  
 With cruel malice and strong tyranny :  
 Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,  
 To God for vengeance cried continually ;  
 And with great grief were often heard to groan ;  
 That hardest heart would bleed to hear their piteous  
 moan.

In the end he comes to the dungeon where the Red-cross Knight has been confined now for the space of three weary months. His call having been answered by "an hollow, dreary, murmuring voice," the prince, when he can find no key that will open the iron door, rends it in his fury and indignation. Having entered, however, his foot can find no floor,

But all a deep descent, as dark as hell,  
That breathed ever forth a filthy baneful smell.

But neither darkness foul, nor filthy bands,  
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,  
(Entire affection hateth nice hands ;)

and so he soon finds means to have the miserable prisoner  
brought up to the fresh air and the light of day.

His sad dull eyes, deep sunk in hollow pits,  
Could not endure the unwonted sun to view ;  
His bare thin cheeks for want of better bits,  
And empty sides deceived of their due,  
Could make a stony heart his hap to rue ;  
His rawbone arms, whose mighty brawnèd bowers<sup>a</sup>  
Were wont to rive steel plates, and helmets hew,  
Were clean consumed ; and all his vital powers  
Decayed ; and all his flesh shrunk up like withered  
flowers.

We shall not linger over either the joy of Una, or the punishment of Duessa, who, upon being stripped naked, is found to be a very different description of person from what she had seemed when arrayed in her royal robes and purple pall, and is, after a few severe words from Una, allowed to take her departure to the wilderness, where, “flying fast from heaven’s hated face,” she endeavours to hide her shame among the rocks and caves.

Canto IX. (54 stanzas).—This is another great canto. The first part of it is taken up with the history of Prince Arthur, which, so far as he knows it, the prince himself relates to Una, at her request, before they set out from Orgoglio’s castle in quest of fresh adventures. His sire and lineage he is ignorant of: as soon as he was born he had been taken from his mother’s lap and delivered to a fairy knight, who forthwith brought him to old Timon, to be by him instructed in all martial arts and exercises,—old Timon, who in youth was in warlike feats the expertest of living men, and is yet the wisest of the inhabitants of the earth :—

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<sup>a</sup> Flexor muscles.

His dwelling is, low in a valley green,  
Under the foot of Rawran mossy hore—

that is Rawran-Vaur hill in Merioneth. Hither the great magician Merlin often came to see the boy; and by him he was assured, that he was son and heir to a king. But what adventure, asks Una, hath brought you hither into Fairy Land? And, when the prince, in answer, drops an allusion to some hidden sorrow rankling in his riven breast,

“Ah! courteous knight,” quoth she, “what secret wound  
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest heart on ground?”

On this he tells how in his commencing youth he had often been warned by Timon of the dangers and miseries of love, and how “that idle name of love, and lover’s life,” he had ever scorned:—

“But all in vain; no fort can be so strong,  
Ne fleshly breast can armed be so sound,  
But will at last be won with battery long,  
Or unawares at disadvantage found:  
Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground.  
And who most trusts in arm of fleshly might,  
And boasts in beauty’s chain not to be bound,  
Doth soonest fall in disadventurous fight,  
And yields his caitiff neck to victor’s most despite.

Ensample make of him your hapless joy,  
And of myself now mated, as ye see;  
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy  
Did soon pluck down, and curbed my liberty.  
For on a day, pricked forth with jollity  
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,  
Ranging the forest wide on courser free,  
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,  
Did seem to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

Forwearied with my sports, I did alight  
From lofty steed, and down to sleep me laid:  
The verdant grass my couch did goodly dight,  
And pillow was my helmet fair displayed:  
Whiles every sense the humour sweet embayed,

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\* Bathad.

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And slumbering soft my heart did steal away,  
 Me seemed, by my side a royal maid  
 Her dainty limbs full softly down did lay :  
 So fair a creature yet saw never sunny day.  
 Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment  
 She to me made, and bade me love her dear ;  
 For dearly sure her love was to me bent,  
 As, when just time expired, should appear.  
 But, whether dreams delude, or true it were,  
 Was never heart so ravished with delight,  
 Ne living man like words did ever hear,  
 As she to me delivered all that night ;  
 And at her parting said, she Queen of Fairies hight<sup>f</sup>

When I awoke, and found her place devoid,  
 And nought but pressed grass where she had lyen,  
 I sorrowed all so much as erst I joyed,  
 And washed all her place with watery eyen.  
 From that day forth I loved that face divine ;  
 From that day forth I cast in careful mind  
 To seek her out with labour and long tine,  
 And never vowed to rest till her I find :  
 Nine months I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbind."

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,  
 And change of hue great passion did bewray ;  
 Yet still he strove to cloak his inward bale,  
 And hide the smoke that did his fire display ;  
 Till gentle Una thus to him gan say :  
 " O happy Queen of Fairies, that hast found,  
 Mongst many, one that with his prowess may  
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound !  
 True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground."

Then, after some further discourse, Arthur leaves them to pursue his inquiry through the world after his love, giving the Redcross Knight at parting a box of diamond containing a few drops of a liquor able in an instant to heal any wound, and receiving from him in return

A book wherein his Saviour's Testament  
 Was writ with golden letters rich and brave.

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<sup>f</sup> Was called.

Una and her knight continue their way at a slow pace.

So as they travelled, lo ! they gan espy  
 An armed knight towards them gallop fast,  
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,  
 Or other grisly thing, that him aghast.<sup>s</sup>  
 Still, as he fled, his eye was backward cast,  
 As if his fear still followed him behind :  
 Als<sup>h</sup> flew his steed, as he his bands had brast,  
 And with his winged heels did tread the wind,  
 As he had been a foal of Pegasus his kind.

Nigh as he drew they might perceive his head  
 To be unarmed, and curled uncombed hairs  
 Upstaring stiff, dismayed with uncouth dread :  
 Nor drop of blood in all his face appears,  
 Nor life in limb ; and to increase his fears,  
 In foul reproach of knighthood's fair degree,  
 About his neck an hempen rope he wears,  
 That with his glistening arms does ill agree :  
 But he of rope, or arms, has now no memory.

To the anxious request of the Redcross Knight that he would tell the cause of his extraordinary perturbation,

He answered nought at all ; but adding new  
 Fear to his first amazement, staring wide  
 With stony eyes and heartless hollow hue,  
 Astonished stood as one that had espied  
 Infernal Furies with their chains untied.

It is not till after being repeatedly questioned that his  
 — faltering tongue at last these words seemed forth  
 to shake ;

“ For God's dear love, sir knight, do me not stay,  
 For lo ! he comes, he comes fast after me.”

It is only by force that he is prevented from continuing his flight ; but at last he relates how he lately chanced to keep company with a knight called Sir Terwin, who

<sup>s</sup> Terrified.

<sup>h</sup> Also.

“ — well himself advanced  
 In all affairs, and was both bold and free ;  
 But not so happy as mote happy be :  
 He loved, as was his lot, a lady gent,  
 That him again loved in the least degree ;  
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,  
 And joyed to see her lover languish and lament.”

One day returning together sad and comfortless from this haughty beauty, they met that villain, the cursed wight from whom he has just made his escape :—

“ A man of hell, that calls himself Despair ;”  
 who, having accosted them, soon, “ creeping close as snake in hidden weeds,” discovered the depressed state of their minds, and then “ with wounding words ” plucking from them all hope of relief, set himself to persuade them both to end all sorrow in death—for which end he gave one the rope he still has about his neck, the other a rusty knife. With the latter instrument Sir Terwin had without delay “ a wide way made to let forth living breath ;” he himself had,

“ — more fearful or more lucky wight,  
 Dismayed with that deformed dismal sight,  
 Fled fast away, half dead with dying fear.”

“ God you never let,” he exclaims to the Redcross Knight, “ his charmed speeches hear !”

“ His subtle tongue, like dropping honey melt’  
 Into the heart, and searcheth every vein ;  
 That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth  
 His power is reft and weakness doth remain.  
 O never, sir, desire to try his guileful train ! ”<sup>1</sup>

Of course this dissuasion has no effect ; and Trevisan (such is the name of the frightened knight) reluctantly consents to ride back so far as to show the other where the villain is to be found.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight  
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,

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<sup>1</sup> Deceit.

Far underneath a craggy cliff yplight,<sup>k</sup>  
 Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,  
 That still for carrion carcases doth crave :  
 On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly owl,  
 Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drove  
 Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl ;  
 And all about it wandering ghosts did wail and howl :

And all about old stocks and stubs of trees,  
 Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,  
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees ;  
 On which had many wretches hanged been,  
 Whose carcases were scattered on the green,  
 And thrown about the cliffs.

Sir Trevisan would fain fly, but the other forces him to stay.

That darksome cave they enter where they find  
 That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,  
 Musing full sadly in his sullen mind :  
 His greasy locks, long growen and unbound,  
 Disordered hung about his shoulders round.  
 And hid his face ; through which his hollow eyne  
 Looked deadly dull, and stared as astound ;  
 His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,  
 Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,  
 With thorns together pinned and patched was,  
 The which his naked sides he wrapped abouts :  
 And him beside there lay upon the grass  
 A dreary corse whose life away did pass,  
 All wallowed in his own yet luke-warm blood,  
 That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas !  
 In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,  
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Infuriated by the sight of the body of the self-murdered Sir Terwin, the Redcross Knight assails the wretch with indignant words. "What frantic fit," he answers, "hath thus distraught thee? Nought else drove this

<sup>k</sup> Placed, fixed.

despairing man to death but his own guilty deserving mind.

“ Who travails by the weary wandering way,  
 To come unto his wished home in haste,  
 And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay ;  
 Is not great grace to help him over past,  
 Or free his feet that in the mire stick fast ?  
 Most envious man, that grieves at neighbour’s good ;  
 And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast ;  
 Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood  
 Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood ?

He there does now enjoy eternal rest  
 And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,  
 And further from it daily wanderest ;  
 What if some little pain the passage have,  
 That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave ;  
 Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,  
 And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave ?  
 Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,  
 Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.”

The knight, though much wondering “ at his sudden wit,” nevertheless ventures to argue with him, and observes that the term of life is appointed by God, who gave it, and that a soldier may not move from his station till his captain bid. “ No,” replies Despair;

“ —— he that points the sentinel his room  
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning drum ;”

and then he proceeds to reason that whatever is done in heaven or earth must be the doing of the Creator, not of man, who is merely his instrument ; that whatever has been made has evidently been made to die ; that the longer life, the greater sin ; that

“ —— he that once hath missed the right way,  
 The further he doth go, the further he doth stray ;”

that life at the best is full of sorrows, and has little or nothing to make it be loved by a wise man ; and he ends with a strong appeal to the knight to consider his own particular case, and to say whether he has not already

endured wretchedness and committed sin and folly enough. Finally, he exclaims,

“ Is it not better to die willingly,  
Than linger till the glass be all outrun?  
Death is the end of woes : die soon, O Fairy’s son.”

This address, we are told, pierced through the knight’s heart like a sword—

That all his manly powers it did disperse,  
As he were charmed with enchanted rhymes,  
That oftentimes he quaked, and fainted oftentimes.

The villain goes on to urge him with additional temptations, and at last takes “ a dagger sharp and keen” and puts it in his hand :—

————— his hand did quake,  
And tremble like a leaf of aspen green,  
And troubled blood through his pale face was seen  
To come and go with tidings from the heart,  
As it a running messenger had been ;

but here Una, who, it appears, had accompanied them, interposes, and, snatching out of his hand “ the cursed knife,” throws it to the ground, and, much enraged, upbraids the faint-hearted knight with having so far forgotten the great object of his life, the subjugation of the dragon ; and, exclaiming, “ Come, come away, frail, feeble, fleshly wight ! ” calls upon him instantly to arise and leave the fatal place.

So up he rose, and thence amounted straight.  
Which when the carl beheld, and saw his guest  
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight ;  
He chose an halter from among the rest,  
And with it hung himself, unbid, unblest.  
But death he could not work himself thereby,  
For thousand times he so himself had dressed,  
Yet notwithstanding it could not do him die,  
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

Canto (X. 68 stanzas).—Una now perceives that it is necessary her knight’s relaxed frame should be strength-

ened and cherished for a time "with diets daint;" for which purpose she determines to conduct him to "an ancient house not far away," called the House of Holiness. This house is governed "through wisdom of a matron grave and hoar," named Dame Celia, who is the mother of three daughters, the two eldest, Fidelia and Speranza (Faith and Hope), virgins; the younger, Charissa (Charity), linked to a husband, by whom she has many "pledges dear." On their arrival they find the door locked fast; but, when they knocked,

The porter opened unto them straightway.  
 He was an aged sire, all hoary grey,  
 With looks full lowly cast, and gait full slow,  
 Wont on a staff his feeble steps to stay,  
 Hight Humilità. They pass in, stooping low;  
 For straight and narrow was the way which he did show.

Inside they find a spacious court, and are there met by "a franklin fair and free" named Zeal, and by a gentle squire, Reverence, who leads them to the Lady of the place. By her Una is very graciously received, and, after the knight has been presented, they are both entertained by the ancient dame with all courtesy—"ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise."

Thus as they gan of sundry things devise,  
 Lo ! two most goodly virgins came in place,  
 Ylinked arm in arm in lovely wise;  
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,  
 They number'd even steps and equal pace:  
 Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,  
 Like sunny beams threw from her crystal face  
 That could have dazed the rash beholder's sight,  
 And round about her head did shine like heaven's light.  
 She was arrayed all in lily white,  
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,  
 With wine and water filled up to the height,  
 In which a serpent did himself enfold,  
 That horror made to all that did behold;  
 But she no whit did change her constant mood;  
 And in her other hand she fast did hold

A book, that was both signed and sealed with blood,  
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,  
Was clad in blue, that her beseemed well ;  
Not all so cheerful seemed she of sight  
As was her sister ; whether dread did dwell  
Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell :  
Upon her arm a silver anchor lay,  
Whereon she leaned ever, as befel ;  
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,  
Her steadfast eyes were bent, ne swerved other way.

In a short conversation that ensues it is mentioned that the third sister, Charissa, is still laid aside in consequence of a recent confinement. The knight is then conducted to his lodging by a groom called Meek Obedience ; and the next morning he is taken into her school by Fidelia, and by her instructed in

— her sacred book, with blood ywrit,  
That none could read except she did them teach.

For she was able with her words to kill,  
And raise again to life the heart that she did thrill.

And, when she list pour out her larger sprite,  
She would command the hasty sun to stay,  
Or backward turn his course from heaven's height :  
Sometimes great hosts of men she could dismay ;  
Dry-shod to pass she parts the floods in tway ;  
And eke huge mountains from their native seat  
She would command themselves to bear away,  
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat :  
Almighty God her gave such power and puissance  
great.

Afterwards the knight is taken in hand, first by Speranza, then by a leech or doctor called Patience :—

And bitter Penance, with an yorn whip,  
Was wont him once to disple<sup>1</sup> every day :

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<sup>1</sup> Discipline.

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And sharp Remorse his heart did prick and nip,  
 That drops of blood thence like a well did play :  
 And sad Repentance used to embay  
 His body in salt water smarting sore,  
 The filthy blots of sin to wash away.  
 So in short space they did to health restore  
 The man that would not live, but erst lay at death's  
 door.

He is now brought to Una, who,

———— joyous of his cured conscience,  
 Him dearly kissed,—

and then he is presented by her to Charissa, who by this time was “woxen strong,” and had “left her fruitful nest.”

She was a woman in her freshest age,  
 Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,  
 With goodly grace and comely personage,  
 That was on earth not easy to compare ;  
 Full of great love ; but Cupid's wanton snare  
 As hell she hated ; chaste in work and will ;  
 Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,  
 That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill ;  
 The rest was all in yellow robes arrayed still.

A multitude of babes about her hung,  
 Playing their sports, that joyed her to behold ;  
 Whom still she fed, whilst they were weak and young,  
 But thrust them forth still as they waxed old :  
 And on her head she wore a tire of gold,  
 Adorned with gems and owtches wondrous fair,  
 Whose passing price uneath<sup>m</sup> was to be told :  
 And by her side there sat a gentle pair  
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chair.

By Charissa the knight is instructed

———— in every good behest  
 Of love, and righteousness, and well to done ;

and then is delivered to an ancient matron named

<sup>m</sup> Scarcely.

Mercy, who leads him forth by a narrow and thorny way, bearing him up as a careful nurse does her child, till she brings him to a neighbouring hospital, inhabited by seven beadmen—the seven heads or branches into which the virtue of Charity is distributed by the scholastic theologians—who had vowed all their life to the service of heaven, and severally officiate as steward, almoner, wardrobe-keeper, redeemer of prisoners, attendant upon the sick, burier of the dead, and provider for widows and orphans. After staying with him here for some time, she next conducts him to a chapel and a hermitage on the top of a high and steep hill, where dwells the “aged holy man,” Heavenly Contemplation :—

Great grace that old man to him given had ;  
 For God he often saw from heaven's height :  
 All were his earthly eyne both blunt and bad,  
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,  
 Yet wondrous quick and persant was his sprite,  
 As eagle's eye, that can behold the sun.

On being informed by Mercy that Fidelia, by whom have been committed to him the keys of “that most glorious house” the way to which leads right from hence, desires that the knight should be taken thither, the hermit answers,

“ — Since thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be done.  
 Then come, thou Man of Earth ! and see the way  
 That never yet was seen of Fairy's son ;”

and

That done, he leads him to the highest mount ;  
 Such one, as that same mighty man of God,  
 That blood-red billows like a walled front  
 On either side disparted with his rod,  
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,<sup>n</sup>  
 Dwelt forty days upon ; where, writ in stone  
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,

<sup>n</sup> Went.

The bitter doom of death and baleful moan  
He did receive, whilst flashing fire about him shone :

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full high,  
Adorned with fruitful olives all around,  
Is, as it were for endless memory  
Of that dear Lord who oft thereon was found,  
For ever with a flowering garland crowned :  
Or like that pleasant mount, that is for aye  
Through famous poets' verse each where renowned,  
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play  
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely  
lay.

From this he is shown the "little path that was both steep and long" leading to the Celestial city.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see  
The blessed Angels to and fro descend  
From highest heaven in gladsome company,  
And with great joy into that city wend,  
As commonly as friend does with his friend.  
Whereat he wondered much, and gan inquire,  
What stately building durst so high extend  
Her lofty towers unto the starry sphere,  
And what unknownen nation there empeopled were.

The hermit informs him that what he beholds is the New Jerusalem.

"Till now," said then the knight, "I weened well  
That great Cleopolis where I have been,  
In which that fairest Fairy Queen doth dwell,  
The fairest city was that might be seen ;  
And that bright tower, all built of crystal clean,  
Panthea, seemed the brightest thing that was :  
But now by proof all otherwise I ween ;  
For this great city that does far surpass,  
And this bright Angels' tower quite dims that tower of  
glass."

"Most true," then said the holy aged man ;  
"Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,  
The fairest piece that eye beholden can ;  
And well beseems all knights of noble name

That covet in the immortal book of fame  
 To be eternized, that same to haunt,  
 And doen their service to that sovereign dame,  
 That glory does to them for guerdon grant:  
 For she is heavenly born, and heaven may justly vaunt.

“ And thou, fair imp, sprung out from English race,  
 However now accounted Elfin’s son,  
 Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,  
 To aid a virgin desolate fordone.  
 But when thou famous victory hast won,  
 And high amongst all knights hast hung thy shield,  
 Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shun,  
 And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:  
 For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows  
 yield.

“ Then seek this path that I to thee presage,  
 Which after all to heaven shall thee send;  
 Then peaceably thy painful pilgrimage  
 To yonder same Hierusalem do bend,  
 Where is for thee ordained a blessed end:  
 For thou amongst those saints whom thou doest see  
 Shalt be a saint, and thine own nation’s friend  
 And patron: thou *Saint George* shalt called be,  
*Saint George* of merry *England*, the sign of victory.”

In answer to his inquiries touching his lineage, he is afterwards told that he is sprung from the ancient race of the Saxon kings of Britain; that he was carried off in infancy, while he slept, by a Fairy, who left “ her base elfin brood” in his stead; that by her he was brought “ unto this Fairy Land,” and hid “ in an heaped furrow,” where he was found by a ploughman, and by him brought up to the same state, whence his name Georgos (signifying a tiller of the ground), until incited by inborn courage and strength he had come to Fairy Court, there to seek for fame, and prove his skill in arms. He then returns to Una, and they take their departure together from “ Celia and her daughters three.”

Canto XI. (55 stanzas).—Una and her knight now make straight for her father’s realm, and when they have there arrived she points out to him the brazen tower in

which her parents have shut themselves up. A hideous roar immediately announces the presence of the dragon, whom looking round they soon perceive

Where stretched he lay upon the sunny side  
Of a great hill, himself like a great hill.

At sight of the knight's glittering arms, "that heaven with light did fill," the monster instantly rouses himself; Una takes her station on a neighbouring height; the poet solemnly invokes his muse for aid worthily to relate the battle about to ensue; meanwhile the dragon draws nigh, "half-flying and half-footing" in his haste. His monstrous body, swollen with wrath and poison, as well as blood, is armed all over with brazen scales :

His flaggy wings, when forth he did display,  
Were like two sails, in which the hollow wind  
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:  
And eke the pens, that did his pinions bind,  
Were like main-yards with flying canvass lined;  
With which whenas him list the air to beat,  
And there by force unwonted passage find,  
The clouds before him fled for terror great,  
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

His tail, "wound up in hundred folds," is not much short of three furlongs in length, and is armed at the point with two stings, "both deadly sharp, that sharpest steel exceeden far;" still sharper are his claws; his mouth gapes like the mouth of hell, three ranks of iron teeth being ranged in each jaw;

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,  
Did burn with wrath, and sparkled living fire:  
As two broad beacons, set in open fields,  
Send forth their flames far off to every shire,  
And warning give that enemies conspire  
With fire and sword the region to invade;  
So flamed his eyne with rage and rancorous ire:  
But far within, as in a hollow glade,  
Those glaring lamps were set, that made a dreadful shade.

As he advances he shakes his scales and lifts aloft his speckled breast, so as to make the knight nigh quake for fear ; nevertheless he couches his steady spear and rides fiercely at him. Though not pierced, the monster is staggered with the push, but a sweep of his long tail brings both horse and man to ground. They both, however, up lightly rise again, on which, inflamed with exceeding rage, the furious beast gathers all his strength for their destruction :

Then, with his waving wings displayed wide,  
Himself up high he lifted from the ground,  
And with strong flight did forcibly divide  
The yielding air, which nigh too feeble found  
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,  
To bear so great a weight : He, cutting way  
With his broad sails, about him soared round ;  
At last, low stooping with unwieldy sway,  
Snatched up both horse and man, to bear them quite away.

Long he them bore above the subject plain,  
So far as yewen bow a shaft may send ;  
Till struggling strong did him at last constrain  
To let them down before his flightes end :  
As haggard hawk, presuming to contend  
With hardy fowl above his able might,  
His weary pounces all in vain doth spend  
To truss the prey too heavy for his flight ;  
Which, coming down to ground, does free itself by fight.

He so disseized of his griping gross,  
The knight his thrillant spear again essayed  
In his brass-plated body to emboss,  
And three men's strength unto the stroke he laid ;  
Wherewith the stiff beam quaked, as afraid,  
And glancing from his scaly neck did glide  
Close under his left wing, then broad displayed :  
The piercing steel there wrought a wound full wide,  
That with the uncouth smart the monster loudly cried.

He cried, as raging seas are wont to roar,  
When wintry storm his wrathful wreck does threat ;  
The rolling billows beat the ragged shore,  
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat.

The spear-head has stuck fast in his flesh, and now  
flowed forth

A gushing river of black gory blood,  
That drowned all the land whereon he stood ;  
The stream thereof would drive a water-mill.

Again the knight is thrown from his horse, but quickly  
again he starts up from the ground ;

And fiercely took his trenchant blade in hand,  
With which he strook so furious and so fell,  
That nothing seemed the puissance could withstand.  
Upon his crest the hardened iron fell ;  
But his more hardened crest was armed so well,  
That deeper dint therein it would not make.

It is as if he struck a rock of adamant. Finding now,  
however, that he cannot fly, the beast, in grief and an-  
guish, loudly brays, “ that like was never heard,” and  
sends forth from his throat a flame, that singes the  
knight’s face, and even pierces to his body through his  
armour.

Not that great champion of the antique world,  
Whom famous poets’ verse so much doth vaunt,  
And hath for twelve huge labours high extolled,  
So many furies and sharp fits did haunt,  
When him the poisoned garment did enchant,  
With Centaurs’ blood and bloody verses charmed ;  
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,  
Whom fiery steel now burned, that erst him armed ;  
That erst him goodly armed, now most of all him  
harmed.

Faint, weary, sore, emboiled, <sup>o</sup> grieved, brent,  
With heat, toil, wounds, arms, smart, and inward fire,  
That never man such mischief did torment ;  
Death better were ; death did he oft desire ;  
But death will never come, when needs require.

He is now struck to the ground by the dragon ; but  
fortunately immediately behind him is an ancient well,  
rightly called the Well of Life ;

---

• Boiled.

For unto life the dead it could restore,  
 And guilt of sinful crimes clean wash away ;  
 Those that with sickness were infected sore  
 It could recure ; and aged long decay  
 Renew, as one were born that very day.  
 Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excel,  
 And the English Bath, and eke the German Spa ;  
 Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well :  
 Into the same the knight back overthrown fell.

It is now sunset, and the monster, thinking his foe destroyed, claps his iron wings in the joy and pride of victory. Una remains all night in prayer, fearing that all is over ; but on the morrow at sunrise she sees her knight start up out of the well, "as eagle fresh out of the ocean wave." Another long day of desperate fighting ensues, at the end of which the knight is again thrown down. But he is again fortunate, or rather befriended by heaven :—

There grew a goodly tree him fair beside,  
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy red,  
 As they in pure vermillion had been died,  
 Whereof great virtues over all were read :  
 For happy life to all which thereon fed,  
 And life eke everlasting, did befall :  
 Great God it planted in that blessed stead <sup>p</sup>  
 With his Almighty hand, and did it call  
 The Tree of Life, the crime of our first father's fall.

In all the world like was not to be found,  
 Save in that soil, where all good things did grow,  
 And freely sprung out of the fruitful ground,  
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,  
 Till that dread dragon all did overthrow.  
 Another like fair tree eke grew thereby,  
 Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know  
 Both good and ill : O mournful memory !  
 That tree through one man's fault hath done us all to die !  
 From that first tree forth flowed, as from a well,  
 A trickling stream of balm, most sovereign

---

<sup>p</sup> Station, place.

And dainty dear, which on the ground still fell,  
 And overflowed all the fertile plain,  
 As it had dewed been with timely rain ;  
 Life and long health that gracious ointment gave ;  
 And deadly wounds could heal ; and rear again  
 The senseless corse appointed for the grave :  
 Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

To the Tree of Life the dragon dare not approach. It  
 is now night, and the champion lies in the stream,

—— as in a dream of deep delight,  
 Besmeared with precious balm ;

while Una spends the hours in prayer for him as before,  
 watching the noyous night, and waiting for joyous day.

The joyous day gan early to appear ;  
 And fair Aurora from the dewy bed  
 Of aged Tithone gan herself to rear  
 With rosy cheeks, for shame as blushing red :  
 Her golden locks, for haste, were loosely shed  
 About her ears, when Una her did mark  
 Climb to her chariot, all with flowers spread,  
 From heaven high to chase the cheerless dark ;  
 With merry note her loud salutes the mountain lark.

Rising up refreshed, and all healed of his wounds and  
 hurts, the doughty knight speedily despatches the dragon,  
 now dismayed and fearing that his fate is at hand, by  
 thrusting his spear down his throat.

So down he fell, and forth his life did breathe  
 That vanished into smoke and cloudes swift ;  
 So down he fell, that the earth him underneath  
 Did groan, as feeble so great load to lift ;  
 So down he fell, as an huge rocky clift,  
 Whose false foundation waves have washed away,  
 With dreadful poise is from the mainland rift,  
 And, rolling down, great Neptune doth dismay :  
 So down he fell, and like an heaped mountain lay.

The knight himself even trembled at his fall,  
 So huge and horrible a mass it seemed.

Canto XII. (42 stanzas).—The point at which the narrative has now arrived does not leave much to be related in this concluding Canto of the Book, except only the usual winding up of a story of true love. “Behold,” exclaims the poet,

— I see the haven nigh at hand,  
To which I mean my weary course to bend ;  
Veer the mainsheet, and bear up with the land,  
The which afore is fairly to be kenned.

It is hardly yet day when the king and queen and all the people assemble, at the sound of “triumphant trumpets,” to rejoice over the destruction of the great national enemy. First come a goodly band of tall young men bearing branches of laurel in their hands ;

Unto that doughty conqueror they came,  
And, him before themselves prostrating low,  
Their lord and patron loud did him proclaim,  
And at his feet their laurel bougħs did throw.  
Soon after them, all dancing on a row,  
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,  
As fresh as flowers in meadow green do grow,  
When morning dew upon their leaves doth light ;  
And in their hands sweet timbrels all upheld on height.

And, them before, the fry of children young  
Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,  
And to the maidens’ sounding timbrels sung  
In well attuned notes a joyous lay,  
And made delightful music all the way,  
Until they came, where that fair Virgin stood :  
As fair Diana in fresh summer’s day  
Beholds her nymphs enranged in shady wood,  
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in crystal flood ;

So she beheld those maidens’ merriment  
With cheerful view ; who, when to her they came,  
Themselves to ground with gracious humbless bent,  
And her adored by honorable name,  
Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame :  
Then on her head they set a girland green,  
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game :

Who, in her self-resemblance well beseen,  
Did seem, such as she was, a goodly maiden queen.

And after all the rascal many ran,  
Heaped together in rude rabblement,  
To see the face of that victorious man.

The king rewards the victorious champion “with princely gifts of ivory and gold,” and, fondly embracing his daughter, kisses her again and again ;

And after to his palace he them brings,  
With shalms, and trumpets, and with clarions sweet ;  
And all the way the joyous people sings,  
And with their garments strows the paved street.

After he has been royally feasted, however, the knight declares that he may not yet think of ease or rest, being bound to return to the great Fairy Queen, and to serve her for six years against the proud paynim king, her enemy. In these circumstances the king in the first instance only proposes that he should come back at the end of the six years to accomplish the marriage vowed with Una :

Then forth he called that his daughter fair,  
The fairest Une, his only daughter dear,  
His only daughter and his only heir ;  
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheer,  
As bright as doth the morning star appear  
Out of the east, with flaming locks bedight,  
To tell that dawning day is drawing near,  
And to the world does bring long-wished light,  
So fair and fresh that lady shewed herself in sight :

So fair and fresh as freshest flower in May ;  
For she had laid her mournful stole aside,  
And widow-like sad wimple thrown away,  
Wherewith her heavenly beauty she did hide,  
Whiles on her weary journey she did ride ;  
And on her now a garment she did wear  
All lily white, withouten spot or pride,  
That seemed like silk and silver woven near ;  
But neither silk nor silver therein did appear.

Even "her own dear-loved knight" wonders at her beauty; "oft had he seen her fair, but never so fair dight." But just as she has bent her low before her sire, and is about to speak, comes running in a messenger with letters, affecting the utmost haste, importance, and agitation. The writing when opened by the king, to whom the man delivers it with profound obeisance—kissing the ground whereon the royal foot was set—turns out to be a complaint and protestation addressed to the "most mighty King of Eden fair," from Fidessa, calling herself daughter of the Emperor of the West, in which she warns him not to link his daughter in wedlock to the Redcross Knight, who has already, she declares, plighted his right hand to another love, namely, to herself—"sad maid, or rather widow sad." This occasions some consternation at first; but the knight's explanation of how he had been inveigled by this Fidessa, or more properly Duessa, "the falsest dame on ground," soon sets all right; and the exposure of the treachery is completed by the discovery that the messenger, "clothed with simpleness," is, as suggested by the wise Una, no other than the old enchanter Archimago, who is thereupon chained and thrown into a dungeon. It appears now to have been suddenly agreed on all hands that the marriage should take place forthwith; and the ceremony is accordingly performed by the king himself:

His own two hands the holy knots did knit,  
That none but death for ever can divide;  
His own two hands, for such a turn most fit,  
The housling <sup>4</sup> fire did kindle and provide,  
And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;  
At which <sup>4</sup> the bushy tead <sup>5</sup> a groom did light,  
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,  
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,  
For fear of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,  
And made great feast to solemnize that day:

<sup>4</sup> Sacramental.

<sup>5</sup> Torch.

They all perfumed with frankincense divine,  
 And precious odours fetched from far away,  
 That all the house did sweat with great array ;  
 And all the while sweet music did apply  
 Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,  
 To drive away the dull melancholy ;  
 The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

During the which there was an heavenly noise  
 Heard sound through all the palace pleasantly,  
 Like as it had been many an angel's voice  
 Singing before the Eternal Majesty,  
 In their trinal triplicities on high :  
 Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet  
 Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly  
 Himself thereby reft of his senses meet,  
 And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

Great joy was made that day of young and old,  
 And solemn feast proclaim'd throughout the land,  
 That their exceeding mirth may not be told :  
 Suffice it here by signs to understand  
 The usual joys at knitting of love's band.  
 Thrice happy man the knight himself did hold,  
 Possessed of his lady's heart and hand ;  
 And ever, when his eye did her behold,  
 His heart did seem to melt in pleasures manifold.

They long, we are told, enjoyed each other's company ;  
 but at last the knight, not forgetful of his oath, returned  
 to his Fairy Queen, and "Una left to mourn." "And  
 now," concludes the poet,

Now, strike your sails, ye jolly mariners,  
 For we be come unto a quiet road,  
 Where we must land some of our passengers,  
 And light this weary vessel of her load.  
 Here she a while may make her safe abode,  
 Till she repaired have her tackles spent,  
 And wants supplied ; and then again abroad  
 On the long voyage whereto she is bent :  
 Well may she speed, and fairly finish her intent !

## BOOK THE SECOND.

THE Second Book of the Fairy Queen is entitled ‘The Legend of Sir Guyon, or of Temperance ;’ and is introduced by five stanzas of an address to Queen Elizabeth, in which the poet meets the objection, which he says he is well aware will be made by many, that “ all this famous antique history ” is merely a “ painted forgery ”—“ the abundance [or overflow] of an idle brain ”—“ sith none,” as he expresses it,

— that breatheth living air doth know  
Where is that happy Land of Faery,  
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where show.

This geographical ignorance, or uncertainty, in which the reader is left, he contends, is nothing :—

But let that man with better sense advise,  
That of the world least part to us is read ;  
And daily how through hardy enterprize  
Many great regions are discovered,  
Which to late age were never mentioned.  
Who ever heard of the Indian Peru ?  
Or who in venturous vessel measured  
The Amazons’ huge river, now found true ?  
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever view ?

Yet all these were when no man did them know,  
Yet have from wisest ages hidden been ;  
And later times things more unknown shall show :  
Why then should witless man so much misween,  
That nothing is but that which he hath seen ?  
What if within the moon’s fair shining sphere,  
What if in every other star unseen,  
Of other worlds he happily should hear ?  
He wonder would much more ; yet such to some appear.

However, he adds, if one will inquire farther, he may

find Fairy Land by certain signs set down in the present work;

And thou, O fairest princess under sky,  
In this fair mirror may'st behold thy face,  
And thine own realms in Land of Fairy,  
And in this antique image thy great ancestry.

Canto I. (61 stanzas).—The story of the present Book is connected with that of the preceding by the re-appearance of the old magician Archimago, who, we are told, as soon as he understood the Redcross Knight to have departed out of Eden land, “to serve again his sovereign Elfin Queen,” proceeded to set his arts in motion, and soon left his shackles empty and made his escape “out of caitiffs’ hands”—that is, apparently, the hands of the hostile, and to him, therefore, evil, persons who were appointed as his guards. Una is now out of his reach; but he is still resolutely bent to work what mischief he may to the Redcross Knight. Of this, however, after a time he gives up hope, at least for the present. But not to be idle, he casts about for a new object on which to exercise his malignity—and while walking along in this mood he encounters,

Fair marching underneath a shady hill,  
A goodly knight, all armed in harness meet,  
That from his head no place appeared to his feet.  
His carriage was full comely and upright;  
His countenance demure and temperate;  
But yet so stern and terrible in sight,  
That cheered his friends, and did his foes amate:  
He was an Elfin born, of noble state  
And mickle worship in his native land;  
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,  
And knighthood took of good Sir Huon's hand,  
When with king Oberon he came to Fairy Land.  
Him als accompanied upon the way  
A comely palmer, clad in black attire,  
Of ripest years, and hairs all hoary gray,  
That with a staff his feeble steps did stire,<sup>t</sup>

<sup>s</sup> Daunt.

<sup>t</sup> Stir, move.

Lest his long way his aged limbs should tire :  
 And, if by looks one may the mind aread,  
 He seemed to be a sage and sober sire ;  
 And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,  
 Who taught his trampling steed with equal steps to  
 tread.

Archimago, immediately accosting the knight, implores him for a short space to stay his steed "for humble miser's [wretch's] sake ;" and then proceeds, all pale and trembling, to relate how he had just seen the foulest violence committed on a fair and honourable lady, whose squire he was, by a "lewd ribald," who, as well as the lady, was still not a great way off. Instantly rushing under the guidance of the crafty magician to find the ravisher, the knight comes upon the place where the lady sits alone,

With garments rent, and hair dishevelled,  
 Wringing her hands, and making piteous moan.

After much show of sorrow and shame she informs him that the wanton knight's name she does not know—she can only describe his appearance :—

" Certes," said she, " I wot not how he hight,  
 But under him a grey steed he did wield,  
 Whose sides with dappled circles weren dight :  
 Upright he rode, and in his silver shield  
 He bore a bloody cross, that quartered all the field."

To Guyon, for it is he upon whom Archimago has chanced, this coat-of-arms at once points out who he is :—

" Now by my head," said Guyon, " much I muse,  
 How that same knight should do so foul amiss,  
 Or ever gentle damsel so abuse :  
 For may I boldly say, he surely is  
 A right good knight, and true of word ywis :  
 I present was, and can it witness well,  
 When arms he swore, and straight did enterprise

---

" Certainly.

The adventure of the Errant Damosel ;  
In which he hath great glory won, as I hear tell."

Nevertheless, Guyon goes on to declare, this Redcross champion shall speedily have another opportunity of showing his valour ; and therefore the lady may cease to make herself unhappy, and solace her grief with the hope and assurance of vengeance. The lady, as the reader has anticipated, is no injured virgin, but Archimago's old confederate, the false Duessa, whom he had found wandering naked in the waste wilderness, and lurking among rocks and in subterranean caverns ; and who had been by him thus redecked in the semblance of beauty ;

For all he did was to deceive good knights,  
And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame  
To slug<sup>v</sup> in sloth and sensual delights,  
And end their days with irrenowmed shame.

He now proceeds to conduct the lady's deliverer to where her ravisher is :—

So now he Guyon guides an uncouth way  
Through woods and mountains, till they came at last  
Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay  
Betwixt two hills, whose high heads, overplaced,  
The valley did with cool shade overcast :  
Through midst thereof a little river rolled,  
By which there sate a knight with helm unlaced,  
Himself refreshing with the liquid cold,  
After his travel long and labours manifold.

Guyon at once prepares to rush upon him, and the other also without loss of time puts his spear in rest. But no harm ensues : Guyon stops and lowers his spear at sight of the cross on his opponent's shield, begging forgiveness of heaven for his heedless hardiment in directing his weapon against that holy emblem ; the Redcross Knight takes the blame on himself for his thoughtlessness in having been about to strike the fair image of the heavenly

<sup>v</sup> To live as sluggards.

mind that decked Sir Guyon's shield ; and, the false squire having in the mean time slunk off and vanished, both see the delusion that has been played upon them. The palmer having then come up, and spoken a few words, the Redcross Knight wishes Sir Guyon the same success in his new adventure as he had himself had in that just accomplished :—

So courteous congé both did give and take,  
 With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.  
 Then Guyon forward gan his voyage make  
 With his black palmer, that him guided still :  
 Still he him guided over dale and hill,  
 And with his steady staff did point his way ;  
 His race with reason, and with words his will,  
 From foul intemperance he oft did stay,  
 And suffered not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

In this manner they travel together for a long time, in the course of which the knight gains honour in “many hard essays.” At last, as they are passing along by a forest side, for shelter from the sun, they hear the voice of a woman lamenting and shrieking :—

“ But if that careless heavens,” quoth she, “ despise  
 The doom of just revenge, and take delight  
 To see sad pageants of men's miseries,  
 As bound by them to live in lives' despite ;  
 Yet can they not warn Death from wretched wight.  
 Come, then ; come soon ; come, sweetest Death, to me,  
 And take away this long-lent loathed light :  
 Sharp be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines be  
 That long captived souls from weary thraldom free.”

From the rest of her lament it appears that she has a babe with her, and that its father has been recently slain. Guyon, dismounting, rushes forward to the thick, or thicket, where she lies ; but before he can come up to her she has thrust a knife into her bosom, and

\_\_\_\_\_ made a grisly wound,  
 From which forth gushed a stream of gore-blood thick,  
 That all her goodly garments stained around,  
 And into a deep sanguine dyed the grassy ground.

Pitiful spectacle of deadly smart,  
 Beside a bubbling fountain low she lay,  
 Which she increased with her bleeding heart,  
 And the clean waves with purple gore did ray :  
 Als in her lap a lovely babe did play  
 His cruel sport, instead of sorrow due ;  
 For in her streaming blood he did embay  
 His little hands, and tender joints embrue :  
 Pitiful spectacle, as ever eye did view !

Besides them both, upon the soiled grass  
 The dead corsे of an armed knight was spread,  
 Whose armour all with blood besprinkled was ;  
 His ruddy lips did smile, and rosy red  
 Did paint his cheerful cheeks, yet being dead ;  
 Seemed to have been a goodly personage,  
 Now in his freshest flower of lustihead,  
 Fit to inflame fair lady with love's rage,  
 But that fierce fate did crop the blossom of his age.

When Sir Guyon beheld this sight, “ his heart gan wax as stark as marble stone.” Plucking forth the knife, he stops the flow of blood with his garment, and at last the lady recovers so far as to be able to tell him part of her story before she breathes her last. This dead corpse, she begins,—

“ The gentlest knight that ever on green grass  
 Gay steed with spurs did prick, the good Sir Mordant,  
 was.”

Leaving her in pursuit of adventures, he had fallen into the hands of the false enchantress Acrasia, whose dwelling is within “ a wandering island ” called the Bower of Bliss ; and, “ for he was flesh (all flesh doth frailty breed) ” by her had been beguiled to ill ; hearing which she, his true lady love, had wrapped herself “ in palmer's weed,” and set out in search of him. On her way, all alone as she was, she had been forced to call Lucina to her aid :—

---

“ Discolour.

“ Lucina came : a man-child forth I brought ;  
 The woods, the nymphs, my bowers,\* my midwives were ;  
 Hard help at need !”

At last she found her knight, but so transformed in mind and nature by the witch’s spells that he knew neither her nor his own degradation. By “ wise handling and fair governance,” however, she at last restored him to a better will :—

“ Which when the vile enchanteress perceived,  
 How that my lord from her I would reprieve,  
 With cup thus charmed him parting she deceived ;  
 ‘ Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,  
 And loss of love to her that loves to live,  
 So soon as Bacchus with the Nymph does link !’  
 So parted we, and on our journey drive ;  
 Till, coming to this well, he stopt to drink :  
 The charm fulfill’d, dead suddenly he down did sink.

“ Which when I, wretch”—Not one word more she said,  
 But breaking off the end for want of breath,  
 And sliding soft, as down to sleep her laid,  
 And ended all her woe in quiet death.

Guyon is greatly shocked ; but he and his friend the palmer are of one mind as to what must be done.

“ Palmer,” quoth he, “ death is an equal doom  
 To good and bad, the common inn of rest ;  
 But after death the trial is to come,  
 When best shall be to them that lived best :  
 But both alike, when death hath both supprest,  
 Religious reverence doth burial teen ;<sup>y</sup>  
 Which whoso wants, wants so much of his rest :  
 For all so great shame after death I ween,  
 As self to dyen bad, unburied bad to been.”

So both agree their bodies to engrave :<sup>x</sup>  
 The great earth’s womb they open to the sky,

<sup>x</sup> My chamber.

<sup>y</sup> This is commonly interpreted “ Religious reverence prompts to burial for both alike ;” but perhaps it rather means, “ Religious reverence doeth sad burial to both alike.”

<sup>z</sup> Inter.

And with sad cypress seemly it embrace;<sup>a</sup>  
 Then, covering with a clod their closed eye,  
 They lay therein their corses tenderly,  
 And bid them sleep in everlasting peace.  
 But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,  
 Sir Guyon more affection to increase,  
 Bynempt <sup>b</sup> a sacred vow, which none should aye release.

The dead knight's sword out of his sheath he drew,  
 With which he cut a lock of all their hair,  
 Which medling<sup>c</sup> with their blood and earth he threw  
 Into the grave, and gan devoutly swear ;  
 " Such and such evil God on Guyon rear,  
 And worse and worse, young orphan, be thy pain,  
 If I, or thou, due vengeance do forbear,  
 Till guilty blood her guerdon do obtain !"—  
 So, shedding many tears, they closed the earth again.

Canto II. (46 stanzas).—Guyon, having taken up in his arms the smiling infant, utters a few pitying words :—

Then, soft himself inclining on his knee  
 Down to that well, did in the water ween  
 (So love does loath disdainful nicety)  
 His guilty hands from bloody gore to clean :  
 He washed them oft and oft, yet nought they been  
 For all his washing cleaner: still he strove ;  
 Yet still the little hands were bloody seen :  
 The which him into great amazement drove,  
 And into divers doubt his wavering wonder clove.

The wise palmer explains to him that the nymph of this well, flying from the pursuit of Faunus, had on her prayer to Diana been changed into the stone, still bearing the shape of a maid, from which the waters flow ; and that they so retain her purity that they will not mingle with nor take the stain of anything foul. He advises that the babe's hands be allowed to remain bloody as they are, in token of its mother's fate and innocence. Guyon on this gives the child to the palmer, and, taking up the dead knight's bloody armour, proceeds to look for his horse, but is much amazed to find it gone. So there is nothing for him but to trudge along on foot with

<sup>a</sup> Adorn.

<sup>b</sup> Took.

<sup>c</sup> Mixing.

his double load. At last they come to an ancient castle built on a rock close to the sea.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,  
The children of one sire by mothers three ;  
Who, dying whilome, did divide this fort  
To them by equal shares in equal fee :  
But strifeful mind and divers quality  
Drew them in parts, and each made other's foe :  
Still did they strive and daily disagree ;  
The eldest did against the youngest go,  
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

Where when the knight arrived, he was right well  
Receiv'd, as knight of so much worth became,  
Of second sister, who did far excel  
The other two ; Medina was her name,  
A sober, sad, and comely courteous dame :  
Who, rich arrayed, and yet in modest guise,  
In goodly garments that her well became,  
Fair marching forth in honourable wise,  
Him at the threshold met and well did enterprise.

She led him up into a goodly bower,  
And comely courted with meet modesty ;  
Ne in her speech, ne in her haviour,  
Was lightness seen or looser vanity,  
But gracious womanhood, and gravity,  
Above the reason of her youthful years :  
Her golden locks she roundly did up  
In braided trammels, that no looser hairs  
Did out of order stray about her dainty ears.

This second sister is called Medina, or Golden Mean ; the others, the Two Extremities ; the eldest, Elissa ; the youngest Perissa. They are at present each with her knight ; the suitor of the eldest being Sir Huddibras, "an hardy man," but "more huge in strength than wise in works," and "all armed in shining brass ;" that of the younger, our old acquaintance Sansloy, "he that fair Una late foul outraged." The two knights bear deadly envy and hate to one another ; but yet, as soon as they hear of the arrival of the stranger, they make haste to offer him battle. Meanwhile, however, they

fall to quarrelling between themselves, and make such a thundering commotion that all who dwell in the house are called to the spot, and among the rest Guyon, who, instantly binding his " sunbroad shield " about his wrist, and unsheathing his shining blade, runs up to learn the cause of their strife.

But they, him spying, both with greedy force  
 At once upon him ran, and him beset  
 With strokes of mortal steel without remorse,  
 And on his shield like iron sledges bet.  
 As, when a bear and tiger, being met  
 In cruel fight on Lybic ocean wide,  
 Espy a traveller with feet surbet,<sup>d</sup>  
 Whom they in equal prey hope to divide,  
 They stint their strife and him assail on every side.

Guyon beats them off, but still, whenever he renews his attempt to part them, they fall upon him again together :—

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,  
 Whom raging winds, threatening to make the prey  
 Of the rough rocks, do diversly disease,  
 Meets two contrary billows by the way,  
 That her on either side do sore essay,  
 And boast to swallow her in greedy grave ;  
 She, scorning both their spites, does make wide way,  
 And, with her breast breaking the foamy wave,  
 Does ride on both their backs, and fair herself doth save :  
 So boldly he him bears, and rusheth forth  
 Between them both, by conduct of his blade.  
 Wondrous great prowess and heroic worth  
 He shewed that day, and rare ensample made,  
 When two so mighty warriors he dismaded :  
 At once he wards and strikes ; he takes and pays ;  
 Now forced to yield, now forcing to invade ;  
 Before, behind, and round about him lays :  
 So double was his pains, so double be his praise.  
 Strange sort of fight, three valiant knights to see  
 Three combats join in one, and to darrain<sup>e</sup>

<sup>d</sup> Wearied.

<sup>e</sup> Wage.

A triple war with triple enmity,  
All for their ladies' froward love to gain;  
Which, gotten, was but hate. So Love does reign  
In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous war;  
He maketh war, he maketh peace again,  
And yet his peace is but continual jar:  
O miserable men, that to him subject are!

Whilst they are thus furiously intermingled, "the fair Medina, with her tresses torn," runs among them, and, falling down before them, beseeches them

— by the womb which had them borne,  
And by the loves which were to them most dear,  
And by the knighthood which they sure had sworne,

to forbear; her efforts are frustrated for a time by the loud and vehement opposition of her two sisters, but at last her gracious words produce some effect, and she prevails upon the combatants, after they have laid down their weapons, to repair to her lodging, there to have terms of peace arranged and established. The two froward sisters come with the rest, and do their best to feign such cheer "as for the time behoves," yet cannot altogether repress their real natures. Elissa inwardly despises the entertainment as base and scanty, and will scarcely either eat or speak; young Perissa, on the contrary, is all full of laughter and loose disport;

No measure in her mood, no rule of right,  
But poured out in pleasure and delight:  
In wine and meats she flowed above the bank,  
And in excess exceeded her own might;  
In sumptuous tire she joyed herself to prank;  
But, of her love too lavish, little have she thank!

The fair Medina, taking her seat between them, has an arduous post, while she plies all her efforts to keep them in order. When the feast is ended she beseeches Guyon to tell them whence he has come and whither he is bound; on which he relates in a long speech that the great Queen of Fairy Land—the "most glorious virgin Queen alive"—having bestowed on him her renowned

Order of Maidenhead, had, on the appearance of t  
old palmer, by whom he is attended, at the solemn fe  
she is wont to hold every first day of the year, and I  
complaint of the mischief done by a wicked fay, deign  
to employ him, unworthy as he was, to go forth a  
redress the evil. It is three months since he has l  
her royal presence ; and his resolution is to rest nowhe  
in house nor hold till he has conquered that false Acras  
of whose foul deeds the little child he has with him is  
wretched witness. He then tells the story of the infant  
and its unhappy parents, Mordant and Amavia.

Night was far spent; and now in ocean deep  
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,  
His flaming head did hasten for to steep,  
When of his piteous tale he end did make ;  
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake  
Those guests beguiled did beguile their eyes  
Of kindly sleep, that did them overtak.  
At last, when they had marked the changed skies,  
They wist their hour was spent; then each to rest h  
hies.

Canto III. (46 stanzas).—On the morrow, as soon :  
— Titan, playing on the eastern streams,  
Gan clear the dewy air with springing light,

Guyon takes his departure, leaving “ the bloody-hand  
babe ” to the care of Medina, with a recommendati  
that he should be called Ruddymane, and thereby taug  
or incited when he grew up to avenge his paren  
slaughter. The story now returns to the knight’s go  
steed, which, while he ran to assist Amavia, had  
appears been seized, along with his spear left besi  
it, by a losel, or loose fellow, Braggadoccio, who chanc  
to be wandering by the way ;

One that to bounty never cast his mind,  
Ne thought of honour ever did essay  
His baser breast, but in his kestrel <sup>1</sup> kind  
A pleasing vein of glory he did find,

---

<sup>1</sup>A hawk of base breed.

To which his flowing tongue and troublous sprite  
Gave him great aid, and made him more inclined.

infated with his acquisition, Braggadoccio as he rides along sees "one sitting idle on a sunny bank," upon which he immediately advances in hostile fashion; and when the man roars out "Mercy!" he compels him with some thundering words to yield himself his captive, and, after kissing his stirrup, to follow him as his liegeman and thrall. Trompart, however, who was wily-witted and grown old in cunning and knavery, soon perceives that a fool he has got for a master. But meanwhile they hold on their way together harmoniously enough, till at length they are met by old Archimago, who, struck by Braggadoccio's gallant appearance, immediately conceives him to be the fit man for avenging him on Guyon and the Knight of the Redcross. He is somewhat surprised to see that he has got no sword; but Trompart, to whom he whispers his inquiries, explains that circumstance, by telling him that his master has lost his weapon in a great adventure, and has sworn never to wear another till he shall have taken vengeance for such despite; adding that it does not matter—"that spear is him enough to done a thousand groan." Braggadoccio at once undertakes the adventure proposed by the magician, scouting his earnest exhortation that he should first provide himself with complete armour.

"Dotard," said he, "let be thy deep advise;  
Seems that through many years thy wits thee fail,  
And that weak eld hath left thee nothing wise,  
Else never should thy judgment be so frail  
To measure manhood by the sword or mail.  
Is not enough four quarters of a man,  
Withouten sword or shield, an host to quail?  
Thou little wottest what this right-hand can:  
Speak they, which have beheld the battles which it  
wan."

Archimago, nevertheless, still argues the point; till, in the end, to cut matters short, Braggadoccio declares that, having once overcome seven knights with his single

sword, he had on that memorable occasion made a vow never again to use in battle a weapon of the sort unless it were that of the noblest knight on earth. That being the case, Archimago answers, there will be no difficulty; the noblest knight now alive is Prince Arthur of Fairy Land; "he hath a sword that flames like burning brand;" and that same shall by to-morrow be by Braggadoccio's side. "At which bold word," we are told,

— that boaster gan to quake,  
And wondered in his mind what mote that monster  
make;—

that is, apparently, what might bring about that miracle. And then comes the following splendid passage:—

He stayed not for more bidding, but away  
Was sudden vanished out of his sight:  
The northern wind his wings did broad display  
At his command, and reared him up light  
From off the earth to take his airy flight.  
They looked about, but no where could espy  
Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright  
They both nigh were, and each bade other fly:  
Both fled at once, ne ever back returned eye;

Till that they come unto a forest green,  
In which they shroud themselves from causeless fear;  
Yet fear them follows still, whereso they been:  
Each trembling leaf and whistling wind they hear  
As ghastly bugs does greatly them afeare:  
Yet both do strive their fearfulness to feign.<sup>h</sup>  
At last they heard a horn that shrilled clear  
Throughout the wood that echoed again,  
And made the forest ring, as it would rive in twain.

Eft<sup>i</sup> through the thick they heard one rudely rush;  
With noise whereof he from his lofty steed  
Down fell to ground, and crept into a bush,  
To hide his coward head from dying dread.

<sup>i</sup> Bugbear.

<sup>h</sup> Conceal.

<sup>j</sup> Soon.

But Trompart stoutly stayed to taken heed  
 Of what might hap. Eftsoon there stepped forth  
 A goodly lady clad in hunter's weed,  
 That seemed to be a woman of great worth,  
 And by her stately portance<sup>i</sup> born of heavenly birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,  
 But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,  
 Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,  
 Through goodly mixture of complexions due ;  
 And in her cheeks the vermeil red did shew  
 Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,  
 The which ambrosial odours from them threw,  
 And gazer's sense with double pleasure fed,  
 Able to heal the sick and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,  
 Kindled above at the heavenly Maker's light,  
 And darted fiery beams out of the same,  
 So passing persant and so wondrous bright  
 That quite bereaved the rash beholder's sight :  
 In them the blinded god his lustful fire  
 To kindle oft essayed, but had no might ;  
 For, with dread majesty and awful ire,  
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Her ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,  
 Like a broad table did itself disspread,  
 For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave,  
 And write the battles of his great godhead :  
 All good and honour might therein be read :  
 For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,  
 Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed ;  
 And twixt the pearls and rubins<sup>k</sup> softly break  
 A silver sound, that heavenly music seemed to make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,  
 Under the shadow of her even brows,  
 Working belgardes<sup>l</sup> and amorous retrace ;<sup>m</sup>  
 And every one her with a grace endows,  
 And every one with meekness to her bows :

<sup>j</sup> Carriage.

<sup>k</sup> Rubies.

<sup>l</sup> Beautiful looks.

<sup>m</sup> Aspect.

So glorious mirror of celestial grace,  
And sovereign monument of mortal vows,  
How shall frail pen desriue<sup>a</sup> her heavenly face,  
For fear, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

So fair, and thousand thousand times more fair,  
She seemed, when she presented was to sight;  
And was yclad, for heat of scorching air,  
All in a silken camus<sup>o</sup> lily white,  
Purfled<sup>p</sup> upon with many a folded plight,<sup>q</sup>  
Which all above besprinkled was throughout  
With golden aigulets, that glistred bright,  
Like twinkling stars; and all the skirt about  
Was hemmed with golden fringe.

Below her ham her weed<sup>r</sup> did somewhat train.  
And her straight legs most bravely were embailed<sup>s</sup>  
In gilden<sup>t</sup> buskins of costly cordwain,<sup>v</sup>  
All barred with golden bends, which were entailed<sup>w</sup>  
With curious anticks,<sup>x</sup> and full fair aumailed.  
Before they fastened were under her knee  
In a rich jewel, and therein entrailed<sup>y</sup>  
The ends of all the knots, that none might see  
How they within their foldings close enwrapped be:

Like two fair marble pillars they were seen,  
Which do the temple of the gods support,  
Whom all the people deck with girlands<sup>z</sup> green,  
And honour in their festival resort;  
Those same with stately grace and princely port  
She taught to tread, when she herself would grace;  
But with the woody nymphs when she did sport,<sup>\*</sup>  
Or when the flying libbard<sup>b</sup> she did chase,  
She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

And in her hand a sharp boar-spear she held,  
And at her back a bow and quiver gay,

<sup>n</sup> Describe.

<sup>o</sup> Thin gown.

<sup>p</sup> Gathered. <sup>q</sup> Plait. <sup>r</sup> Dress. <sup>s</sup> Hang.

<sup>t</sup> Enclaved. <sup>u</sup> Gilded. <sup>v</sup> Spanish leather.

<sup>w</sup> Engrossed, marked. <sup>x</sup> Figures. <sup>y</sup> Enamelled.

<sup>z</sup> Interwoven. <sup>^</sup> Garlands.

<sup>\*</sup> Misprinted "play" in all the editions. <sup>b</sup> Leopard.

Stuffed with steel-headed darts wherewith she quelled  
 The savage beasts in her victorious play,  
 Knit with a golden baldric which forelay  
 Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide  
 Her dainty paps; which, like young fruit in May,  
 Now little gan to swell, and, being tied,  
 Through her thin weed their places only signified.

Her yellow locks, crisped like golden wire,  
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,  
 And, when the wind amongst them did inspire,  
 They waved like a pennon wide disspread,  
 And low behind her back were scattered:  
 And, whether art it were or heedless hap,  
 As through the flowering forest rash she fled,  
 In her rude hairs sweet flowers themselves did lap,  
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore  
 Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus green,  
 Where all the nymphs have her unwares forlore,<sup>c</sup>  
 Wandereth alone with bow and arrows keen,  
 To seek her game; or as that famous queen  
 Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,  
 The day that first of Priam she was seen,  
 Did show herself in great triumphant joy,  
 To succour the weak state of sad afflicted Troy.

She has nearly sent her lance into the bush where Braggadoccio lies crouching and concealed, when her hand is stayed by the entreaty of Trompart, himself also not a little frightened. The vaunting dastard comes forth shaking his crest, like a fowl prunning its wings on issuing from its concealment after the hawk has soared out of sight; and a dialogue takes place between him and the lady. To his inquiry why she was left the court, the haunt and happy home of all delights, to range in the wild forest, Belphoebe, for that is her name, answers in these noble words:—

“ **Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,**  
 Who seeks with painful toil, shall Honour soonest find:

---

<sup>c</sup> Forsaken.

In woods, in waves, in wars, she wonts to dwell,  
 And will be found with peril and with pain ;  
 Ne can the man, that moulds in idle cell,  
 Unto her happy mansion attain :  
 Before her gate High God did Sweat ordain,  
 And wakeful Watches ever to abide :  
 But easy is the way and passage plain  
 To Pleasure's palace ; it may soon be spied,  
 And day and night her doors to all stand open wide."

She is proceeding, when Braggadoccio, inflamed by her beauty and sweet words, suddenly advances to fold her in his arms ; but she repels him with her javelin bright, and, turning her about, is soon beyond his reach. Trompart advises that she be let alone ; who can tell but that she is some power celestial ?—

“ For, whiles she spake, her great words did appal  
 My feeble courage, and my heart oppress,  
 That yet I quake and tremble over all.”  
 “ And I,” said Braggadoccio, “ thought no less,  
 When first I heard her horn sound with such ghastli-  
 ness.

For from my mother's womb this grace I have  
 Me given by eternal destiny,  
 That earthly thing may not my courage brave  
 Dismay with fear, or cause one foot to fly,  
 But either hellish fiends, or powers on high :  
 Which was the cause, when erst that horn I heard,  
 Weening it had been thunder in the sky,  
 I hid myself from it as one afeared ;  
 But, when I other knew, myself I boldly reared.  
 But now, for fear of worse that may betide,  
 Let us soon hence depart.” They soon agree :  
 So to his steed he got, and gan to ride  
 As one unfit therefore, that all might see  
 He had not trained been in chivalry ;  
 Which well that valiant courser did discern ;  
 For he despised to tread in due degree,  
 But chafed and foamed with courage fierce and stern,  
 And to be eased of that base burden still did earn.”<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Yearn.

Canto IV. (46 stanzas).—This Canto is occupied with the adventure of Guyon's deliverance of Phaon from Furor and his mother Occasion, which hardly admits of abridgment. The allegory is very ingenious and complete, and the description, as usual, lively and expressive ; but it contains few passages that would be effective separated from the context. The generally unornamented character of the writing is no doubt designed by way of repose and variety after the brilliancy of the preceding Canto. Furor, or Wrath, is represented as a madman, of great strength ; his mother, Occasion, as an ugly, wrinkled old woman, lame of one leg, and supporting her feeble steps on a staff, with hoary locks hanging loose from the front of her head, but no hair behind. The son is found dragging a handsome stripling along the ground by the hair, and wounding him with incessant blows ; his mother all the while both encouraging and urging him on with her tongue, and also lending him stones, and sometimes her staff—" though it her one leg were"—the more effectively to maul his victim. Guyon overcomes the two at last, and rescues the unhappy youth, by acting upon the instructions of the Palmer, and first assailing the mother ; he catches hold of her by her front locks, and, having thrown her to the ground, quiets her by fastening her tongue with an iron lock. He then easily manages the son :—

With hundred iron chains he did him bind,  
And hundred knots, that did him sore constrain ;  
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grind  
And grimly gnash, threatening revenge in vain :  
His burning eyne, whom bloody streakes did stain,  
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire ;  
And, more for rank despite than for great pain,  
Shaked his long locks coloured like copper-wire,  
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

Phaon had murdered his true love Claribel, deceived by a stratagem of his false friend Philemon, who had made the unhappy man believe her unfaithful, by getting her handmaid Fryene to meet himself dressed in her mistress's clothes. After he has told his story,

Then gan the palmer thus : " Most wretched man,  
 That to Affections does the bridle lend !  
 In their beginning they are weak and wan,  
 But soon through sufferance grow to fearful end ;  
 Whiles they are weak, betimes with them contend  
 For, when they once to perfect strength do grow,  
 Strong wars they make, and cruel battery bend  
 Gaist fort of Reason, it to overthrow :  
 Wrath, Jealousy, Grief, Love this squire have laid thus  
 low.

Wrath, Jealousy, Grief, Love, do thus expel :  
 Wrath is a fire ; and Jealousy a weed :  
 Grief is a flood ; and Love a monster fell ;  
 The fire of sparks, the weed of little seed,  
 The flood of drops, the monster filth did breed :  
 But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay ;  
 The sparks soon quench, the springing seed outweed,  
 The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away :  
 So shall Wrath, Jealousy, Grief, Love die and decay."

One now comes running up, panting and breathless, bearing on his back a brazen shield, on which is, in the midst of a bloody field, flaming fire, with the motto, *Burnt I do burn* ; and in his hand two arrows dipped in poison. He announces that his lord, the renowned knight Pyrochles, brother of Cymochles, is at hand, and haughtily informs Guyon that he must immediately retire, or remain where he is at his peril. The two brothers are—

The sons of old Acrates and Despite :  
 Acrates, son of Phlegethon and Jar ;  
 But Phlegethon is son of Erebus and Night,  
 But Erebus son of Eternity is hight.

Pyrochles is now in quest of Occasion, " for he is all disposed to bloody fight."—

" Then lo ! where bound she sits whom thou hast sought,"  
 Said Guyon : " let that message to thy lord be brought."

The varlet, who has stated that his own name is Atin (or Strife), at this waxes more insolent and furious than

ever; but when he throws at Guyon one of his arrows, “headed with ire and vengeable despite,” the wary knight catches it on his shield; upon which Atin is off in a moment out of reach and out of sight.

Canto V. (38 stanzas).—Pyrochles is now seen advancing fast, clad in fiery armour, and mounted on a steed red as blood and foaming ire. He rushes upon Guyon without pause or word of warning; but the latter, with one dexterous stroke, smites off his horse’s head, and so compels him to fight on equal terms. The combat that ensues is a fierce one; but it ends by Guyon forcing his antagonist to bite the dust, and to confess himself conquered and captive. At the request of Pyrochles, however, he generously unbinds Occasion and her son, and gives them up to their friend. Occasion at once defies both Pyrochles and Guyon; then Furor insists upon fighting with the former; and, while Occasion vainly endeavours to excite Guyon to take part with her son, Pyrochles is at last so hard bested that he is forced to call to Guyon for help. The Palmer, however, dissuades him from interfering, and the two leave the scene to pursue their journey together. Meanwhile, Atin has gone to tell what has befallen Pyrochles to his brother Cymochles:—

He was a man of rare redoubted might,  
Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,  
And glorious spoils, purchased in perilous fight:  
Full many doughty knights he in his days  
Had done to death, subdued in equal frays;  
Whose carcases, for terror of his name,  
Of fowls and beasts he made the piteous preys,  
And hung their conquered arms for more defame  
On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest dame.

His dearest dame is that enchanteress,  
The vile Acrasia, that with vain delights,  
And idle pleasures, in her Bower of Bliss,  
Does charm her lovers, and the feeble sprites  
Can call out of the bodies of frail wights;  
Whom then she does transform to monstrous hues,  
And horribly misshapes with ugly sights,

Captived eternally in iron mews  
And darksome dens, where Titan his face never shews.

Here, in the Bower of Bliss, Atin finds Cymochles,  
surrounded by the companions and ministers of his ple-  
sures :—

And over him Art, striving to compare  
With Nature, did an arbour green dispread,  
Framed of wanton ivy, flowering fair,  
Through which the fragrant eglantine did spread  
His prickling arms, entrailed with roses red,  
Which dainty odours round about them threw :  
And all within with flowers was garnished,  
That, when mild Zephyrus amongst them blew,  
Did breathe out bounteous smells, and painted colours  
shew.

And fast beside there trickled softly down  
A gentle stream, whose murmuring wave did play  
Amongst the pumy stones, and made a soun,\*  
To lull him soft asleep that by it lay :  
The weary traveller, wandering that way,  
Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,  
And then by it his weary limbs display,  
(Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget  
His former pain,) and wiped away his toilsome sweat.

And on the other side a pleasant grove  
Was shot up high, full of the stately tree  
That dedicated is to Olympic Jove,  
And to his son Alcides, whenas he  
In Nemea gained goodly victory :  
Therein the merry birds of every sort  
Chanted aloud their cheerful harmony,  
And made amongst themselves a sweet consort,  
That quickened the dull sprite with musical comfort.

There he him found all carelessly displayed,  
In secret shadow from the sunny ray,  
On a sweet bed of lilies softly laid,  
Amidst a flock of damsels fresh and gay ;

• Sound.

And every of them strove with most delights  
 Him to aggredit,<sup>1</sup> and greatest pleasures shew :  
 Some framed fair looks, glancing like evening lights ;  
 Others sweet words, dropping like honey dew ;  
 Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrue  
 The sugared liquor through his melting lips.

. . . . .

Atin's sharp words, however, aided by a touch of his sharper dart, rouse Cymochles from his inglorious dream ; and quickly donning his warlike gear, and mounting his steed, he breaks away from all efforts to detain him, and proudly pricks forward on his courser strong, while

—Atin aye him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.

Canto VI. (51 stanzas).—Cymochles, on the information of Atin, believes that his brother has been slain by Guyon ; and, full of thoughts of revenge, he rides on till he comes to a river,—

— by whose utmost brim  
 Waiting to pass he saw whereas did swim  
 Along the shore, as swift as glance of eye,  
 A little gondelay, bedecked trim  
 With boughs and arbours woven cunningly,  
 That like a little forest seemed outwardly.

And therein sate a lady fresh and fair,  
 Making sweet solace to herself alone :  
 Sometimes she sung as loud as lark in air,  
 Sometimes she laughed, that nigh her breath was gone ;  
 Yet was there not with her else any one,  
 That to her might move cause of merriment :  
 Matter of mirth enough, though there were none,  
 She could devise ; and thousand ways invent  
 To feed her foolish humour and vain jolliment.

On being called by Cymochles to ferry him over, “the merry mariner” readily turns to the shore “her painted boat,” and takes in the knight, but no entreaties will persuade her to admit his companion :—

---

<sup>1</sup> Gratify.

---

Eftsoons her shallow ship away did slide,  
 More swift than swallow shears the liquid sky,  
 Withouten oar or pilot it to guide,  
 Or winged canvass with the wind to fly:  
 Only she turned a pin, and by and by  
 It cut away upon the yielding wave,  
 (Ne cared she her course for to apply,)§  
 For it was taught the way which she would have,  
 And both from rocks and flats itself could wisely save.

And all the way the wanton damsel found  
 New mirth her passenger to entertain;  
 For she in pleasant purpose did abound,  
 And greatly joyed merry tales to feign,  
 Of which a storehouse did with her remain;  
 Yet seemed nothing well they her became:  
 For all her words she drowned with laughter vain,  
 And wanted grace in uttering of the same,  
 That turned all her pleasance to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vain toys she would devise,  
 As her fantastick wit did most delight:  
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguise<sup>h</sup>  
 With gaudy girlands, or fresh flowerets dight  
 About her neck, or rings of rushes plight:  
 Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would essay  
 To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,  
 Or to behold the water work and play  
 About her little frigate, therein making way.

“ Her light behaviour and loose dalliance,” we are told,  
 “ gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,” so  
 that he soon lost all thought of his “ vowed revenge and  
 cruel fight:”—

So easy is to appease the stormy wind  
 Of malice in the calm of pleasant womankind.

She tells him that her name is Phaedria and that she is,  
 like himself, a servant of Acrasia:—

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§ Nor did she care to steer in any particular direction .

<sup>h</sup> Decorate, set off.

“ In this wide inland sea, that hight by name  
 The Idle Lake, my wandering ship I row,  
 That knows her port, and thither sails by aim,  
 Ne care ne fear I how the wind do blow,  
 Or whether swift I wend or whether slow :  
 Both slow and swift alike do serve my turn ;  
 Ne swelling Neptune ne loud thund’ring Jove  
 Can change my cheer, or make me ever mourn :  
 My little boat can safely pass this perilous bourn.”

Thus talking and toying, they come to an island floating  
 in the midst of that great lake ; there the gondola puts  
 into port, and stepping ashore they walk forward toge-  
 ther :—

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,  
 Amongst wide waves set, like a little nest,  
 As if it had by Nature’s cunning hand  
 Been choicely picked out from all the rest,  
 And laid forth for ensample of the best :  
 No dainty flower or herb that grows on ground,  
 No arbor<sup>1</sup> with painted blossoms drest  
 And smelling sweet, but there it might be found  
 To bud out fair, and her sweet smells throw all around.  
 No tree, whose branches did not bravely spring ;  
 No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit :  
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing ;  
 No song, but did contain a lovely ditt<sup>j</sup>.

She leads him into a shady dale, and, laying herself  
 down beside him on the grass, takes his unhelmeted  
 head in her lap, and, while he sinks into slumber, charms  
 him with this sweet love-lay :—

“ Behold, O man, that toilsome pains dost take,  
 The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasant grows,  
 How they themselves do thine ensample make,  
 Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throws  
 Out of her fruitful lap : how, no man knows,  
 They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and fair,  
 And deck the world with their rich pompous shows ;

<sup>i</sup> Shrub.

<sup>j</sup> Ditty.

Yet no man for them taketh pains or care,  
Yet no man to them can his careful pains compare.

The lily, lady of the flowering field,  
The flower-de-luce, her lovely paramour,  
Bid thee to them thy fruitless labours yield,  
And soon leave off this toilsome weary stour.<sup>1</sup>  
Lo! lo, how brave she decks her bounteous bower,  
With silken curtains and gold coverlets,  
Therein to shroud her sumptuous belamour!  
Yet neither spins nor cards, ne cares nor frets,  
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets."

Why then should man, the lord of all these things, the sovereign of nature, wilfully make himself a wretched thrall, and waste his life in searching after toils and dangers? "What boots it all to have, and nothing use?"

By this she had him lulled fast asleep,  
That of no worldly thing he care did take:  
Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steep,  
That nothing should him hastily awake.  
So she him left, and did herself betake  
Unto her boat again, with which she cleft  
The slothful wave of that great greasy lake:  
Soon she that island far behind her left,  
And now is come to that same place where first she weft.<sup>1</sup>

By this time Guyon has come to the other side of the strand; as soon as he calls her to ferry him over, she comes to him, as she did to Cymochles, and takes him on board; but she will no more admit the Palmer than she would Atin. Guyon, rather than leave his guide behind, would have himself returned to the land, but the bark instantly darts forward—

Through the dull billows, thick as troubled mire.

The lady's free demeanour does not take with him so well as it did with Cymochles; but he too, though but half-pleased, steps ashore with her upon the beautiful isle; where

<sup>1</sup> Stir.

<sup>1</sup> Spread her sail.

— all, though pleasant, yet she made much more ;  
 The fields did laugh, the flowers did freshly spring,  
 The trees did bud, and early blossoms bore ;  
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,  
 And told that garden's pleasures in their carolling.

And she, more sweet than any bird on bough,  
 Would oftentimes amongst them bear a part,  
 And strive to pass (as she could well know)  
 Their native music by her skilful art.

The wise and wary knight, nevertheless, though not so churlish as to refuse all return to the courtesies of the gentle lady, keeps watch over his heart, and takes care that her winning ways find no entrance there. Suddenly, however, while still walking together, they are met by Cymochles, awakened “out of his idle dream.” Enfuriated by the sight of “that lady debonair” in the company of another, he instantly attacks Sir Guyon ; a quarter of that knight’s shield is shorn away, and the other’s plumed crest is cloven in twain ; but in the storm of blows Phaedria runs between them, and, throwing herself at their feet, implores them to cease in a passionate appeal. Strife and contention, she cries, are the shame of knighthood ; peace and amours were ever the chief commendation as well as joy of the mighty ancient heroes and gods :—

“ Of love they ever greater glory bore  
 Then of their arms : Mars is Cupido’s friend,  
 And is for Venus’ loves renommed more  
 Than all his wars and spoils, the which he did of yore.”

“ Therewith,” it is added, “ she sweetly smiled ;” and they, angry as they had been, relented and became calm :—

Such power have pleasing words ; such is the might  
 Of courteous clemency in gentle heart.

The lady now, seeing he is not for her purpose, willingly suffers Guyon to depart, and ferries him to the land. Here Atin is still standing where he had been left by his master ; but a few railing words and a menacing shake

of his dart are all the demonstration he ventures to make, and the knight, with strong reason mastering passion frail, passes fairly forth. Soon after Atin sees far off a knight in armour coming running up—“breathless, heartless, faint, and wan”—and making with all haste or the Idle Flood:—

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came  
 How without stop or stay he fiercely leapt,  
 And deep himself beducked in the same,  
 That in the lake his lofty crest was steept,  
 Ne of his safety seemed care he kept;  
 But with his raging arms he rudely flashed  
 The waves about, and all his armour swept,  
 That all the blood and filth away was washed;  
 Yet still he beat the water, and the billows dashed.

This proves to be Pyrochles; he can only roar, “I burn, I burn, I burn!—

“ Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming side,  
 Nor sea of liquor cold, nor lake of mire;  
 Nothing but death can do me to respire.”

Atin leaps into the lake to his assistance; but he knew not the nature of that sea;—

The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,  
 Engrossed with mud which did them foul agrise,<sup>m</sup>  
 That every weighty thing they did upbear,  
 Ne ought mote ever sink down to the bottom there.

While the two are thus struggling in the idle wave, up comes Archimago, attracted by the noise, in the guise of a hoary-headed old man, carrying a sword in his hand; and he speedily, with balms and herbs and his mighty spells, heals the wounds of his good friend Pyrochles, received in his last struggle with Furor, “that cursed man, that cruel fiend of hell.”

Canto VII. (66 stanzas).—Guyon, meanwhile travelling on alone, for his friend and guide the Palmer has been left on the other side of the Idle Lake, passes

<sup>m</sup> Make terrible.

through a desert wilderness without for some time meeting with any adventure, till he comes at length to “a gloomy glade, covered with boughs and shrubs from heaven’s light,” and there he finds cowering in the shade the most withered and uncouth-looking of old men:—

His face with smoke was tanned, and eyes were bleared,  
 His head and beard with soot were ill bedight,  
 His coal-black hands did seem to have been seared  
 In smith’s fire-spitting forge, and nails like claws  
 appeared.

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,  
 Was underneath enveloped with gold;  
 Whose glistening gloss, darkened with filthy dust,  
 Well yet appeared to have been of old  
 A work of rich entale<sup>n</sup> and curious mould,  
 Woven with anticks and wild imagery:  
 And in his lap a mass of coin he told,  
 And turned upside down, to feed his eye  
 And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay on every side  
 Great heaps of gold that never could be spent;  
 Of which some were rude ore, not purified  
 Of Mulciber’s devouring element;  
 Some others were new driven, and distent  
 Into great ingos and to wedges square;  
 Some in round plates withouten moniment:  
 But most were stamped, and in their metal bare  
 The antique shapes of kings and Cesars strong and rare.

As soon as he sees Guyon he rises and runs to hide his treasures in the earth; but the knight, “lightly to him leaping,” stays his hand. They then enter into talk. To Guyon’s question of what he is, the other, “with staring eyes fixed askance,” answers in great disdain:—

“ God of the world and wordlings I me call,  
 Great Mammon, greatest god below the sky,  
 That of my plenty pour out unto all,  
 And unto none my graces do envy:  
 Riches, renown, and principality,

---

<sup>n</sup> Ornament.

Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,  
 For which men swink<sup>o</sup> and sweat incessantly,  
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,  
 And in the hollow earth have their eternal brood."

If the knight will consent to serve him, all these mountains of wealth that he sees, and ten times as much more, shall be at his command. "No," replies Guyon:—

" Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend  
 And low abase the high heroic sprite,  
 That joys for crowns and kingdoms to contend :  
 Fair shields, gay steeds, bright arms, be my delight;  
 Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight."

"Vain-glorious elf," said he, "dost not thou weet,  
 That money can thy wants at will supply ?  
 Shields, steeds, and arms, and all things for thee meet,  
 It can purvey in twinkling of an eye ;  
 And crowns and kingdoms to thee multiply.  
 Do not I kings create, and throw the crown  
 Sometimes to him that low in dust doth lie,  
 And him that reigned into his room thrust down ;  
 And whom I lust do heap with glory and renown ?"

All otherwise, rejoins the knight, do I deem of riches ;  
 "infinite mischiefs of them do arise :"—

" Ne thine be kingdoms, ne the sceptres thine ;  
 But realms and rulers thou dost both confound,  
 And loyal truth to treason dost incline :  
 Witness the guiltless blood poured oft on ground ;  
 The crowned often slain ; the slayer crowned ;  
 The sacred diadem in pieces rent ;  
 And purple robe gored with many a wound :  
 Castles surprised ; great cities sacked and brent :  
 So mak'st thou kings, and gainest wrongful government."

If men would only think how small an allowance suffices for "untroubled nature," they would despise the superfluities which wealth procures :—

---

° Labour.

“ The antique world, in his first flowering youth,  
 Found no defect in his Creator’s grace ;  
 But with glad thanks, and unreproved truth,  
 The gifts of sovereign bounty did embrace :  
 Like angels’ life was then men’s happy case :  
 But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,  
 Abused her plenty and fat-swoll’n increase  
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed  
 The measure of her mean and natural first need.”

This reasoning, however, is received with great contempt by Mammon, who, telling him to

“ —— leave the rudeness of that antique age  
 To them that lived therein in state forlorn,”

proposes, by way of converting him to more sensible views, to conduct him to the secret place where he has his residence and keeps his treasures. And now the poet puts forth all his strength :—

————— So by and by  
 Through that thick covert he him led, and found  
 A darksome way, which no man could descry,  
 That deep descended through the hollow ground,  
 And was with dread and horror compassed around.

At length they came into a larger space,  
 That stretched itself into an ample plain ;  
 Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,<sup>p</sup>  
 That straight did lead to Pluto’s grisly reign ;  
 By that wayside there sate infernal Pain,  
 And fast beside him sate tumultuous Strife ;  
 The one in hand an iron whip did strain,  
 The other brandished a bloody knife ;  
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On the other side in one consort there sate  
 Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,  
 Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate ;  
 But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight  
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite ;  
 And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,  
 And found no place where safe he shroud him might :

Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie ;  
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

And over them sad Horror with grim hue  
Did always soar, beating his iron wings ;  
And after him owls and night-ravens flew,  
The hateful messengers of heavy things,  
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings ;  
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clift,  
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,  
That heart of flint asunder could have rift ;  
Which having ended after him she fieth swift.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay ;  
By whom they passing spake unto them nought.  
But the Elfin knight with wonder all the way  
Did feed his eyes, and filled his inner thought.  
At last him to a little door he brought,  
That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,  
Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought :  
Betwixt them both was but a little stride,  
That did the House of Richess from Hell-mouth divide.

Before the door sate self-consuming Care,  
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,  
For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware  
Break in, and spoil the treasure there in guard :  
Ne would he suffer Sleep once thitherward  
Approach, albe his drowsy den were next ;  
For next to Death is Sleep to be compared ;  
Therefore his house is unto his annext :  
Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-gate them both  
betwixt.

So soon as Mammon there arrived, the door  
To him did open and afforded way :  
Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,  
Ne darkness him ne danger might dismay.  
Soon as he entered was, the door straightway  
Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt  
An ugly fiend, more foul than dismal day ;  
The which with monstrous stalk behind him stept,  
And ever as he went due watch upon him kept.  
Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest,  
If ever covetous hand, or lustful eye,

Or lips he laid on thing that liked him best,  
Or ever sleep his eye-strings did untie,  
Should be his prey : and therefore still on high  
He over him did hold his cruel claws,  
Threatening with greedy gripe to do him die,  
And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,  
If ever he transgressed the fatal Stygian laws.

That house's form within was rude and strong,  
Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,  
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hung  
Emboss'd with massy gold of glorious gift,  
And with rich metal loaded every rift,  
That heavy ruin they did seem to threat;  
And over them Arachne high did lift  
Her cunning web, and spread her subtle net,  
Enwrapped in foul smoke and clouds more black than jet.

Both roof, and floor, and walls, were all of gold,  
But overgone with dust and old decay,  
And hid in darkness, that none could behold  
The hue thereof; for view of cheerful day  
Did never in that house itself display;  
But a faint shadow of uncertain light,  
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;  
Or as the moon, clothed with cloudy night,  
Does show to him that walks in fear and sad affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen  
But huge great iron chests, and coffers strong,  
All barred with double bends, that none could ween  
Them to enforce by violence or wrong;  
On every side they placed were along.  
But all the ground with sculls was scattered  
And dead men's bones, which round about were flung;  
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,  
And their vile carcases now left unburied.

They forward pass; ne Guyon yet spoke word,  
Till that they came unto an iron door,  
Which to them opened of his own accord,  
And showed of riches such exceeding store  
As eye of man did never see before,  
Ne ever could within one place be found,  
Though all the wealth, which is or was of yore,

---

Could gathered be through all the world around,  
And that above were added to that under ground.

To Mammon's offer of as much of all this treasure as he would like to possess, the knight answers with a cold and steady refusal as before.

Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did grate,  
And grieved so long to lack his greedy prey ;  
For well he weened that so glorious bait  
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay :  
Had he so done, he had him snatched away  
More light than culver<sup>4</sup> in the falcon's fist :  
Eternal God thee save from such decay !  
But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,  
Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

Thence, forward he him led and shortly brought  
Unto another room, whose door forthright  
To him did open as it had been taught :  
Therein an hundred ranges weren pight,  
And hundred furnaces all burning bright :  
By every furnace many fiends did bide,  
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight ;  
And every fiend his busy pains applied  
To melt the golden metal, ready to be tried.

One with great bellows gathered filling air,  
And with forced wind the fuel did inflame ;  
Another did the dying brands repair  
With iron tongs, and sprinkled oft the same  
With liquid waves, fierce Vulcan's rage to tame,  
Who, maistering them, renewed his former heat :  
Some scummed the dross that from the metal came ;  
Some stirred the molten ore with ladles great :  
And every one did swink, and every one did sweat.

But, when an earthly wight they present saw  
Glistering in arms and battailous array,  
From their hot work they did themselves withdraw  
To wonder at the sight ; for, till that day,  
They never creature saw that came that way :

---

<sup>4</sup> Pigeon.

Their staring eyes sparkling with fervent fire  
 And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,  
 That, were it not for shame, he would retire ;  
 Till that him thus bespake their sovereign lord and sire :  
 “ Behold, thou Fairy’s son, with mortal eye,  
 That living eye before did never see !  
 The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,  
 To weet, whence all the wealth late show’d by me  
 Proceeded, lo ! now is reveal’d to thee.  
 Here is the fountain of the worldes good !  
 Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,  
 Avisa thee well, and change thy wilful mood ;  
 Lest thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.”

Guyon again declines the offer of the money-god, and, much displeased, the latter still leads him forward :—

He brought him, through a darksome narrow strait,  
 To a broad gate all built of beaten gold :  
 The gate was open ; but therein did wait  
 A sturdy villain, striding stiff and bold,  
 As if the Highest God defy he would :  
 In his right hand an iron club he held,  
 But he himself was all of golden mould,  
 Yet had both life and sense, and well could weld  
 That cursed weapon, when his cruel foes he quelled.

Disdain he called was, and did disdain  
 To be so called, and who so did him call :  
 Stern was his look, and full of stomach vain ;  
 His portance <sup>r</sup> terrible, and stature tall,  
 Far passing the height of men terrestrial ;  
 Like an huge giant of the Titans’ race ;  
 That made him scorn all creatures great and small,  
 And with his pride all others’ power deface :  
 More fit amongst black fiends than men to have his place.

As soon as Disdain espies the knight’s glittering arms—  
 “ that with their brightness made that darkness light ”  
 —he lifts his club with design to strike—

For nothing might abash the villain bold,  
 Ne mortal steel empierce his miscreated mould ;

---

Carriage.

---

but Mammon restrains his hasty hand, and Guyon enters.

— The room was large and wide,  
As it some guild or solemn temple were ;  
Many great golden pillars did upbear  
The massy roof, and riches huge sustain ;  
And every pillar decked was full dear  
With crowns, and diadems, and titles vain,  
Which mortal princes wore whilst they on earth did  
reign.

A rout of people there assembled were,  
Of every sort and nation under sky,  
Which with great uproar pressed to draw near  
To the upper part, where was advanced high  
A stately siege<sup>•</sup> of sovereign majesty ;  
And thereon sate a woman gorgeous gay,  
And richly clad in robes of royalty,  
That never earthly prince in such array  
His glory did enhance, and pompous pride display.

Her face right wondrous fair did seem to be,  
That her broad beauty's beam great brightness threw  
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see ;  
Yet was not that same her own native hue,  
But wrought by art and counterfeited shew,  
Thereby more lovers unto her to call ;  
Nathless<sup>t</sup> most heavenly fair in deed and view  
She by creation was, till she did fall ;  
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloak her crime  
withal.

There, as in glistering glory she did sit,  
She held a great gold chain ylinked well,  
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,  
And lower part did reach to lowest hell ;  
And all that press did round about her swell  
To catchen hold of that long chain, thereby  
To climb aloft, and others to excel :  
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,<sup>u</sup>  
And every link thereof a step of dignity.

• Seat.

<sup>t</sup> Not the less.

<sup>u</sup> Ascend.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree  
 By riches and unrighteous reward ;  
 Some by close shouldering ; some by flattery ;  
 Others through friends ; others for base regard ;  
 And all, by wrong ways, for themselves prepared :  
 Those, that were up themselves, kept others low ;  
 Those, that were low themselves, held others hard,  
 Ne suffered them to rise or greater grow ;  
 But every one did strive his fellow down to throw.

Mammon informs Guyon that the goodly lady is his daughter :—

“ And fair Philotimé she rightly hight,  
 The fairest wight that wonneth under sky,  
 But that this darksome nether world her light  
 Doth dim with horror and deformity,  
 Worthy of heaven and high felicity,  
 From whence the gods have her for envy thrust.”

He offers her to Guyon for a wife ; but, thanking the god “ for so great grace and offered high estate,” the gentle knight declares himself an unworthy match for an immortal mate, even were he not bound by love-vows to another. Mammon suppresses his inward wrath, and now leads him

Into a garden goodly garnished  
 With herbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be read :  
 Not such as earth out of her fruitful womb  
 Throws forth to men, sweet and well savoured,  
 But direful deadly black, both leaf and bloom,  
 Fit to adorn the dead and deck the dreary tomb.

There mournful cypress grew in greatest store ;  
 And trees of bitter gall ; and ebon sad ;  
 Dead sleeping poppy ; and black hellebore ;  
 Cold coloquintida ;<sup>v</sup> and tetra <sup>w</sup> mad ;  
 Mortal samnitis ;<sup>x</sup> and cicuta <sup>y</sup> bad,  
 With which the unjust Athenians made to die  
 Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,

<sup>v</sup> Bitter gourd.  
<sup>x</sup> Savine.

<sup>w</sup> Deadly nightshade.  
<sup>y</sup> Hemlock.

Poured out his life and last philosophy  
To the fair Critias,<sup>a</sup> his dearest belamy ! \*

The garden of Proserpina this hight;  
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,  
With a thick arbour goodly over-dight,  
In which she often used from open heat  
Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat:  
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,  
With branches broad dispread and body great,  
Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mought see,  
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might be.

Their fruit were golden apples glistening bright,  
That goodly was their glory to behold;  
On earth like never grew, ne living wight  
Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;  
For those, which Hercules with conquest bold  
Got from great Athas' daughters, hence began,  
And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold;  
And those, with which th' Euboean<sup>b</sup> young man wan  
Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her outran.

Here also sprung that goodly golden fruit,  
With which Acontius got his lover true,  
Whom he had long time sought with fruitless suit:  
Here eke that famous golden apple grew,  
The which amongst the gods false Ate threw;  
For which the Idæan ladies disagreed,  
Till partial Paris dempt it Venus' due,  
And had of her fair Helen for his meed,  
That many noble Greeks and Trojans made to bleed.

The warlike Elf much wondered at this tree,  
So fair and great, that shadowed all the ground;

\* This is a mistake on the part of Spenser. It was Theramenes, who, on being forced to drink poison by his old friend Critias, once a disciple of Socrates, and now become one of the thirty tyrants, smilingly said, in swallowing it, "This I drink to the health of the fair Critias." The story is told by Cicero in his *Tusculan Questions*.

\* Friend.

<sup>b</sup> Hippomanes, who, however, was not an Euboean, but a native of Onchestos in Boeotia.

And his broad branches, laden with rich fee,  
Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound  
Of this great garden, compassed with a mound :  
Which overhanging, they themselves did steep  
In a black flood, which flowed about it round ;  
That is the river of Cocytus deep,  
In which full many souls do endless wail and weep.

Which to behold he climb up to the bank ;  
And, looking down, saw many damned wights  
In those sad waves, which direful deadly stank,  
Plunged continually of cruel sprites,  
That with their piteous cries and yelling shrieks,<sup>c</sup>  
They made the further shore resounden wide :  
Amongst the rest of those same rueful sights,  
One cursed creature he by chance espied,  
That drenched lay full deep under the garden side.

Deep was he drenched to the utmost chin,  
Yet gaped still as coveting to drink  
Of the cold liquor which he waded in ;  
And, stretching forth his hand, did often think  
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brink ;  
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth,  
Did fly aback, and made him vainly swink ;  
The whiles he starved with hunger, and with drouth  
He daily died, yet never throughly dying couth.<sup>d</sup>

The knight, him seeing labour so in vain,  
Asked who he was, and what he meant thereby ?  
Who, groaning deep, thus answered him again ;  
" Most cursed of all creatures under sky,  
Lo, Tantalus I here tormented lie !  
Of whom high Jove wont whilome feasted be ;  
Lo, here I now for want of food do die !  
But, if that thou be such as I thee see,  
Of grace I pray thee give to eat and drink to me !"

Another suffering wretch that he sees is Pilate ; and

Infinite moe tormented in like pain  
He there beheld, too long here to be told :  
Ne Mammon would there let him long remain,  
For terror of the tortures manifold

<sup>c</sup> Shrieks.

<sup>d</sup> Could thoroughly die.

In which the damned souls he did behold,  
 But roughly him bespake : "Thou fearful fool,  
 Why takest not of that same fruit of gold ?  
 Ne sittest down on that same silver stool,  
 To rest thy weary person in the shadow cool ?"

Rough words and soft, however, are alike ineffectual  
 And now, three days having been consumed in this infernal, or at least subterraneous, sojourn, Mammon i constrained to suffer the knight to return to light of day and even to conduct him thither. But, stout as he wa in frame as well as in heart, Guyon has begun to wa weak and wan,

For want of food and sleep, which two upbear  
 Like mighty pillars this frail life of man,  
 That none without the same enduren can ;

and, as soon as he reaches the upper air, he drops down in a swoon.

Canto VIII. (56 stanzas).—This Canto, again, is one of more business or action than poetic splendour. It i introduced, however, by some lines of great beauty "O," exclaims the poet, " the exceeding grace o highest God, that loves his creatures so, as even to send to and fro his blessed angels in the service of wicked man !"—

How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
 To come to succour us that succour want !  
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave  
 The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,  
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant !  
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,  
 And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;  
 And all for love and nothing for reward :  
 O, why should Heavenly God to men have such regard !

While Guyon has been with Mammon the palmer has found at another place a passage across the lake, and has now come near to where the knight lies entranced, when he is drawn to the spot by the loud outcry of a rueful voice. When he comes up he is alarmed by the

sight of his friend stretched on the ground apparently senseless :—

Beside his head there sat a fair young man,  
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest years,  
Whose tender bud to blossom new began,  
And flourish fair above his equal peers :  
His snowy front, curled with golden hairs,  
Like Phoebus' face adorned with sunny rays,  
Divinely shone ; and two sharp winged shears,  
Decked with divers plumes, like painted jays,  
Were fixed at his back to cut his airy ways.

Like as Cupido on Idæan hill,  
When, having laid his cruel bow away,  
And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill  
The world with murderous spoils and bloody prey,  
With his fair mother he him dights to play,  
And with his goodly sisters, Graces three ;  
The goddess, pleased with his wanton play,  
Suffers herself through sleep beguiled to be,  
The whiles the other ladies mind their merry glee.

The angel, for such it is, commits Guyon to the charge of the palmer, and then, spreading “ his painted nimble wings,” vanishes away. The palmer has just discovered that life is not yet quite extinct, when he perceives pacing towards them “ two paynim knights all armed as bright as sky,” accompanied by an aged sire, and preceded by a light-footed page. These are the “ two sons of Acrates old,” Pyrochles and Cymochles; the old man is Archimago; the page, Atin. Despite the fearless reproaches of the palmer, they proceed to strip Guyon of his armour; but are stopped by the advance of

An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,  
Whose squire bore after him an ebon lance  
And covered shield : well kenned him so far space  
The enchanter by his arms and amenance.  
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prance.

It is Prince Arthur himself. Roused by the magician, the two brothers betake them to their arms; and Pyro-

chles, being without a sword, requests Archimago to lend him the one he carries, that namely which he had procured for Braggadoccio. The enchanter replies that he gladly would, but that this is in fact Prince Arthur's own sword, and as such entirely useless in the present case; Merlin made it for the prince " by his almighty art," when he was sworn a knight:—

" The metal first he mix'd with medæwart,  
That no enchantment from his dint might save;  
Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,  
And seven times dipped in the bitter wave  
Of hellish Styx, which hidden virtue to it gave.

The virtue is, that neither steel nor stone  
The stroke thereof from entrance may defend;  
Ne ever may be used by his fone;<sup>f</sup>  
Ne forced his rightful owner to offend;  
Ne ever will it break, ne ever bend."

Wherefore, he adds, it is rightly called Mordure, that is, the hard-biter. Pyrochles, however, scouts the notion of sharp steel knowing any difference between one man's flesh and another's, and snatches the weapon out of the old man's hand, binding at the same time Guyon's shield about his wrist. When the prince, having come up, has looked upon the armed corsie of the knight, " in whose dead face he read great magnanimity," he is informed by the palmer of the outrage the two paynims had been about to commit. A courteous appeal on his part is met by arrogance and insolence on theirs; they fall upon him together, and without warning; but the good sword Mordure does not forget its duty, and, though for a time hard pressed, he comes off at last victorious over both. Once, having been thrown from his saddle to the ground—" wanting his sword when he on foot should fight"—he is rescued from extreme peril by the palmer reaching him Guyon's; then, we are told,

— like a lion, which had long time sought  
His robbed whelps, and at the last them found

---

<sup>f</sup> Foes.

Amongst the shepherd swains, then wexeth wood and yond :<sup>g</sup>

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blows  
On either side, that neither mail could hold,  
Ne shield defend the thunder of his throws.

As savage bull, whom two fierce mastiffs bait,  
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,  
Forgets with wary ward them to await,  
But with his dreadful horns them drives afore,  
Or flings aloft, or treads down in the floor,  
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,  
That all the forest quakes to hear him roar :  
So raged Prince Arthur twixt his foemen twain,  
That neither could his mighty puissance sustain.

Cymochles is slain, and then Pyrochles, forced at last to throw away the worse than useless Mordure, is soon quieted, but will not accept of life, and so his head is also smitten off. Guyon now awakes and recognises the prince. Meanwhile both Archimago and Atin have taken to their heels.

Canto IX. (60 stanzas).—Arthur having now recovered his stolen sword, as well as Guyon his lost shield, they set forth together, and on their way the former inquires who is the lady whose picture that shield exhibits, as we have seen in the account of the meeting between Sir Guyon and the Redcross Knight in the first Canto of this Book. Guyon informs him that it is the Queen of Fairy. How may a stranger knight, asks the prince, hope to become one of her soldiers and servants ? What meed is there so great, noble lord, answers Guyon, but you may easily attain ? Were you to be enrolled among the knights of her Order of Maidenhead, questionless you would

“ — in her favour high be reckoned,  
As Arthegal and Sophy now been honoured.”

Arthur declares that from the time he first took his vows

<sup>g</sup> Furious.

of knighthood his whole desire has been to enter the service of that queen and goddess ; yet nowhere has he been able to find her. Guyon replies that he would himself be his guide to Fairy Land, were it not that he is prevented by a hard adventure which he must perform, the destruction, namely, of the false Acrasia.

— So talked they, the whiles  
They wasted had much way, and measured many miles.

Evening is now come on, when they perceive a goodly castle “foreby a river in a pleasant dale,” whither they resolve to betake themselves in the hope of finding quarter for the night ; but on coming near, and dismounting from their horses (for Guyon, it must be presumed, though the circumstance is not mentioned, has supplied himself with that of one of the slain paynims) they find the gates fast barred and every inlet closed. On the prince’s squire winding his horn under the castle wall,

That with the noise it shook as it would fall,

a warder looks forth from aloft, and cries to them to fly if they would save their lives ; the castle has for seven years been besieged by a throng of enemies, and all ingress or egress has been impossible.

Thus as he spoke, lo ! with outrageous cry  
A thousand villains round about them swarmed  
Out of the rocks and caves adjoining nigh ;  
Vile caitiff wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,  
All threatening death, all in strange manner armed ;  
Some with unwieldy clubs, some with long spears,  
Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warmed :  
Stern was their look ; like wild amazed stears,  
Staring with hollow eyes, and stiff upstanding hairs.

The two valiant knights, however, drive off this rabble rout ; they returned indeed again and again :—

But soon the knights with their bright-burning blades  
Broke their rude troops, and orders did confound,

Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;  
For, though they bodies seem, yet substance from them  
fades.

As when a swarm of gnats at eventide  
Out of the fens of Allan<sup>b</sup> do arise,  
Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide,  
Whiles in the air their clustering army flies,  
That as a cloud doth seem to dim the skies;  
Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast  
For their sharp wounds and noyous injuries,  
Till the fierce northern wind with blust'ring blast  
Doth blow them quite away, and in the ocean cast.

The lady of the castle now issues forth, attended by a  
goodly train of other ladies and squires;—

Alma she called was; a virgin bright,  
That had not yet felt Cupid's wanton rage;  
Yet was she wooed of many a gentle knight,  
And many a lord of noble parentage,  
That sought with her to link in marriage:  
For she was fair, as fair mote ever be,  
And in the flower now of her freshest age;  
Yet full of grace and goodly modesty,  
That even heaven rejoiced her sweet face to see.

In robe of lily white she was arrayed,  
That from her shoulder to her heel down raught;  
The train whereof loose far behind her strayed,  
Branched with gold and pearl most richly wrought,  
And borne of two fair damsels, which were taught  
That service well: her yellow golden hair  
Was trimly woven, and in tresses wrought,  
Ne other tire she on her head did wear,  
But crowned with a girland of sweet rosiere.<sup>1</sup>

She leads the knights into the castle, where they rest  
themselves a space; and then she conducts them over  
it. The wall, which is very lofty, is

<sup>b</sup> The professed commentators neither inform us what Allan this is, nor confess their ignorance. Is it the bog of Allan in the south of Ireland?

<sup>1</sup> Rose-tree.

Not built of brick, ne yet of stone and lime,  
But of thing like to that *Ægyptian* slime,  
Whereof king Nine whilome built Babel tower.

The description of its form is very curious, and is no doubt full of mystic meaning, into which, however, we cannot here stop to inquire:—

The frame thereof seemed partly circular,  
And part triangular: O work divine!  
Those two the first and last proportions are;  
The one imperfect, mortal, feminine;  
The other immortal, perfect, masculine;  
And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,  
Proportioned equally by seven and nine;  
Nine was the circle set in heaven's place:  
All which, compacted, made a goodly diapase.

It is supposed that by the circular part is here meant the human mind; by the triangular, the body. The gates are two; of which the one in front, for entrance, far surpasses the other both in workmanship and material: when it is locked, no one can pass through it; when opened, no man can close it:—

Of hewen stone the porch was fairly wrought,  
Stone more of value, and more smooth and fine,  
Than jet or marble far from Ireland brought;  
Over the which was cast a wandering vine,  
Enchased with a wanton ivy twine:  
And over it a fair portcullis hung,  
Which to the gate directly did incline  
With comely compass and compaucture strong,  
Neither unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

Within the barbican, or watch-tower, sits a porter, “day and night duly keeping watch and ward;” all babblers and tell-tales are excluded by his never intermitted care;—

His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard  
When cause required, but never out of time;  
Early and late it rung, at evening and at prime.

Twice sixteen armed warders, besides, sit around the porch. In the hall are many tables “fair dispread ;” and at the upper end a comely personage “yclad in red down to the ground,” and carrying a white rod in his hand ; this is Diet, the steward ; while up and down walks his marshal, Appetite, a jolly yeoman. In the kitchen, which they next visit, are many ranges reared against the wall, and one great chimney, with a mighty cauldron continually boiling, the furnace under it being kept alive by a huge pair of bellows. Around stand numerous cooks, furnished with hooks and ladles. The master-cook is called Concoction ; the kitchen-clerk, Digestion. Everything foul and waste is conveyed away by the back-gate, named Port Esquiline. After this the two knights are brought by Alma into a goodly parlour,—

That was with royal arras richly dight,  
In which was nothing pourtrayed nor wrought,  
Not wrought nor pourtrayed, but easy to be thought :

And in the midst thereof upon the floor  
A lovely bevy of fair ladies sat,  
Courted of many a jolly paramour.

All that goes on, however, is innocent and modest. When the Prince and Guyon have entered, each of them chooses a damsels ; and the former by chance lights on a lady fair and fresh as morning rose, but still wearing something of sadness in her air ; she is arrayed in a long purple pall, the skirt of which is fretted all about with gold, and in her hand she holds a branch of poplar. Her pensiveness, however, she tells him is merely “through great desire of glory and of fame ;” adding, somewhat to his surprise,—

“ Ne aught, I ween, are ye therein behind,  
That have twelve months sought one, yet nowhere can  
her find.”

The name of this lady is found to be Praise-desire. The other damsels “of that gentle crew,” whom the fairy knight, Sir Guyon, entertains, is also right fair and modest, except that she often changes colour ; she is dressed

in a blue garment, “close round about her tucked with many a plight;” and she carries on her hand an owl. Her name turns out to be Shamefacedness. The two ladies in fact express, or mirror, the characters of the knights. After some time, however, Alma calls them again away; and they ascend a stately turret by ten alabaster steps:—

That turret’s frame most admirable was,  
Like highest heaven compassed around,  
And lifted high above this earthly mass,  
Which it surveyed, as hills doen lower ground:  
But not on ground mote like to this be found;  
Not that, which antique Cadmus whilome built  
In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;  
Nor that pround tower of Troy, though richly gilt,  
From which young Hector’s blood by cruel Greeks was  
spilt.

The roof hereof was arched over head,  
And decked with flowers and herbars daintily;  
Two goodly beacons, set in watches’ stead,  
Therein gave light, and flamed continually:  
For they of living fire most subtilely  
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,  
Covered with lids devised of substance sly,  
That readily they shut and open might.  
O, who can tell the praises of that maker’s might!

It, in truth,

— likest is unto that heavenly tower  
That God hath built for his own blessed bower.

It contains three chief stages or stories, in which dwell the councillors of Alma, three sages, the wisest that ever lived. The first sits in the front part of the tower:—

His chamber was dispainted all within  
With sundry colours, in the which were writ  
Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin;  
Some such as in the world were never yet,  
Ne can devised be of mortal wit;  
Some daily seen and knownen by their names,  
Such as in idle fantasies do flit;

Infernal hags, centaurs, fiends, hippocamæs,<sup>j</sup>  
Apes, lions, eagles, owls, fools, lovers, children, dames.

And all the chamber filled was with flies,  
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound  
That they encumbered all men's ears and eyes;  
Like many swarms of bees assembled round,  
After their hives with honey do abound.  
All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,  
Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,  
Shows, visions, soothsays, and prophesies;  
And all that feigned is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

Amongst them all sate he which wonned there,  
That hight Phantastes by his nature true;  
A man of years, yet fresh, as mote appear,  
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,  
That him full of melancholy did shew;  
Bent hollow beetle brows; sharp staring eyes,  
That mad or foolish seemed: one by his view  
Mote deem him born with ill-disposed skies,  
When oblique Saturn sate in the house of agonies.

This is he who foresees things to come. The walls of  
the second room

Were painted fair with memorable gests  
Of famous wizards; and with picturals  
Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,  
Of commonwealths, of states, of policy,  
Of laws, of judgments, and of decretals,  
All arts, all science, all philosophy,  
And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

And in the midst of all this infinite variety sits “a man  
of ripe and perfect age, who did them meditate all his  
life long,” but whose name is not given; this is he who  
“could of things present best advise.” The third cham-  
ber, which is behind the other two, seems ruinous and  
old; yet the walls are still firm and strong; and therein  
sits an old man, half-blind, and decrepit in body, yet  
with his mind still full of lively vigour, he who keeps  
things past in memory:—

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<sup>j</sup> Sea-horses.

This man of infinite remembrance was,  
 And things foregone through many ages held,  
 Which he recorded still as they did pass,  
 Ne suffered them to perish through long eld,  
 As all things else the which this world doth weld ;  
 But laid them up in his immortal scrine,  
 Where they for ever incorrupted dwelled :  
 The wars he well remembered of king Nine,  
 Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine.

The years of Nestor nothing were to his,  
 Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest lived ;  
 For he remembered both their infancies :  
 Ne wonder then if that he were deprived  
 Of native strength now that he them survived.  
 His chamber all was hanged about with rolls  
 And old records from ancient times derived,  
 Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,  
 That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

Amidst them all he in a chair was set,  
 Tossing and turning them withouten end ;  
 But, for he was unable them to fet,<sup>k</sup>  
 A little boy did on him still attend  
 To reach whenever he for ought did send ;  
 And oft when things were lost, or laid amiss,  
 That boy them sought and unto him did lend :  
 Therefore he Anamnestes cleped<sup>l</sup> is ;  
 And that old man Eumnestes, by their properties."

Looking over his library, the Prince finds an ancient book called 'The Briton Monuments,' and Guyon another entitled 'Antiquity of Fairy Land ;—

Wherat they, burning both with fervent fire  
 Their country's ancestry to understand,  
 Craved leave of Alma and that aged sire  
 To read those books, who gladly granted their desire.

Canto X. (77 stanzas).—This long canto is, with the exception of the last eight or nine stanzas, merely a metrical chronicle of the old British kings from Brutus to

<sup>k</sup> Fetch.

<sup>l</sup> Named.

Uther Pendragon, father of Arthur, taken almost exclusively from Geoffrey of Monmouth, not admitting of abridgment, and containing few passages of eminent poetical beauty. It is also wholly episodical, and may be passed over without the thread of the story being broken. We may quote, however, a portion of the enthusiastic celebration of Queen Elizabeth, or of her illustrious ancestry, with which the poet enters upon his task.—

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill ;  
 Or rather worthy of great Phœbus' rote,<sup>m</sup>  
 Whereon the ruins of great Osse hill,  
 And triumphs of Phlegrean Jove, he wrote,  
 That all the gods admired his lofty note.  
 But, if some relish of that heavenly lay  
 His learned daughters would to me report  
 To deck my song withal, I would essay  
 Thy name, O sovereign Queen, to blazon far away.  
 Thy name, O sovereign Queen, thy realm, and race,  
 From this renowned prince derived are,  
 Who mightily upheld that royal mace  
 Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended far  
 From mighty kings and conquerors in war,  
 Thy fathers and great grandfathers of old,  
 Whose noble deeds above the northern star  
 Immortal Fame for ever hath enrolled,  
 As in that old man's book they were in order told.

All this British story was related in the book found by Arthur. Having brought the narrative down to the death of Aurelius, or Ambrosius, the second son of the Emperor Constantine, and the elder brother of Uther, it went on :—

“ After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,  
 Succeeding”—There abruptly it did end,  
 Without full point, or other caesure right ;  
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,  
 Or the author self could not at least attend  
 To finish it : that so untimely breach  
 The prince himself half seemed to offend ;

---

<sup>m</sup> Harp.

Yet secret pleasure did offence impeach,  
And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speech.

At last, quite ravished with delight to hear  
The royal offspring of his native land,  
Cried out, " Dear country ! O how dearly dear  
Ought thy remembrance and perpetual band  
Be to thy foster child, that from thy hand  
Did common breath and nouriture receive !  
How brutish is it not to understand  
How much to her we owe, that all us gave ;  
That gave unto us all whatever good we have ! "

All this while, too, Guyon has been reading his book, nor has yet got through the great and ample volume, which began with the creation of a man by Prometheus, whom he animated by fire stolen from heaven, and called Elf, and who, wandering with weary feet, found in the gardens of Adonis a goodly creature, whom he named a Fay. From them spring all elves and fairies. Their eldest son was Elfin ; —

——— him all India obeyed,  
And all that now America men call.

Next succeeded Elfinan, who laid the foundation of Cleopolis ; then Elfiline, Elfinel, Elfant, Elfar, and Elfinor, —

——— who was in magic skilled :  
He built by art upon the glassy sea  
A bridge of brass, whose sound heaven's thunder  
seemed to be.

From him and his three sons descended a succession of no fewer than seven hundred princes, whose history, says the poet, it were too long here to record, " ne much material." After all those came Elfkleos, who was succeeded first by his eldest son Elferon, then by his youngest the mighty Oberon : —

He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,  
Him to succeed therein, by his last will :  
Fairer and nobler liveth none this hour,  
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill ;

Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flower :  
 Long may'st thou, Glorian, live in glory and great  
 power !

The gentle Alma now reminds the two knights that super has been long waiting for them ;—

So half unwilling from their books them brought,  
 And fairly feasted as so noble knights she ought.

Canto XI. (49 stanzas).—The next morning, before daybreak, Sir Guyon and the Palmer rise and resume their journey, and, having come again to the river's side, are taken on board his well-rigged boat by a ferryman whom the lady Alma had provided, and who speedily conveys them out of sight. As soon as they are gone, the House of Temperance, as the castle is called, is again attacked by the bands of villains that had been dispersed by the knight and the prince the day before :—

So huge and infinite their numbers were,  
 That all the land they under them did hide ;  
 So foul and ugly, that exceeding fear  
 Their visages impressed when they approached near.

Their captain has divided them into twelve troops ; seven of which (the Seven Deadly Sins) he has arranged in strong entrenchments over against the castle gate, appointing the other five to assault severally the five great bulwarks of the pile (that is, the Five Senses). These five troops are all described at length. Of the first, or those that directed their attack against the bulwark of the Sight, some were headed like owls, some like dogs, some like gryphons ;—

And every one of them had lynxes' eyes,  
 And every one did bow and arrows bear ;

But two, than all more huge and violent,  
 Beauty and Money, they that bulwark sorely rent.

The second troop, who assaulted the sense of Hearing, had heads like harts, and snakes, and wild boars. The assailants of the third fort, or the Smell, are described as

Some like to hounds, some like to apes dismayed,<sup>n</sup>  
 Some like to puttocks,<sup>o</sup> all in plumes arrayed;

those of the fourth, or the bulwark of Taste, as

Some mouthed like greedy oistriches ; some faced  
 Like loathly toads, some fashioned in the waste  
 Like swine.

Most hideous and fiercest of all are those composing the  
 fifth troop, who batter at the sense of Touch ; —

For some like snails, some did like spiders shew,  
 And some like ugly urchins,<sup>p</sup> thick and short.

Against the restless siege of all the twelve bands the  
 castle is defended by “ those two brethren giants,” that  
 is, Prince Arthur and his squire, who exert themselves  
 with such activity and effect that no one of the enemy  
 attempts an entrance without having his groaning ghost  
 sent to the other world. At last the Prince resolves to  
 go forth and seek the captain of the besieging host, that  
 he may decide the strife with him in single combat : —

Eftsoons himself in glitterand arms he dight,  
 And his well proved weapons to him hent;<sup>q</sup>  
 So, taking courteous congé, he behight<sup>r</sup>  
 Those gates to be unbarred, and forth he went.  
 Fair mote he thee,<sup>s</sup> the prowest and most gent  
 That ever brandished bright steel on high !  
 Whom soon as that unruly rabblement  
 With his gay squire issuing did espy,  
 They reared a most outrageous dreadful yelling cry,

And therewithal at once at him let fly  
 Their fluttering arrows, thick as flakes of snow,  
 And round about him flock impetuously,  
 Like a great water-flood, that, tumbling low  
 From the high mountains, threats to overflow

<sup>n</sup> Or, perhaps, *dismade*, that is misshapen.

<sup>o</sup> Bitterns.

<sup>p</sup> Hedgehogs.

<sup>q</sup> Took.

<sup>r</sup> Ordered.

<sup>s</sup> Fairly may he prosper.

With sudden fury all the fertile plain,  
 And the sad husbandman's long hope doth throw  
 Adown the stream, and all his vows make vain,  
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruin may sustain.

Upon his shield their heaped hail he bore,  
 And with his sword dispers'd the rascal flocks,  
 Which fled asunder, and him fell before ;  
 As withered leaves drop from their dried stocks,  
 When the wroth western wind does reave their locks.  
 And underneath him his courageous steed,  
 The fierce Spumador, trod them down like docks ;  
 The fierce Spumador born of heavenly seed,  
 Such as Laomedon of Phœbus' race did breed.

Which sudden horror and confused cry  
 When as their captain heard in haste he yode :  
 The cause to weet,<sup>t</sup> and fault to remedy :  
 Upon a tiger swift and fierce he rode,  
 That as the wind ran underneath his load,  
 Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground :  
 Full large he was of limb, and shoulders broad ;  
 But of such subtle substance and unsound,  
 That like a ghost he seemed whose grave-clothes were  
 unbound :

And in his hand a bended bow was seen,  
 And many arrows under his right side,  
 All deadly dangerous, all cruel keen,  
 Headed with flint, and feathers bloody dyed ;  
 Such as the Indians in their quivers hide :  
 Those could he well direct and straight as line,  
 And bid them strike the mark which he had eyed ;  
 Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,  
 That mote recure their wound ; so inly they did tine.<sup>v</sup>

As pale and wan as ashes was his look ;  
 His body lean and meagre as a rake ;  
 And skin all withered like a dried rook ;  
 Thereto as cold and dreary as a snake ;  
 That seemed to tremble evermore and quake :  
 All in a canvass thin he was bedight,  
 And girded with a belt of twisted brake :<sup>w</sup>

<sup>t</sup> Went, came.

<sup>u</sup> Know.

<sup>v</sup> Rage, pain.

<sup>w</sup> Fern.

Upon his head he wore a helmet light,  
Made of a dead man's skull, that seemed a ghastly sight :

Maleger was his name : and after him  
There follow'd fast at hand two wicked hags,  
With hoary locks all loose, and visage grim ;  
Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,  
And both as swift on foot as chased stags ;  
And yet the one her other leg had lame,  
Which with a staff all full of little snags \*  
She did support, and Impotence her name :  
But the other was Impatience armed with raging flame.

As soon as the carle sees the Prince approach he rides forward and shoots at him a succession of arrows, which the Prince receives upon his shield. After a few moments, however, to put an end to this assault, he couches his spear and rides fiercely at him ; on which the other quickly turns aside his light-footed beast and flies : it is labour lost to try to approach him :—

Far as the winged wind his tiger fled,  
That view of eye could scarce him overtake,  
Ne scarce his feet on ground were seen to tread ;  
Through hills and dales he speedy way did make,  
Ne hedge ne ditch his ready passage brake,  
And in his flight the villain turned his face,  
(As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,  
Whenas the Russian him in fight does chase.)  
Unto his tiger's tail, and shot at him apace.

As fast as he shoots his arrows the lame hag gathers them up and gives them to him again ; when the Prince, dismounting, thinks to tie her hands her sister hag comes up, and the two by their united strength throw him on his back and keep him down ; the villain now also falls upon him ; and he is only rescued by the assistance of his faithful squire, who, snatching off the two women, keeps them at bay, while the Prince manages the carle, now come down from his tiger, and without his bow and arrows. No sooner, however, has he been felled to the ground, and apparently struck dead, than

\* Jags.

he springs to his feet again unhurt, and, tearing up a huge stone which stood fixed in the earth, hurls it at the Prince, who only escapes destruction by lightly leaping back. Nor is he disposed of even when he is run through the body: he neither falls nor sheds a drop of blood. The Prince is in amazement, and knows not what to try next;—

Flesh without blood, a person without sprite;  
Wounds without hurt, a body without might;  
That could do harm, yet could not harmed be;  
That could not die, yet seemed a mortal wight;  
That was most strong in most infirmity;  
Like did he never hear, like did he never see.

Throwing away both his shield, and his good sword Mordure, “that never failed at need till now,” he takes the mysterious body up in his naked arms and crushes it till he has apparently pressed all the breath out of it: it is of no use; the instant he casts the lumpish corse to the earth, up again it starts, and the next moment is raining huge strokes on him as fast as ever. Nearly at his wits’ end, the Prince at last fortunately remembers having heard that the Earth was the carle’s mother, and that as often as he wanted a new supply of life and strength all he had to do was to go to her for it: the mode of despatching him is now obvious; having again beaten the breath out of the body, he carries it on his shoulders to a neighbouring lake, and throws it into the water “without remorse.” The two hags, seeing what is done, run about like mad dogs; and, while Impatience rushes headlong into the lake and is drowned, Impotence kills herself with one of Maleger’s darts. The exhausted Prince is received into the now delivered castle, where fairest Alma meets him “with balm, and wine, and costly spicery,” and where, after he has been despoiled of his armour,

In sumptuous bed she made him to be laid,  
And, all the while his wounds were dressing, by him staid.

Canto XII. (87 stanzas).—The course of the story

now returns to Guyon, whose crowning adventure is at hand.

Two days now in that sea he sailed has,  
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,  
Ne ought save peril, still as he did pass :  
Tho,' when appeared the third Morrow bright  
Upon the waves to spread her trembling light,  
An hideous roaring far away they heard,  
That all their senses filled with affright ;  
And straight they saw the raging surges reared  
Up to the skies, that them of drowning made afeard.

The boatman tells the Palmer, who is steering, to keep an even course; for they are approaching the Gulf of Greediness, on the other side of which is a rock of magnet, called the Rock of Reproach, which attracts to it those who strive to avoid the gulf, so that it is barely possible to escape both. They pass, however, in safety.

So forth they rowed ; and that ferryman  
With his stiff oars did brush the sea so strong,  
That the hoar waters from his frigate ran,  
And the light bubbles danced all along,  
Whiles the salt brine out of the billows sprung.

After a time, seeing far off a number of islands floating among the floods, the knight calls out " land ;" but the ferryman informs him that these are the Wandering Islands, which, fair and fruitful as they appear, must be shunned by all who would escape the worst of dangers.

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meet ;  
And pass on forward : so their way does lie,  
That one of those same islands, which do fleet  
In the wide sea, they needs must passen by,  
Which seemed so sweet and pleasant to the eye,  
That it would tempt a man to touchen there :  
Upon the bank they sitting did espy  
A dainty damsel dressing of her hair,  
By whom a little skipper\* floating did appear.

\* Then.

\* Skiff.

This turns out to be the wanton Phaedria, who had lately ferried Guyon over the Idle Lake. She first calls to them, and then puts out in her boat in pursuit of them ; nor is she got rid of till the Palmer has given her a sharp rebuke. The wary boatman now again exhorts the Palmer to "keep an even hand ;" for they are approaching the quicksands of Unthriftihead, and the perilous pool opposite to it, called the Whirlpool of Decay. They see a richly laden ship wrecked upon the quicksand ; but their own boat is again urged past both dangers. No sooner, however, have they made this new escape than all three are filled with surprise and dismay at seeing the sea suddenly rise into mountains without any apparent natural cause ;—

The waves come rolling, and the billows roar  
 Outrageously, as they enraged were,  
 Or wrathful Neptune did them drive before  
 His whirling chariot for exceeding fear ;  
 For not one puff of wind there did appear.

At the same time monsters of all "ugly shapes and horrible aspects,"

Such as Dame Nature self might fear to see,  
 gather around them :—

Spring-headed \* hydras ; and sea-shouldering whales ;  
 Great whirlpools, which all fishes make to flee ;  
 Bright scolopendras arm'd with silver scales ;  
 Mighty monoceroses \* with immeasured tails ;

The dreadful fish that hath deserved the name  
 Of Death, and like him looks in dreadful hue ;  
 The grisly wasserman, that makes his game  
 The tying ships with swiftness to pursue ;

The horrible sea-satyr, that doth shew  
 His fearful face in time of greatest storm ;  
 Huge zifflus, whom mariners eschew  
 No less than rocks, as travellers inform ;  
 And greedy rosmarines with visages deform :

\* With heads springing from their bodies.

\* Commonly misprinted *monoceros*.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,  
 And more deformed monsters thousand fold,  
 With dreadful noise and hollow rumbling roar  
 Came rushing, in the foamy waves enrolled,  
 Which seemed to fly for fear them to behold.

The Palmer, however, tells his companions to fear nothing ; these monsters are only phantoms, or shapes raised to work them dread by the wicked witch whose dominion they are on their way to overthrow ; and smiting the sea with his staff he makes them all fly away and vanish. They are next assailed by the rueful cry of “a seemly maiden” sitting by the shore of an island ; but by the Palmer’s advice they turn a deaf ear also to this appeal, which he informs them is only a piece of “womanish fine forgery,” by no means requiring any attention. And now they come to a place of which the boatman had warned them long before—a perilous passage, “where many mermaids haunt, making false melodies :”—

— It was a still  
 And calm bay, on the one side sheltered  
 With the broad shadow of an hoary hill ;  
 On the other side an high rock towered still,  
 That twixt them both a pleasant port they made,  
 And did like an half theatre fulfil :  
 There those five sisters had continual trade,  
 And used to bathe themselves in that deceitful shade.

They had been fair ladies till they had ventured to contend in song with the Muses, when they were transformed in their lower extremities to fish ;

But the upper half their hue retained still,  
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody ;  
 Which ever after they abused to ill,  
 To allure weak travellers, whom gotten they did kill.  
 So now to Guyon, as he passed by,  
 Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus applied ;  
 “ O thou fair son of gentle Fairy,  
 That art in mighty arms most magnified  
 Above all knights that ever battle tried,

O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile :  
 Here may thy storm-beat vessel safely ride ;  
 This is the port of rest from troublous toil,  
 The world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil.”  
 With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,  
 In his big base them fitly answered ;  
 And on the rock the waves breaking aloft  
 A solemn mean unto them measured ;  
 The whiles sweet Zephyrus loud whistled  
 His treble, a strange kind of harmony ;  
 Which Guyon's senses softly tickled,  
 That he the boatman bade row easily,  
 And let him hear some part of their rare melody.

The Palmer persuades them, however, to pass on ; and now at last they descry the land whither they are bound. At first they are perplexed by a black fog in which it is enveloped ; and then all of a sudden an immeasurable flight of fowls come fluttering about them and smiting them with their wicked wings ;

Even all the nation of unfortunate  
 And fatal birds about them flocked were,  
 Such as by nature men abhor and hate ;  
 The ill-faced owl, death's dreadful messenger ;  
 The hoarse night-raven, trump of doleful drear ;  
 The leather-winged bat, day's enemy ;  
 The rueful strich,<sup>b</sup> still waiting on the bier ;  
 The whistler shrill, that whoso hears doth die ;  
 The hellish harpies, prophets of sad destiny.

Still they move forward, till at last the weather clears up and the land is plainly seen. Leaving the other by his boat, Guyon and the Palmer step ashore, and march boldly on. A multitude of wild beasts, whose hideous bellowing had announced them before they appeared, are silenced and made to tremble by the uplifting of the Palmer's mighty staff :—

Of that same wood it framed was cunningly,  
 Of which Caduceus whilome was made,  
 Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,  
 With which he wonts the Stygian realms invade

<sup>b</sup> The screech-owl.

Through ghastly horror and eternal shade ;  
 The infernal fiends with it he can assuage,  
 And Orcus tame, whom nothing can persuade,  
 And rule the Furies when they most do rage :  
 Such virtue in his staff had eke this palmer sage.

And now they are arrived at the spot where stands the home and sovereign seat of the enchantress—the Bower of Bliss :—

A place picked out by choice of best alive  
 That nature's work by art can imitate :  
 In which whatever in this worldly state  
 Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,  
 Or that may daintiest fantasy aggrate,  
 Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,  
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

The fence that surrounds it is weak and thin ; for it is not Force, but Wisdom and Temperance, that its inmates fear. The gate, too, is rather for ornament than for strength :—

It framed was of precious ivory,  
 That seemed a work of admirable wit ;  
 And therein all the famous history  
 Of Jason and Medea was ywrit ;  
 Her mighty charms, her furious loving fit ;  
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,  
 His falsoed faith, and love too lightly fit ;  
 The wondered Argo, which in venturous piece <sup>c</sup>  
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flower of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry  
 Under the ship as thorough them she went,  
 That seemed the waves were into ivory,  
 Or ivory into the waves, were sent ;  
 And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent <sup>d</sup>  
 With vermeil, like the boy's <sup>e</sup> blood therein shed,  
 A piteous spectacle did represent ;  
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled  
 It seemed the enchanted flame, which did Creusa wed.

<sup>c</sup> Castle.

<sup>d</sup> Sprinkled.

<sup>e</sup> Absyrtos, whom his sister Medea killed.

In the porch sits "a comely personage of stature tall," his loose garment flowing about his heels:—

They in that place him Genius did call :  
 Not that celestial Power, to whom the care  
 Of life, and generation of all  
 That lives, pertains in charge particular ;  
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,  
 And strange phantoms, doth let us oft foresee,  
 And oft of secret ills bids us beware :  
 That is our Self, whom though we do not see,  
 Yet each doth in himself it well perceive to be :  
 Therefore a god him sage Antiquity  
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call.

This, on the contrary, is the foe of life. Yet he has the government of the garden, as Pleasure's porter ; he holds a staff in his hand, and flowers are scattered all around him ; and, as Guyon enters, he offers him, as he is accustomed to do to all new-comers, a mighty mazer (or maple) bowl filled with wine, which always stands by his side. Guyon, however, scornfully throws down his bowl, and breaks his staff. Then the Knight and the Palmer enter the garden, which they find to be a spacious plain,

whose fair grassy ground  
 Mantled with green, and goodly beautified  
 With all the ornaments of Flora's pride,  
 Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn  
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride  
 Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,  
 When forth from virgin bower she comes in the early  
 morn.

Thereto the heavens always jovial  
 Looked on them lovely, still in stedfast state,  
 Ne suffered storm nor frost on them to fall,  
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate :  
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,  
 To afflict the creatures which therein did dwell ;  
 But the mild air with season moderate  
 Gently attempered, and disposed so well,  
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and wholesome  
 smell :

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill  
 Of Rhodope, on which the nymph, that bore  
 A giant babe, herself for grief did kill ;  
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore  
 Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore ;  
 Or Ida, where the gods loved to repair,  
 Whenever they their heavenly bowers forlore ;  
 Or sweet Parnass the haunt of Muses fair :  
 Or Eden self, if ought with Eden mote compare.

Wondering much, but suffering no delight to make his  
 senses captive, Guyon goes forward till he comes to  
 another gate, or rather semblance of a gate,

being goodly dight

With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate  
 Their clasping arms in wanton wreathings intricate ;  
 So fashioned a porch with rare device,  
 Arched over head with an embracing vine,  
 Whose bunches hanging down seemed to entice  
 All passers-by to taste their luscious wine,  
 And did themselves into their hands incline,  
 As freely offering to be gathered ;  
 Some deep empurpled as the hyacine,  
 Some as the rubine laughing sweetly red,  
 Some like fair emerauds, not yet well ripened :  
 And them amongst some were of burnished gold,  
 So made by art to beautify the rest,  
 Which did themselves amongst the leave enfold,  
 As lurking from the view of covetous guest,  
 That the weak boughs with so rich load opprest  
 Did bow adown as overburdened.

Under the porch sits a comely dame, clad in fair weeds,  
 but with all her garments loose and in disorder.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,  
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,  
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness swelled,  
 Into her cup she scruzed with dainty breach  
 Of her fine fingers, without foul impeach,  
 That so fair winepress made the wine more sweet.

<sup>f</sup> Forsook.

as she is used to do to all strangers, she offers her cup  
to Guyon, who, "taking it out of her tender hand,"  
ashes it on the ground. Excess—such is the fair lady's  
ame—is exceedingly wroth; but, not heeding her, he  
asses on.

There the most dainty paradise on ground  
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,  
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,  
And none does other's happiness envy;  
The painted flowers; the trees upshooting high;  
The dales for shade; the hills for breathing space;  
The trembling groves; the crystal running by;  
And, that which all fair works doth most agrace,<sup>g</sup>  
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude  
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine),  
That Nature had for wantonness ensued <sup>h</sup>  
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;  
So striving each the other to undermine,  
Each did the other's work more beautify;  
So differing both in wills agreed in fine:  
So all agreed, through sweet diversity,  
This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood,  
Of richest substance that on earth might be,  
So pure and shiny that the silver flood  
Through every channel running one might see;  
Most goodly it with curious imagery  
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boys,  
Of which some seemed with lively jollity  
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,  
Whilst others did themselves embay <sup>i</sup> in liquid joys.

And over all of purest gold was spread  
A trail of ivy in his native hue;  
For the rich metal was so coloured,  
That wight, who did not well advised it view,  
Would surely deem it to be ivy true:  
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,  
That, themselves dipping in the silver dew,

<sup>g</sup> Grace.

<sup>h</sup> Pursued.

<sup>i</sup> Bathe.

Their fleecy flowers they fearfully did steep,  
 Which drops of crystal seemed for wantonness to weep.  
 Infinite streams continually did well  
 Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,  
 The which into an ample laven fell,  
 And shortly grew to so great quantity,  
 That like a little lake it seemed to be ;  
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,  
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,  
 All paved beneath with jasper shining bright,  
 That seemed the fountain in that sea did sail upright.  
 And all the margent round about was set  
 With shady laurel trees, thence to defend  
 The sunny beams which on the billows beth,  
 And those which therein bathed mote offend.

For a few moments Guyon is somewhat agitated by the sight, painted by the poet only in too warm and life-like colours, which he chances to see as he passes near this fountain ; but the Palmer rebukes "those wandering eyes of his," and draws him forward, telling him that now they are at the end of their travail, close upon the very Bower of Bliss, where Acrasia wons.

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,  
 Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,  
 Such as at once might not on living ground,  
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :  
 Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,  
 To read what manner music that mote be ;  
 For all that pleasing is to living ear  
 Was there consorted in one harmony ;  
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree :  
 The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,  
 Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet :  
 The angelical soft trembling voices made  
 To the instruments divine respondence meet ;  
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet  
 With the base murmur of the waters' fall ;  
 The waters fall with difference discreet,  
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;  
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence the music seems to come, sits the fair witch, with the last lover her sorcery has drawn to her slumbering in the shade beside her, while with fixed eyes she gazes on his features, or, often leaning down, lightly kisses his lips and eyelids ;

The whiles some one did chant this lovely lay :  
 " Ah ! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,  
 In springing flower the image of thy day !  
 Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she  
 Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,  
 That fairer seems the less ye see her may !  
 Lo ! see, soon after how more bold and free  
 Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;  
 Lo ! see soon after how she fades and falls away !

So passeth, in the passing of a day,  
 Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower ;  
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay,  
 That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower  
 Of many a lady, and many a paramour !  
 Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,  
 For soon comes age that will her pride deflower :  
 Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,  
 Whilst loving thou may'st loved be with equal crime."

He ceased ; and then gan all the choir of birds  
 Their divers notes to attune unto his lay,  
 As in approvance of his pleasing words.

But neither the words nor the music have power to detain the knight and his friend, who, creeping on silently " through many covert groves and thickets close," at last come upon the witch, laid upon a bed of roses, with the head of her sleeping lover in her lap. She is described as

— arrayed, or rather disarrayed,  
 All in a veil of silk and silver thin,  
 That hid no whit her alabaster skin,  
 But rather showed more white, if more might be :  
 More subtle web Arachne cannot spin ;  
 Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see  
 Of scorched dew, do not in the air more lightly flee.

Her snowy breast was bare ; and

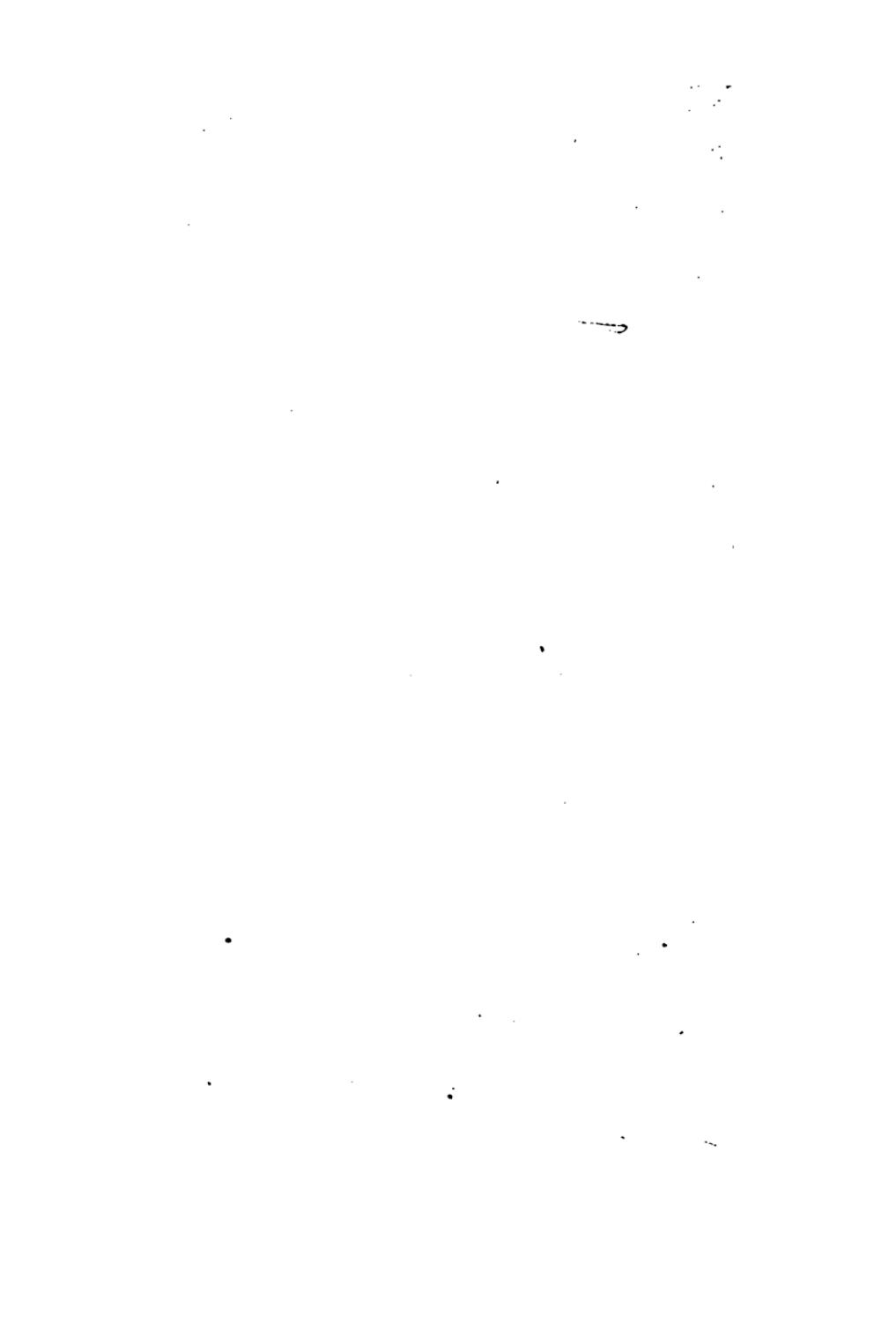
— her fair eyes, sweet smiling in delight,  
Moistened their fiery beams, with which she thrilled  
Frail hearts, yet quenched not ; like starry light,  
Which, sparkling on the silent waves, does seem more  
bright.

The young man beside her, we are told, seemed to be  
“some goodly swain of honourable place :”

A sweet regard and amiable grace,  
Mixed with manly sternness, did appear,  
Yet sleeping, in his well-proportioned face.

Rushing upon them before they are perceived, Guyon and the Palmer throw over them a subtile net which the latter has framed for the purpose ; both strive to escape, but in vain ; they are both taken and bound, she in chains of adamant, “for nothing else might keep her safe and sound.” All the rest meanwhile have fled. Verdant, for so the youth is called, is soon released, and counsel sage given him instead of bonds ; but all those pleasant bowers, that brave palace, the groves, the gardens, the arbours, the banqueting houses, Guyon without pity breaks down, defaces, and burns, till what was lately the fairest is now the foulest place. Finally he and the Palmer proceed with their captives to where they had been attacked on their way by the wild beasts ; and now the Palmer explains that these are the former lovers of the enchantress, transformed by her, as she had got tired of them one after another, from men into brutes. At the Knight’s request he restores them all to their proper shape by a stroke of his virtuous staff ; but hardly any of them seem much to enjoy the change ; and one especially, called Gryll, who had been a hog, is exceedingly vexed and angry at being deprived of his bestial character. There are some, the Palmer observes, who, human in shape, are beasts in everything else ;

“ Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish mind :  
But let us hence depart whilst weather serves and wind.”



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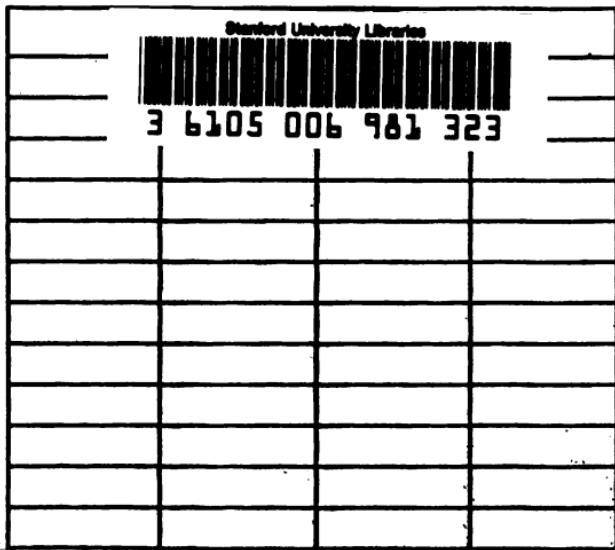
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